

THE LIFE OF EMERSON

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CHAPTER I

MISS MARY MOODY EMERSON lived in her shroud. She had stitched it all herself, and when death refused to come she had put it on as a nightgown, then as a day-gown. She was even seen on horseback once, in Concord, cantering through the village street, attired for the grave, with a scarlet shawl thrown about her shoulders.

Miss Emerson was the daughter of the former minister of Concord, who had died in the Revolution. She was a dwarf, four feet three inches tall, with a bold, pinkish face, a blue flash in her eyes, and yellow hair cropped close under a mobcap. She was short and erect as an adder about to strike. As an infant she had beheld from a window of the Manse the manœuvres of the minute-men in the meadow by the bridge; but she had been left an orphan early, and for half a century now she had drifted about the back-country of Maine and Massachusetts, drifted from one rustic boarding-house to another, shaking her finger, for she was an autocrat and a prophetess and as fiery as the pit. She was poor, obscure, uncomely, but an Emerson still, of the seed of the ruling caste, the child of six generations of a sovereign priesthood. Her fellow-boarders observed that her thimble was bright and unworn. She used it not for sewing but as a seal.

Night and day she wrote, wrote, wrote. Letters, an interminable diary, prayers, ejaculations, mystical dreams, asseverations, exalted and melancholy, of her submission to the Eternal. She could not sit, she could not sleep: (a demon drove her pen) For she had survived, a witness of the lofty and terrible religion of John Calvin, to rebuke what she regarded as the poor, pale, unpoetical humanitarianism of the new day. Her voice was the voice of a sibyl, issuing from the caves of the past.

She was queerer than Dick's hatband. She was thought to have the power of uttering more disagreeable things in twenty minutes than any other person living. She kept pace with nobody; she had received, she said, the fatal gift of penetration, and her mission was to undermine the vanity of the shallow. Was some high matter broached in conversation? Did some rash suppliant invite Miss Emerson's opinion? "Mrs. Brown," the sibyl replied, "how's your cat?" Was some lady praised too warmly in her presence? She pricked the panegyric: "Is it a coloured woman of whom you were speaking?" ("Give us peace in our boarders," she wrote on one occasion, and, when shown the misspelling, said it would do as it was.) She tore into a chaise or out of it, one of her nephews observed, into the house or out of it, into the conversation, the character of a stranger, disdaining all the gradations by which others timed their steps; and if she found that anything was dear and sacred to you she instantly flung broken crockery at it. But her oddities were never designed: they sprang from her isola-

tion, from a certain twist in her destiny. Of Talleyrand she said, "I fear he is not organized for a future state," and of another fallen angel, "What a poet would Byron have been if he had been bred a Calvinist!" But the Byrons and the Talleyrands were the darlings of her imagination. She loved life, she loved manners, beauty, distinction, genius. She was (born to command, to dictate, to inspire) "For the love of superior virtue," she said, "is mine own gift from God." [And who could have numbered the waste places of her journey, "the secret martyrdom of youth, heavier than the stake, the narrow limits which know no outlet, the bitter dregs of the cup"?] Loving the world, the world that had passed her by, she had fallen in love with death: no "easeful death," but the flaming death of the saints. She had her bed made in the form of a coffin. She invoked the worms as the Beatrice who would lead her to paradise. *wanted to*

But death was not to be wheedled. "O dear worms!" she wrote. "Most valuable companions!" They were deaf to Miss Emerson's entreaties: she was doomed to live. "Tedious indisposition," she noted in her diary. "Hoped, as it took a new form, it would open the cool sweet grave." And again: "If one could choose, and without crime be gibbeted—were it not altogether better than the long drooping away by age without mentality or devotion?" But mentality and devotion she had; and, since she was obliged to give up the prospect of dying, she continued to live with a vengeance. She carried her shroud, like Saladin, into the battle.

A bread-and-water diet; an inheritance of one hundred dollars, with a small share in a farm. She had to "finger the very farthing candle-ends"—the duty assigned to her pride. But poverty was the least of her cares: she had never felt pinched as a girl with ten dollars a year "for clothes and charity." For the rest, "I could never have adorned the garden," Miss Emerson said. "I never expected connections and matrimony. My taste was formed in romance, and I knew I was not destined to please." So she baked and swept and carded, in her lonely retreats, and toiled away at Plato and at Cicero's Letters. Not for her were "the pales of the initiated by birth, wealth, talents and patronage. As a traveller enters some fine palace," she said, "and finds all the doors closed, and he only allowed the use of some avenues and passages, so have I wandered from the cradle over the apartments of social affections, or the cabinets of natural and moral philosophy, the recesses of ancient and modern lore." She knew Plotinus and Coleridge as well as she knew her Milton; and Wordsworth and Madame de Staël. And she never lost faith that, some day, she would, in spite of all failures, know true friendship. For hers was "that greatest of gifts, the capacity to love the All-perfect." (Regardless of personal happiness. "Happiness? 'Tis itself.")

What rapturous hours she experienced in these long-drawn years of seclusion! "For culture," she wrote, "can solitude be spared? Solitude, the safeguard of mediocrity, is to genius the stern friend, the cold obscure shelter where moult the eagle

your idea
for all people
stronger

wings which will bear one farther than suns and stars." In her Thebaid in Maine—a farm called "The Vale" where she boarded with her sister—she consorted with angels and archangels; she swam in her native element, "the fiery depths of Calvinism, with its high and mysterious elections to eternal bliss, and all its attendant wonders." To be "alive with God" was enough, to be able to "wake up the soul amid the dreary scenes of monotonous Sabbaths, when Nature looked like a pulpit." And in her passionate prayers, in her visions of the dying bed that would some day reflect lustre on her darkest fate, she apostrophized Eternity. No deceitful promises there, no fantastic illusions! No riddles concealed by the shrouds of loitering Time! None of Time's Arachnean webs, which decoy and destroy! No memory of defeats in virtue! "We exist in Eternity," she wrote. "Dissolve the body and the night is gone, the stars are extinguished, and we measure duration by the number of our thoughts, by the activity of reason, the discovery of truths, the acquirement of virtue, the approach to God. . . . The grey-headed god (of Time) throws his shadows all around, and his slaves catch, now at this, now at that, one at the halo he throws around poetry, or pebbles, bugs or bubbles. Sometimes they climb, sometimes creep into the meanest holes—but they are all alike in vanishing, like the shadow of a cloud."

Hours of rapture indeed! "How many stars," she exclaimed, "have set and risen, suns perhaps expired, and angels lost their glory, since I have

*my present
epistle
Nov. 1936*

droned in this place!" Had she missed so much, "cowering in the nest of quiet"? ["Life truly resembles a river, ever the same, never the same." And perhaps a greater variety of internal emotions would be felt by remaining with books in one place, than pursuing the waves which are ever the same. Is the melancholy bird of night, covered with the dark foliage of the willow and cypress, less gratified than the gay lark amid flowers and suns? . . . 'Tis not in the nature of existence, while there is a God, to be without the pale of excitement." But sometimes she had her doubts. She remembered her visits to Boston, in the early years of the century, her brilliant brother William—Waldo's father—her nephews in their childhood. (Heirs of the shining world that she admired from afar.) And then a longing like despair was to her farthest cavern sent. And her old desire for the worm was not so greedy as to find herself once more in those pleasurable haunts.

The curtain rose before her. It was 1810: a Sunday evening in William's cheerful parlour. A tray stood on the sideboard, with decanters of wine and spirits, tumblers and glasses. There was William himself, the minister of the First Church of Boston, tall and fair, with his large, expressive eyes, so graceful and bland in manner. The Anthology Club was assembling; one by one the members were dropping in. There was William Ellery Channing, already famous at thirty, the little man with the flying pulse whose sermons were like a mountain speaking. Judge Story was there; and the

shaggy Daniel Webster, the lawyer from New Hampshire; and the smiling Buckminster, elegant in face and figure, with a voice such as Boston had never heard before, Buckminster of whom people were saying that he "celebrated the marriage of Unitarianism with literature." For these new Unitarian doctrines, cold and weak and thin, Miss Emerson felt nothing but scorn; but literature, ah, that was another matter! And literature was the burning topic at her brother's house. They were publishing a magazine, *The Monthly Anthology*, to "apply caustic and lancet to the disorders of the American press"; and they met to discuss the manuscripts over their supper. On "the merits of Gray as a poet." On "Mr. Goethe's new novel." On "Dante Alighieri, an Italian bard." (What strange names were beginning to be heard in Boston!) They were ministers, for the most part, though far from other-worldly; and the magazine was not to be destitute of the manners of a gentleman, nor a stranger to genteel amusements. It was going to take note of Theatres, Museums, Balls, and whatever polite diversions the town might afford.

Miss Emerson thought of her forbears, the godly lives and deaths of her sainted kindred. Her brother was a new shoot on this old stem! How would Peter Bulkeley have regarded him—the founder of the line, the founder of the town of Concord, whose only care had been to "excel in holiness"? And Father Moody of York, and Joseph Emerson of Malden, and her father, William of Concord, the Revolutionary chaplain? "Painful

why do not
ministers now
do this?

preachers" to a man, enthusiasts like herself, "wrestling scholars," they would never have known their blood in this genial worldling. To one, as he lay on his deathbed, the Angel of Death had appeared, tapping on the window, and he had bidden the frightened family open the door. Another, when some of his parishioners had risen to leave the church in the midst of the service, cried out, "Come back, you graceless sinners, come back!"

And when they ventured (into the tavern of a Saturday night, he had followed them, dragged them forth and driven them home.) A third, when his house was burning, stood by and sang, "There is a house not made with hands." How sombre they were, how severe in their antique Hebraism! They were associated in Miss Emerson's mind with the Fates and the Eumenides, with Nemesis, with all that was grandest in the Greek mythology.

Times had certainly changed!—with these Boston ministers, sitting over their wine, discussing books from England. And yet Miss Emerson listened like a child. Not when they spoke of theology! (This counting and weighing of texts was beneath contempt. How cold it was, how formal! To think that the faith of Calvin had led to these pale negations!) But they talked about Byron and Wordsworth and *Paradise Lost*, and how destitute America was of science and curious research. They were starting an Athenæum, and Buckminster had just come home from London and Paris with a whole shipful of treasures (Chalmers's *British Essayists*, a set of the British poets, topographical

all time
preachers

What
preacher
would dare
this now?
Why, haef
his congrega-
tion would be
there! And
perhaps even
parts of his
own family.

works on ancient Greece and Rome, *The Botanical Magazine*, *The Naval Chronicle*, books in Italian and Spanish, dictionaries of all the modern tongues). William, whose orations warmed the hearts of the Federalists, had edited a collection of hymns, [taking pains to exclude those in which the voice of poetry was silent] And Judge Story had published a poem of his own. A Handel and Haydn Society was in the air, and a gallery of painting and sculpture. A new spirit was coming over Boston. One might almost have thought the Periclean Age was about to be born again.

Miss Emerson had her doubts about all these innovations, this babel of arts and inventions. What sort of civilization was it going to produce? One thing only she knew: the world of her fiery forbears had vanished forever, and this new world lacked the grandeur that belonged to a Doric and unphilosophical age. But it thrilled her none the less. What vistas opened before her! A world of Madame de Staëls, a world such as the Greeks and Romans had known. And then she thought of her nephews, asleep in the nursery. With a race like theirs, and with all these opportunities, what a future lay before them! The majority, she said to herself, would ever be in swaddlings, but never the children of her own tragic line. They were to be Byrons and Talleyrands, too. No mere apes of men, no crawling sycophants, but spiritual monarchs after the ancestral pattern.

Could this
be? Conscience

CHAPTER II

IN the spring of 1811, William Emerson died. He was forty-two at the time, in the twelfth year of his pastorate at the First Church of Boston. The Rev. Dr. Frothingham consoled him on his death-bed by saying that at least he had not outlived his teeth.

There were five sons and a little girl who died three years later. For the widow nothing remained but a pension of five hundred dollars and the privilege of occupying the parish house for a time. No more songs in the genial minister's household; the bass viol, on which he had loved to strum, was put away in the attic; even the family library was sold at auction. The mother took in boarders. (An iron-minded woman, bred in the Church of England, the child of John Haskins, a cooper and distiller.) The boys got up at daybreak, helped with the housework, chopped the wood, milked the cow in the yard and led her out to pasture in the Common, and in winter Ralph and Edward wore by turns the one overcoat they possessed between them. No doubt they could have lived more cheaply in the country, but the boys were "born to be educated") that was axiomatic under the Emersons' roof. Ralph, his father had noted, had not

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been able to read very well at three. Best not to take any chances: there was no school like the Latin School beyond the pale of the town.

Occasionally the household included another member, for Aunt Mary, who had had her taste of Boston, came back as often as she could. She had fallen in love with her nephews—with Ralph, who was eight years old at the time of his father's death, and Charles and Edward. Bulkeley was mentally defective, and William, the eldest, was perhaps too sober to interest her very much. (Though even of him Aunt Mary hoped the best; and when, years later, he sailed away to Germany to study theology, she begged him to repay her long affection with a "single learned letter. . . . When you come to the ancient manuscripts," she wrote, "the Hebrew, Syriac and rabbinical language, *then remember me!*") But Charles the radiant, Edward the fervent, and (Ralph, shy, slow, passive, but so winning and so responsive,) were her special pride. They were never to travel, she told them, with the souls of other men. They were born to bring fire and light to the race of mortals.

The true "aunt of genius," Ralph Emerson called her later. Her language was always happy—"as if caught from some dream," and with all her penetration she combined a wit that was "subtle, frolicsome, musical, unpredictable." She reminded him of "the wild horse of the desert, snuffing the sirocco and scouring the palm-grove." Her talk he remembered as triumphant and infectious, like the "march of the mountain winds, the waving of flow-

*x Imagine finding Aunt
with 17 a 3 yr old's
reading! to
showed to
what Ralph
would read &
be.*

*Shows in
his writings*

ers or the flight of birds." She, more than any one else, had taught him to write; she had put him on his mettle, she had supervised his studies, exhorted, rebuked, incited him. With what fervour she had reproofed him in his college days because Cæsar and Cicero stirred him more than the memory of his own Revolutionary grandfather! His ancestors were the constant theme of her discourse. Not praise, not men's acceptance of their doing, had absorbed their thought, but the Spirit's errand through them. They were, these Emersons of old, or so they seemed to the boy as he listened, awestruck, like the noble rock-maple tree which all around their villages bled for the service of man.

He was always listening. An obscure little boy, chubby, awkward, affectionate as a puppy, with a sluggish mind, a mind heavy and overcast, like a summer sky that is charged with electricity. At a word, a gesture, at the trembling of a petal, the flutter of a bird's wing in some elm on the Common, a flash as of lightning traversed him. His eyes blazed; then all was cloudy once more. A shrinking, retreating little creature, but full of wonder, he was all suggestibility, and so easily pleased. Everything he saw and heard seemed to unite in a harmony that amused and elated him. His aunt's anecdotes, the calm voice of his mother, the spare, comely lines of the old Puritan furniture, the ring of the horses' hoofs in the quiet, brick-faced streets, the pears in the neighbouring garden, the gracious contours of the buildings, the schoolhouse with its plume-like cupola spoke of some happy

*How the stark
suggestion
of his youth*

congruity, firm and exhilarating, at the heart of things.

He was naturally, unreasonably cheerful, this quivering little boy who loved to roam over the Common spouting Scott and Campbell. The mere sight of a handful of carnelians and agates bouncing over the pavement give him a fairy pleasure. But he was happiest in Concord. In summer, when school was out, he and his brothers flew to the Manse like migrating birds in March. No Dilworth's Spelling-book there, no gruelling chores, but long days and long thoughts, timeless, tideless, golden. It was a valley of good omen for the Emerson boys, this dwelling-place of their fathers, with its ancient Indian cornfields and the meadows by the lazy river. Memories of the heroic past—of the learned Peter Bulkeley, the founder of their family, of the clearing of the wilderness, of righteous compacts with Indians friendly and unfriendly, of the visits of the great men of the province to this first inland settlement, Winthrop and Dudley, and John Eliot, and Whitefield, who had come from England, of the assembling of the Provincial Congress, with Hancock at its head, of the Revolution and the battle by the bridge, and the coming of Harvard College which, escaping from the beleaguered neighbourhood of Boston, took refuge under the elms on the green—these memories lay there in the minds of the inhabitants like a rich leaf-mould, covering, fertilizing the unknown roots that were to flower from the generous soil. The very houses had this air of an autumn that was full

of promise. Dusky and weather-beaten, but strong and shapely, as they rose above their straggling gardens and orchards, they betokened a toil that was really the toil of preparation.

The Manse, perhaps, especially. A long avenue, bordered by ash-trees and waving grass, led up to this ample dwelling, with its lofty, rounded, overhanging roof, with its silvery, vine-covered walls, its dim little windows and the lilacs that clustered between them. It was dark and dusty within; the timbers were blackened with smoke, and the cavernous chambers were crowded with queer old high-backed chairs and short-legged tables, with beds and chests of drawers that might have come over in the "Mayflower." Funereal prints of grim Puritan divines stared down from the walls. There were sheds at the rear and a barn and pigeon-houses, and an old stone pigsty, overgrown with weeds. But the garden was a riot of luxuriant verdure. Currant-bushes and peach-trees, pears and quinces crowded one another. Muskmelons grew there, watermelons, "crook-necks," and the rustling, swaying corn. Thousands of sheeny insects, with green body and crêpe wing, overhung the meadow that stretched down to the river, and all day long the bees sucked honey from the flowers.

The gate at the head of the avenue was always open, and few horses passed the Manse without stopping. For who enjoyed a friendly chat more than Doctor Ripley? The pastor of Concord, the father and counsellor of this population of two thousand souls, he had lived in the Manse for more

than a generation. He had married, in fact, the widow of his predecessor, the first William Emerson, of the days of the Revolution; and there were no guests he relished as much as his five step-grandsons.

How grave he was, how droll, this courtly, valiant, best-beloved grandsire, with his rusty coat, his high boots and his iron spectacles! No mortal was hardier than he, or more credulous and opinionative. None quicker on his horse, when the fire-bell rang, with his buckets and bag beside him; none fitter (a visitor said), as a man of anecdote, for the company of kings and John Quincy Adams. No scholar, yet terse and often elegant in his speech. His prayers (against lightning, "that it may not lick up our spirits"), his public rejoicings (in the face of sickness and insanity, "that we have not been tossed to and fro until the dawning of the day, that we have not been a terror to ourselves and others") were a school of style. His table-talk no less. Pleasant it was to hear him observe, as he sat at supper, in his cloak and velvet cap, that his "last cup was not potent in any way, neither in sugar, nor cream, nor souchong; it was so equally and universally defective that he thought it easier to make another than to mend that." Large, open and simple in his nature, with the robust wisdom of some Indian sagamore, he was the heir of an ancestral charity, a lingering survivor, as he seemed to one of these boys, of the old proud camp and army of the Puritans.

A sample of the heroic mould. "Great, grim,

*Winter
loneliness
the same*

earnest men," wrote Ralph Emerson years later, when this oak had fallen at the age of ninety, "I belong by natural affinity to other thoughts and schools than yours, but my affection hovers respectfully about your retiring footprints, your unpainted churches, strict platforms, and sad offices; the iron-grey deacon and the wearisome prayer rich with the diction of ages." All these things were the history of his own race; and well he remembered as a boy driving about the village at the Doctor's side, hearing as they passed each house the story of the Bloods and the Barretts, the Hosmers and the Hoars and the Buttricks, of all the worthies of Concord, not to mention the nine parishioners who had made a schism in the Church and who had come, every one of them, to a bad end. Once they drove out to a funeral at Nine Acre Corner where the father of the house had died and the eldest son, about to come into his estate, had fallen into evil ways. "Sir," said Doctor Ripley, as he entered the house, addressing each mourner in turn, "Sir, I condole with you. Madam, I condole with you. Sir, I knew your great-grandfather. When I came to this town, your great-grandfather was a substantial farmer in this very place, a member of the Church, and an excellent citizen. Your grandfather followed him, and was a virtuous man. Now your father is to be carried to his grave, full of labours and virtues. There is none of that large family left but you, and it rests with you to bear up the good name and usefulness of your ancestors. Sir, if you fail—Ichabod—the glory is departed."

So spoke the patriarch, for whom every farm in Concord was a principality. Nor did the Doctor hold himself in low esteem, or his petitions, that the Lord could entertain them lightly. One August afternoon, when he and Ralph and the hired man were busy in the hay-field, the Doctor looked up reproachfully at the sky where a thunder-cloud was gathering to spoil his hay. Raking very fast, he called out to his man, "We are in the Lord's hand; mind your rake, George! We are in the Lord's hand"; looking up at the cloud the while, as if to say, "You know me; this field is mine—Doctor Ripley's—thine own servant!") "Every sparrow

Everything in Concord sang to the boy's ear and eye. Thrilling it was when George came in at breakfast and asked if he was to "drive the cow into the battlefield." Gay was the sound of the whetting of the scythe, delicious the scent of strawberries on his hands, and the solid sunshine of the pumpkins. And the breath of the warm south wind that drew him to the top of the ridge along the turnpike, where the mountains shimmered in the distance through the summer haze. And the thistle-balls floating upward, and the droning of the bees in the still spaces of the woods; the blue river in the grass at the foot of the meadow, the water, soft as milk, when he went for a swim. And the flags and the rushes that bordered the torpid stream, the yellow water-lily, the pickerel-weed, with its long stalk crowned with a blue spire. Best of all were the rambles about the fields, the measured marches to the beat of the resounding ballads

"That fellow?"
He knows?
Pooh - bah!

this boy enjoyed so much—"Child Dyring" and the "Battle of Harlaw" or "Warsaw's Last Champion" (when he brandished a cut stick and plunged it into the swarm of airy enemies his fancy arrayed about him). For him Concord was more eloquent than all the oracles of Greece. He was going to return to it in time, after far wanderings. And through him this village was to become another Delphi.

CHAPTER III

HE was growing rapidly, this favourite grandson, this favourite nephew, who preferred to be called Waldo instead of Ralph. The plump little spouter of rhymes had been transformed into a tall, spindling hobbledohoy. All his life he was to be greeted by his friends with a "Seems to me you are looking thinner than when I last saw you." He had long arms and longer legs, a narrow chest, sloping shoulders, a wedge-shaped head, a big bony nose, large, soft eyes and a curved, full mouth. His voice was slow and musical, and occasionally when he spoke there was a flash in his expression that vaguely suggested some strange inner power.

Shuts the time to as sleep He was aware of this power himself, [a curious ebbing force that came at moments and filled him as the wind fills a sail.] At moments, only at moments, and usually when he was alone: it seldom came to him in the presence of others. In company he was torpid, awkward, mute; he laughed, he blushed, he had no power of face. He felt as if any whipper-snapper could eat him whole. What boy, what gossiping girl, could not daunt and tether him, out-state and pull him down and leave him rolling in the dust? He retreated before every confident person; he seemed to be bereaved of his organs; he listened like a willow; he took the con-

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of every one's views and utterly lost his own. like a waif and a straw; and then, without, as he sat in his room alone or strolled on common, the ebbing flood would return. And it seemed to him at these moments that he had the keeping of a secret too great to be told, that a divine man dwelt near him in a hollow tree.

What was the meaning of these gleams and premonitions, this dancing chorus of hopes and visions that hovered before him? Intimations, suggestions of what? Tantalizing, unpossessed! Yesterday he felt like a doctor; to-day, a dunce. Of one thing alone he was certain: he lived in a world of marvels. The forms of the shells on the beach, the sight of a boat on a pond imparadised him. (Was it prosy in the eyes of others, that piece of fairy timber capering on the waves? How the light loved it, and the wind!) He saw a boy pick up an old tin milk-pan that was rusting by the roadside and poise it on the top of a stick. A battered, mouldy old pan, but what elegant curves it described, twirling there in the sunshine! He would wade through snow-puddles, under a clouded sky, enjoying the inconvenience, delighted with the chemistry of the slush, glad to the brink of fear.

Grace, beauty, power were all about him. And what miracles of skill! He remembered struggling with a calf, as a little boy in Concord; he was trying to drag the calf into the barn, and the Irish girl put her finger in its mouth and led it in directly. He remembered struggling with a rowboat; he was trying to drag the rowboat out of the river,

finding beauty
& joy even in a
muddy lane &
slush!

app. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

and the hired man put a round stick beneath it, and the boat was on wheels in a jiffy. And how clever the Indians were! (He had watched them in the summer when they camped by the Concord River.) For strings they helped themselves with the fibre of the milkweed, or with spruce-root or the withe-bush; they made their bows of hickory, or a fir-bough, at a pinch; they would sew together a roof out of the bark of the hemlock, and hats from the bark of the birch-trees. Miracles, every one!

The world was alive with these marvels. Rays of light shot through it in all directions. Wonderful was the fact that two bits of gypsum became luminous when he rubbed them together in the dark—that his penknife, magnetized, would hold a needle—that blue and gamboge made green when he painted a mountain. Great was the charm of drawing vases by scrawling, with ink, heavy, random lines and then doubling the paper, so that what had been chaotic suddenly became symmetrical. And hallooming to an echo at the pond and getting musical replies. He produced these harmonies himself, so he was a part of the force that he felt at the heart of Nature! He would have to think this out. It was very exciting!

At fourteen Emerson entered Harvard; at eighteen he took his degree. Four years of a rambling, browsing, fitfully laborious obscurity. Not for him were the wine-parties of the gilded few, the fast horses, the dancing, the swaggering ways of the Southerners with their elegant swallowtail coats

and their famous calfskin boots. (But how gay, how imperious they were in their jaunty indolence! Dancing and riding were too much for his own unskillful joints, not to mention his pocketbook, but he loved to watch them. This nonchalance filled him with a kind of awe.) Not for him were the routs in Boston, the clandestine visits to the theatre, at the risk of a ten-dollar fine. Not for him did old Morse, the stage-driver, draw up in the college yard and blow his horn, the signal for the flight. Nor did the juiceless learning of the curriculum greatly attract him, the logic, tough as hickory, the unpalatable doses of Paley and Locke, dear to the hard head of Andrews Norton. They were slightly repellent, these venerable Harvard professors, these harsh Unitarian monks. "Doctor Pop" touched one's fancy with his dry humour, and President Kirkland's face, all smiles and dimples, was somewhat reassuring. But for Emerson the conventionally grave had as little charm as the conventionally gay. As a poor boy, the son of a minister's widow, he served as a faculty messenger, he waited on table at commons, he had to depend on scholarships. For the rest, he followed his own whims, grave and gay alike.

They were often grave enough. Not to scribble nonsense does one rise at four-thirty on a winter morning, and in such a room, a carpetless, curtainless chamber in Hollis Hall. Or smash the ice in one's pitcher; or bruise one's numbed fingers, to light the candle, with flint and steel; or twist and turn at one's high desk, endeavouring to collect one's

thoughts. One must have a real motive: some notable poem in mind, or an essay on the Character of Socrates. And the writing itself must be one's whole incentive. There is no great joy in winning a prize for declamation when one's thirty dollars must go to pay the baker's bill at home.

Writing was his greatest pleasure. No stripes of the day, no small humiliation, could vex him very long if, in his own room once more in the evening, he could accurately paint the fact in his journal. A thin skin like his had its compensations: he got his revenge by a sharpened observation. For years he had been keeping this journal; he had filled a dozen notebooks with little essays on history, religion, manners, passages from letters that seemed especially happy, lists of "poetical phrases" that enlarged his vocabulary, stylistic exercises in the manner of Bacon or Burton. He loved these old authors in whose books the English tongue had its teeth and bones and muscles largest and strongest, loved their vigorous phrases and peculiar words, their power of condensation, the richness of their cadence. Now he would copy out some song of Ben Jonson, or some lines from Beaumont and Fletcher, now attempt a poem of his own, on Marathon, for instance, after Byron, or a ballad, or a sally of sonorous couplets in the vein of Pope. Or jot down some sentence, his own or quoted, on the history or the character of the Greeks. (What wild wisdom the Greeks had, an elegance wild and handsome as the sunshine!) Especially he liked to collect the words and phrases that had stirred his

blood as he read like blasts of triumph. From Shakespeare, Seneca, Moses, John or Paul.

The daydreams came and went. A splotch of colour on a wall charmed his eye, a fandango of shadows, the nonchalant pose of some labourer. He was going to be a painter, perhaps. Then he planned a romance: how Talbot came into town as poor as Béranger's Romeo, and built his plain cottage with such beauty that it eclipsed all the villas of the grandees—for he cut his garden-walks in curves of inimitable beauty and added a fountain-jet that tapped a mountain. (Was there something prophetic in this?) Then chemistry, physics, astronomy played the coquette with his fancy. There seemed to be a hundred Emersons, jostling one another down there in the depths, each listening to some call from without, struggling to rise to the surface ahead of the rest. How pantomorphic human nature was! He revelled in all these visions that seemed to suggest his wealth. He could scarcely wait to begin the journey of greatness. It glowed and towered in magnificence before his eyes.

But most of all the poets smote and aroused him. He sat there, torpid as a clod, and suddenly at a phrase the rigid fibres relaxed and his whole frame expanded to the welcome heats; life returned to a finger, a hand, a foot; he felt as it were wings unfolding at his side, and he saw his right to the heavens and the farthest fields of the earth. He had been but a moment before as a ship aground, and the waters returned beneath him, and he put forth

his sails and turned his head to the sea. What power these poets had! That was the power he had vaguely discerned in himself! He too was going to invite men drenched in Time to come out of Time and taste their native immortal air. The high prize of eloquence was going to be his, the joy of uttering what no one else could utter, what all men must receive.

Nor was Harvard really dull. Was the gracious Ticknor dull, the new professor of belles-lettres, with his glowing descriptions of the great streams of French and Spanish literature? Was Edward Everett dull, Everett whose every word made a picture, whose every gesture was the movement of a sorcerer's wand? One had only to ask the students who were flocking to hear this Abelard, flocking from remote villages in Tennessee and Kentucky.

For the sun that was rising over Boston was rising over Harvard also. Who could resist the radiant beauty of Everett—that voice with its rich tones, its precise and perfect utterance, or the new learning he was pouring out with such grace, such happy abundance? In Emerson's eyes Everett was garlanded with legends: he had visited Greece as a friend of Byron, he had known Canova in Rome, and how fragrant were his discourses on the Orphic poets, on the ante-Homeric remains, how stirring his apostrophes to Liberty, his lectures on Greek freedom and the ancient republics! The words he spoke became classical at Harvard; and as he stood there on the platform, before the new

panorama of Athens that had just been presented to the college, he seemed like a Grecian statue come to life.

There were other magicians in Cambridge, in Boston, whose bright images Emerson carried home to his bedroom. The air was alive with voices announcing the new age. Daniel Webster's, for one—the majestic Webster, his father's old friend, black as a thundercloud, with his terrible animal force, who brought the strength of a savage into the height of culture. (A man who could measure himself with a ton of coals, whose head turned on a pivot as deep as the orbit of the sphere, it moved so slowly and grandly!) His theme was the Revolution, the destiny of the dawning Republic; and to Emerson he seemed the symbol of the power and possibility of man. There was Dr. Channing too, that other friend of his father's, the spokesman of Young America. Buckminster had expressed the hope that the American genius would take a bolder flight, and Noah Webster was appealing to his countrymen to cast off the Old World models and develop a literature based on their own life and traits. And what did Channing say?—"To avail ourselves of the higher literature of other nations, we must place ourselves on a level with them. . . . A people into whose minds the thoughts of foreigners are poured perpetually needs an energy within itself to resist, to modify this mighty influence. . . . The true sovereigns of a country are those who determine its mind, and we cannot consent to lodge this superiority in the

hands of strangers. . . . A foreign literature will always in a manner be foreign. It has sprung from the soul of another people, which, however like, is still not our own soul. . . . A country, like an individual, has dignity and power only in proportion as it is self-formed." What a challenge these words contained! Literature—this was the note of the hour—could express, could arouse, all that was lofty and profound in life. And through literature America was about to come into its own.

Emerson listened to these orators with a strange excitement. Time enough later to weigh and measure their doctrines. They were Pied Pipers—that was his main impression; and the stones danced when they spoke. A triumph of pure power, and how beautiful and surprising! They seemed to say that the world was beginning again, that America was going to realize the promise of the Revolution, that Boston had been appointed by destiny to lead the civilization of the continent. And they proved that man was a mover, that life as one knew it was simply a troubled sleep. What hidden forces lay below the threshold of the human consciousness, waiting to be kindled! A word, a picture evoked for his inward eye, and he felt as if he were a Plato, a Cæsar, a Dante. It was all there within him, the germ of every human thought and action; and, if in him, in every responsive soul.

CHAPTER IV

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING was the demiurge of Boston. A small, nervous man, with a rapid, elastic step, thin, pale, of an almost unearthly refinement, with hollow eyes and furrows about his mouth, he would mount his pulpit on Sunday and utter words that electrified New England. Then, as often as not, he collapsed and spent the rest of the week in his garden at Newport collecting his strength for another impassioned hour.

He had lived as a child in Newport. The son of a prosperous merchant, he was known in those days as "Little King Pepin." A delicate boy, but muscular and exuberant, overflowing with animal spirits: he was famous as a wrestler, and his favourite sport was climbing the mastheads of the vessels at the wharves. Then his father lost his fortune, and the boy went South as a tutor. At twenty he returned, completely changed. His friends were shocked when they saw him. His manner was anxious and careworn; he looked like an invalid; he took his meals in haste and never appeared in society, buried himself in his study and gave himself over to intense religious exercises. He slept on the bare floor, sprang up in the middle of the night, went out for long walks in the winter darkness. And all

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for the sake of what? Some nebulous creed that no one could quite make out. It was certainly not the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers. He had squared his accounts with that when he was a boy. His father had taken him to hear a sermon on the theme of Damnation. It appalled him at the moment; then, to his own astonishment, as they were driving home in the chaise, he found that he was whistling. That was the end of Calvinism for him.

When Channing whistled—if his friends had only known it—that was the end of Calvinism for Boston. For he soon made himself heard in the metropolis. He had read Rousseau and Godwin and was full of the French Revolution; he had read Wordsworth's *Excursion*, in the days when it was ridiculed by *The Edinburgh Review*, and found it a revelation. It contained, he said, a theology far more spiritual than that of the Unitarians or the Trinitarians. (For, although he was generally regarded as a Unitarian divine, he looked upon all sects as merely "vestibules.") The Revolution for him had broken the shells of abstract creeds and revealed the kernel of religion as the moral sentiment: all dogmas beside this were mere transient figments of the brain. "The divine attributes," he wrote, "are first developed in ourselves and thence transferred to our Creator. The idea of God, sublime and awful as it is, is the idea of our own spiritual nature, purified and enlarged to infinity. In ourselves are the elements of the Divinity." He was really a mystical enthusiast, with a passionate faith in man's intellectual being, in the powers and dig-

nity of the mind. The old faith, the doctrine of total depravity, filled him with abhorrence. It had banished, he felt, all reverence for the beauty of life.

He had just passed forty in 1821, the year of Emerson's graduation from Harvard; and already he was known as the "counsellor of the people." He was setting out for Europe to visit Wordsworth and Coleridge and to study the social life of the French and Italians. He returned brimming over with more ideas than ever. He threw himself into the Abolition movement, at the risk of all his influence. He subscribed to every movement of reform. Nothing was too wild for Channing: the only thing he feared was the apathy of the public. He hated the "selfish prudence" of New England. But he had little hope of the modification of society by outward revolution. The change must come from within, through the richest growth of human personality. Through manners, art, music, poetry, dancing. ("Why should not gracefulness be spread through the whole community?") He decried distinctions of property. "The principle of exclusiveness," he said, "keeps society uninteresting." He spoke of the frankness of the Southerners and their generous confidence, so different from the avarice and coldness of the North; of the animation produced in Scotch society when Burns, the Ayrshire peasant, broke in upon its tameness. He called for a "bold, free tone in conversation," for a greater breadth of reading. ("Our reading is confined too much to English books. We ought to know the dif-

ferent modes of viewing and discussing great subjects in different nations.") He begged the public to protect and foster the arts. ("The eye to see beauty is developed by nothing less than making beauty.") He even spoke of the kitchen. "Anyone," he said, "who would teach how to make bread and cook potatoes well would be a public benefactor."

Such were the themes that Channing discussed in the pulpit, or in private conversation; and all Boston hastened to do his bidding. "The idea of forming a superior race of men" was the burden of all his preaching. "Conformity," he insisted, "benumbs and cramps genius and creative power. What faculties slumber within, weighed down by the chains of custom!" He kept in touch with the new German philosophers, with the French psychologists and critics. He would say surprising things, as, for instance, that there seemed to be two souls in the human body, one that never suspended its action and had the care of the involuntary motions, that dealt in natural magic, premonitions, antipathies, instincts, and the other the vulgar, waking, practical soul. He had picked these theories up in the course of his reading or thought them out in his long, silent walks by the sea at Newport. For he loved the roar of the breakers on the beach. He had certain favourite seats among the rocks, the rocks where Berkeley had sat a century before and conceived his *Alciphron*, his theory that Nature was the language of God.

"What faculties slumber within, weighed down by the chains of custom!" This was the unending theme of Channing's meditations, as he strolled in his beautiful garden, with the birds and the flowers about him and his little striped cloak thrown over his shoulder; as he took down Coleridge's poems and read them aloud in the evening with his moving voice; as he thought of Wordsworth's *Prelude*, and his own communion with Nature, and the strength that poured into his veins when he yielded himself to the Spirit that animated the visible world about him. What faculties slumbered in Boston, bound by a dead religion, by ignorance and apathy and provincial self-satisfaction! Channing had felt them, divined them, melted the frost on the surface, opened the way for the renaissance to follow. He had stirred and awakened the town as no one had ever awakened it before. Meanwhile, one who had heard his voice was preparing to succeed him, one who in days to come was to call these faculties into the light and transform all New England.

Not yet, however; not for a dozen years. These iron currents were still too strong for Emerson. He could not steer as yet. He could not hoist his sail. He could only float.

He was eighteen. The time had come to think of earning a living. For two years his brother William had kept a school for young girls in their mother's house in Boston. Would Waldo like to assist him? Heaven forbid! He had tried this trade

already, in college vacations—at a log-house up in the hills, at his uncle's school in Waltham—and nothing had ever made him so unhappy. It might have been worse at Waltham, but he never could forget the dreadful day when, in his uncle's absence, he had had to say grace before the boys. How miserably he had laughed before and after, to indemnify himself for assuming the cant of a man! Nor was teaching girls any pleasanter; but what else was he to do? It was easy enough for William: a grave and experienced professor, this twenty-year-old brother who had been sedate in the nursery. His mind was method, his constitution was order; the faintest tap of his pencil straightened every face in the room. For Emerson it was not so simple. How could he manage the big girls who were older than himself? Or stop his infernal blushes? What could he do when the girls corrected his French? And what could have been more distasteful than handing round unsavoury spoonfuls of chemistry and arithmetic? Or stewing over monotonous themes at night? He remembered that musical air they used to forbid in the European armies because it made the Swiss soldiers desert. For him every breeze at the window was a *Ranz des vaches*, and he longed to quit his post and fly to the glens.

And now a real nightmare rose before him. A haggard spirit sat at his side, "casting the fashion of uncertain evils." What sounds were these on the wind, what gathering omens? Dark hours had come, and existence seemed to be a defensive war,

a struggle against the chaos that threatened to engulf him. He had entered the House of Pain.

For a dozen years Emerson was destined to live there, years of illness, frustration, false beginnings, of calamity and confusion. That plague of his family, consumption, so soon to destroy his two favourite brothers, had seized upon him also: a "stricture of the chest," accompanied by extreme depression. The school was abandoned. William sailed for Germany. Should his brother follow? Where was the money to come from? He tutored for a while, taught school for short sessions at Chelmsford, at Roxbury. Then he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge. Some years before, in college, wondering about his vocation, he had thought of consulting the *sortes Virgilianæ*. He had opened Dryden's translation at the line: "Go, let the gods and temples claim thy care." Prophetic it seemed; prophetic it really was, though not as it seemed. He had never doubted his destiny.

He had only mistaken the form. It was not to be the Church, or not for long; and as Mary Emerson watched him during these years her doubts grew graver and graver. He had scarcely entered the Divinity School when his eyes gave out; his uncle sent him to Florida. He returned, apparently better, and went on with his studies; and his Aunt Mary's hopes rose for a while when he first began to preach, then took the pulpit of the Second Church of Boston. But his constitution was "all clay, no iron"; and preaching made things worse. "My lungs," he had written once, "sing sexton and

sorrow whenever I ask them to shout a sermon for me." Yet, strangely enough, as he noted in another letter, after a merry or only a gossiping hour he lost all sense of this mouse that was nibbling his chest. The truth was very clear: his whole nature revolted against the pulpit. He resigned, in the end, over a technicality: he could not sincerely administer the Communion. What he really felt he wrote in his journal: "Forms remain, but the soul is well-nigh gone. Calvinism stands, fear I, by pride and ignorance; and Unitarianism, as a sect, stands by the opposition of Calvinism. It is cold and cheerless."

He had made a mistake. He had adopted the ancestral vocation, as if by the mere force of inherited habit. To the old Church, Aunt Mary's fiery Calvinism, he looked back with respect and even a kind of affection. It was narrow, blind, revengeful, and Calvin, he felt, was a monstrous old prig. The breath of a hot village of Teutonic peasants!—but at least it had been, in its day, a school of feeling, a school even of greatness, sublime, poetic. The Unitarian faith was a mere shell beside it, an intellectual form from which the heart had departed. It could never command his allegiance. Besides, he was not suited for the ministry. The sexton of the Second Church said that he never made his "best impression at a funeral"—he seemed to be ill-at-ease, too shy and retiring; and an old Revolutionary veteran on his deathbed rose up in anger and remarked that he didn't understand the business of consolation. He revolted from "official goodness";

he could not bear to consider himself an "example," and preaching seemed a "pledge." What were these forms, these dogmas, that he was supposed to defend? "Flimsy sophistries," he called them in his journal, "that have covered nations, unclean cobwebs that have reached their long gangling threads over whole ages, issuing from the dark bowels of Athanasius and Calvin."

He had made a grave mistake, and one that left him at thirty sick and disheartened. (With a dubious reputation. For nobody understood him. Why had he entered the Church in this lackadaisical way? It was said and believed by many that his mind was deranged.) Nor was this his only misfortune. He had fallen in love, he had married Ellen Tucker, and his wife was dead in another eighteen months. He had met her in Concord, New Hampshire—the daughter of a Boston merchant. She was seventeen, merry and gay but already stricken with consumption. She seemed to be growing better, and they went South together in the hope of curing the disease, but all in vain. For two years after her death, till the day he sailed for Europe, Emerson walked to Roxbury every morning to visit Ellen's grave.

Everything, apparently, had gone amiss. Emerson had lost his profession, he had no plans; his wife was dead; his brothers, Charles and Edward, were burning themselves away. (They were both studying law, and both had made brilliant records. Charles had a chance of life, but Edward was failing rapidly. He had entered Webster's

office as confidential agent, but, eaten up with ambition, he had broken down completely and become a violent maniac. He had soon recovered his reason but had had to give up his career and go to Porto Rico. He was working there as a clerk—waiting for death.) A doom seemed to hover over Emerson's family. Yet under the surface of his life, dark as it was at the moment, a purpose was taking form in his mind.

He knew he was born for victory.

CHAPTER V

FOR years his greatest pleasure had been strolling in the country. He would shut up his books on a summer afternoon, put on his old clothes and his oldest hat and slip out into some little cowpath where he knew he could defy observation. That point gained, he would amuse himself for hours picking blueberries and other trash of the woods. He remembered these walks in winter, he looked forward to them in the spring. He did not know another creature who had the same humour or would even have thought it respectable.

Strange thoughts came to him as he idled about the pastures. The trees, the flowers, the hills seemed somehow alive. Not merely as trees and flowers: they suggested some general life of which his own was a part. He would suddenly lose the sense of his personality, and then this general life rose up within him. It was stronger and better than his own; and when he relaxed and gave it the freest passage, he felt an infinite force traversing his soul.

It was something that filled all Nature, as Wordsworth said; and he was a part of Nature. But Nature was plainly an effect of the universal cause; and he felt that he shared in both the cause and the effect. He was able to detach himself from

this floating world. He was able even to shape it! Had he not as a boy discovered that, chaotic as it seemed, he could play on the world as a kind of musical instrument and draw wonderful harmonies out of the chaos? It was not a chaos then! Harmony lay within it, a power that expressed itself by means of laws. And this power flowed through him—he became its agent—whenever he put himself in a position to receive it.

This train of ideas had become his ruling passion. It had drawn him to the reading of Plato and the Neo-Platonists and the Sacred Books of India, where he found his own thoughts expressed in a beautiful rhetoric. It had drawn him also to the Quakers at New Bedford, who were having a schism and revival in 1828. He visited them often, especially Mary Rotch. "What is this Inner Light?" he asked her. "It is not a thing to be talked about," she replied. But he drew her out, and she said she had been driven inward, in these years of the Quaker Schism, till she had learned to *have no choice*, to acquiesce without understanding the reason when she found that she felt an obstruction to any course of action. She felt it was a presumption to press through this reluctance and choose for herself. And she said the result was a kind of sublime tranquillity, an absolute assurance of higher direction.

This was the feeling that Emerson had shared so often. You listened, you obeyed, and then you acted with all the force of the unconscious. It was not your petty will that directed you then, your limited

intelligence, your personal self with its prejudices, but a deep inward necessity. You surrendered to the spontaneous life within you, and your nature flowed with the river of the universe.

The old Greek thinkers constantly spoke of this force. "The soul," said Pythagoras, "is an emanation of the Divinity, a part of the soul of the world, a ray from the source of light." And Heraclitus: "That common light which enlightens all at once is only the divine reason spread through all thinking beings by an immediate effusion." This corresponded with Plato's idea of the Good, the unity that lies forever at the base of things, an undying fire, constantly in flux, but always obedient to the same divine laws. This One, this Over-Soul, as Emerson thought of it, was represented in every one of its particles; so the laws that governed Nature governed the mind, and man was not merely an effect but shared in the creative forces that produced him. In the outer world one saw the laws more clearly expressed than in man, for there they met with no conscious resistance. In the flowers, the birds, the stars, in the study of the natural sciences, one could see the divine scheme face to face. And man too had it in his power to live as harmoniously as they. But man was disunited from the stream of Nature. His customs, prejudices, habits, his ignorance and blindness cut him off from the source of his natural sublimity. If he looked within himself he would find the laws, and, by following their clue, achieve his rightful inheritance.

Emerson had found his faith. It was gathering

about it a metaphysical form, for here was the conclusion expressed by Plato; here was the conclusion of the Neo-Platonists too, for whom the soul and the cosmos were so closely related, for whom the cosmos indeed was a sort of external diagram of the soul. And here was Kant's doctrine of the moral law that lies at the heart of life. But the source of this faith was Emerson's unconscious nature, into which had been poured for so many years such a flood of heroic suggestions: a uniquely candid nature, strong and happily organized, that rang with "inner voices," the voices of his Aunt Mary, of Concord and Boston, of Plutarch, Virgil, Homer, that responded with a special intensity to the beauties of human behaviour, in history and the world about it, responded only to these—for Emerson had long practised a kind of auto-suggestion: he had kept his mind fixed, with a rigorous will, upon those things alone that contribute to the health of the soul. None was more passive than he before Shakespeare, Goethe, Plato: he became a mere organ of hearing before them and yielded himself to the laws of these mighty beings. He was a Proteus himself, with a faculty of enjoying the universe through the powers of different men. His imagination had lived in the great ages of history: in the grandest strokes of the poets he had always felt most at home. *He* would have acted so, so thought, so builded, in the situations they painted. The Platonic "ideas" of things were the sole realities: things actually were what humanity ought to make them. Emerson had come to live in this

Elysian air, and he couldn't but think that what was true of him must also be true of others. What was real to him had only to be pointed out for the world to awake from its sleep and become an earthly paradise.

"What faculties," Channing had said, "what faculties slumber within, weighed down by the chains of custom!" What undiscovered powers, Emerson said to himself, lay in the soul! Poetry made him a poet, painting a painter. The soldier's, the sailor's life, the sculptor's life: he took delight in each. Stupendous were the riches of human nature! And every man had all the capital in him, if he only knew how to turn it, had the power to exist not as a flint but a sun. The sages of India had been tormented by this thought. The raising of man to a higher level of consciousness, a continuous state of inspiration, by calling into play the forces of the subconscious being—this had been the object of all their philosophy. They had known, these demiurges, that man, naked man, not man overburdened with tradition, with the weight of custom, had within him the power to build the world anew; and something in his own circumstances, the fresh, frank emptiness of a young nation, had recreated this faith in Emerson's heart. "When I consider," he wrote, "the capacities of man and see how near alike they all are, and that they always seem to be on the verge of all that is great, and [are] yet invisibly retained in inactivity and unacquaintance with [their] powers, it seems as if men were like the neuters of the hive, every

one of which is capable of transformation into the queen bee." Let them shake off tradition first! For what was tradition but a series of hardened intuitions, translated into the terms of a past experience! Since every one was a part of the divine, he had only to plunge within to receive the inspiration of the source.

Emerson had found his faith. His own path, meanwhile, lay clear before him. "I read," he was very soon to write in his journal, "I read my commission in every cipher of nature, and know that I was made for another office, a professor of the Joyous Science, a detector and delineator of occult harmonies and unpublished beauties, a herald of civility, nobility, learning and wisdom; an affirmer of the One Law yet as one who should affirm it in music and dancing." Whence had he received this conception of his own rôle? From the dim forbears who, for two centuries, had represented for their people the idea of a life redeemed from the darkness of egoism? From Channing, who had referred so earnestly to the opportunity of the American man of letters? From Fichte, Carlyle, Milton, with his inspired descriptions of the office of the writer? No doubt all these voices had contributed to form his intention; and he certainly felt that the world's great age was about to begin anew, could begin, rather, would and should begin, if the scholar assumed, as he must, the leadership that was proper to him. "Who can doubt," he noted, "the potences of an individual mind who sees the shock given to torpid races, torpid for ages, by Mohammed, a vi-



bration propagated over Asia and Africa, and not yet exhausted? What then of Manu? What of Buddha?" He had seen a teacher of physics lay a magnet among filings of steel, "and the force," he observed, "the force of that subtle fluid, entering into each fragment, arranged them all in mathematical lines, and each metallic atom became in its turn a magnet communicating all the force it received of the loadstone." Many a great writer had acted in just this way upon his people, till every soul tingled and trembled with life. The prophet, the scholar, was the great awakener, the "geometer of men's forces," and something told him that this office had been reserved for him.

The world, he said to himself, should be like the Dance of Plotinus in which "the bodies are moved in a beautiful manner, as parts of the whole," moved and moving in ecstasy; or, if one had to think of it in terms not of poetry but of prose, then the prose should be heightened prose, and each person should fulfil his part with intensity and faith. And who so much as the writer had it in his power to quicken the general rhythm? The Over-Soul was a reservoir of power, of which every great thought and noble action, the deeds of all the heroes, the dreams of all the poets, were emanations. Grace, beauty, skill, love, friendship—wherever these appeared, the laws of life were plainly in operation. He would look into himself and report his own perceptions, reveal as far as he could the possibilities that lay in the soul of man.

Such was to be his task. He was almost ready to

perform it, but first he needed a whip to make his top spin.

Travel, a year in Europe, the sight, the touch of three or four living writers. There was Landor, for instance, whose lightness and Greek grace had become his ideal of style. And Coleridge, that true citizen of the universe, the critical spirit whose opinions deserved to be written in steel; and Wordsworth with his feeling of the divinity immanent in the natural world. But among all these tonic streams of contemporary thought there was one that had mingled with his heart's blood, a strange, cloudy genius whose essays on German literature he had read with the utmost excitement in the British reviews. Carlyle: he had heard the name of the brooding berserker, had pictured this prophet emerging from the woods of the North, a Viking mourning over the decay of his race who had come to restore the heroic virtues of the past. What blasts of the trumpet these essays were, and how they confirmed his own profoundest convictions! Man was not a clothes-horse, to be encumbered forever with the useless trappings of tradition. Away with the cold rationalizings of modern philosophy! Away with mechanism and calculation, the shibboleths of the new industrial age! Not consciousness but the unconscious, not the will but the involuntary, not mechanics but dynamics, not argument but intuition was the way of health. And how superbly the prophet expressed this faith! He was digging down amid the débris of history for those half-

forgotten men who had been the grand movers and initiators, the men who had given themselves whole-heartedly to a leading instinct, who had liberated and brought into action the deep forces and energies of life and whose presence, reconstituted in words more vibrant than flesh and blood, would arouse a world that was running to cerebration. That science the prophet spoke of, not the science of the logic-mongers, but a science that addressed the springs of love and wonder, Enthusiasm, Poetry, Religion—that was the science Emerson had been born to affirm. He must know this master, this elder brother, see him and hear him speak. For what was it Goethe said?—"My thought becomes infinitely more real to me as soon as another shares it."

He sailed from Boston on Christmas Day, 1832. A trading brig, bound for the Mediterranean, with a cargo of mahogany, tobacco and coffee, with pork and beans for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and the weather as the staple of conversation. There was no room here for the spectres of theology. He ate with a truckman's appetite, and, strangely, here on the sea he began to taste the earth. He watched the Yankee sailors with their clever hands: had he ever known before how many fingers he had, or the faculties of a knife or a needle? He had descended from the clouds indeed, for this was human power, even the power of which Carlyle had written. Praise to these men of action, who could strike a porpoise and make oil of his blubber, who could bleed a sick sailor and mend the box of

their pump, who could ride the roughest storm and find their way from Boston across three thousand miles of water to a little gut of inland sea! No mere logic there, no mere mechanism, but instinct and the unconscious, the natural play of energy.

He had lost all sense of effort and strain; he was ready for the visible and audible earth to pour its blood into his veins. The second phase of his education had begun, the phase of facts that illumines the phase of books—that endless alternation by which power ascends to its climax: theory confirmed and corrected by experience, theory again, deepened by deeper experience, wider theory, wider experience, intenser at every stage. At Malta, in the high battlements of the castle, in the jabbering groups of Moors, Greeks, Sicilians, friars, beggars, the sense of colour and form dawned upon Emerson, the key of the pictures, the sculpture that lay before him. There were the churches: never again could his eye accept as final the bare, cold interior of the American meeting-house. Sicily came, and the fountain of Arethusa, the "gloomy Dis," the flowers that Proserpine gathered. Then the Villa d'Este, the eternal poem of gardens. And all the traces of the great men who had made the history of the world: Cicero's villa and Tasso's grave, Byron's house in Florence and Petrarch's at Arquà. And the mighty works of Napoleon, the roads, the Simplon tunnel. They were not pictures for Emerson: they were confirmations. He had come to Europe to see what humankind had accomplished, and here on every

side were tokens of the force of which he had read. It was no illusion then that the corners of history had been turned by the concentrated power of individuals, that all this beauty and strength had been gradually built up by human initiative, the initiative of single men working on the responsive mass.

And then there was natural science. In Florence he visited Amici, marvelled over those telescopes, the most powerful in Europe, and witnessed the professor's experiments with polarized light. Feats of skill had always electrified him, but as he watched physicists and chemists at their work, as he read textbooks of the sciences, he was more and more struck by the analogies, the correspondences, the identities that existed between all the parts of the natural world. The experiments of the chemists illumined his own observations. There were men like iron, like salt, like air, like water, and you could study and predict their behaviour in the element they resembled almost as well as in their actual lives. But his great lesson came in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. There were animals from every country, lions from Algiers, elephants from Siam, the venerable ibis, the vulture (who reminded him of an auctioneer), hazy fishes, insects, snakes. Mountain, morass, prairie and jungle, ocean and river, the mines and the atmosphere had been ransacked to furnish types of each class of beings, to render account of the three kingdoms of Nature. The universe was a wilder puzzle than ever as he glanced along this bewildering series of

animated forms, with the upheaving principle of life incipient in the very rock, the transparent lumps of amber, with gnats and flies within them, the radiant spar and stalactites, the huge blocks of quartz, the gold in threads, in plates, in crystals, in dust, the silver taken from the earth molten by fire; and strange thoughts stirred in him as he stood there. He yielded to a singular conviction that in all these rich groups of natural productions there was not a form, grotesque, savage or beautiful, but expressed some property in man, the observer. He felt an occult relation between the crawling scorpion, the flowering zoöphyte and himself. He felt the centipede in him, the cayman, the eagle, the fox. He was moved by mysterious sympathies. He was one with all these creatures. Nature was a living whole.

But the greatest events of the year were the men he met. He visited Thorwaldsen's studio in Rome; in Paris he dined with the aged Lafayette—he might have been living for an hour in the days of the Revolution. And Horatio Greenough, in Florence, the first of American sculptors, an ardent, eloquent man with the face of another Achilles, introduced him to Landor. (Greenough was himself worth knowing. As a boy in Boston he had carved flowers on the handles of his toys and made bas-reliefs of his playmates and had often been late to school because he had loitered to admire some wooden eagle over a doorway. He was living in Florence now, planning his colossal statue of Washington, and he spoke of the advantage of the

Greeks in working in schools and fraternities and said that art would never prosper at home till Americans abandoned their shy, jealous ways and worked in society also.) Landor received his guest in a cloud of pictures at his Villa Gherardesca—an erect, muscular man, paradoxical, downright, with a passionate love of freedom and justice as elements in which alone genius could work. His conversation brought all history together and touched it with the freshest Grecian light. And Emerson felt, as never so clearly before, the value of the pure literary spirit.

In London, he called upon Coleridge—prematurely old, heavy, bent, shambling, with a soft white face and the bluest of eyes—who burst at once into a eulogy of Channing and an outcry against the folly of Unitarianism. (Another confirmation!—though not perhaps quite in Coleridge's sense, for the latter went on to talk of *trinism* and *tetrakism* and soon left Emerson far behind in the clouds.) Then he went to Rydal Mount to pay homage to Wordsworth. The poet spoke of America, of the dubious effect of superficial schooling, of the need of a civil war to knit society together, of the too much making of money, the necessity for all Americans to cultivate the conservative, the insanity of Thomas Carlyle, the obscenity of Goethe. He was tame and limited enough till suddenly, in his garden, standing on the gravel walk where thousands of his lines had been composed, he began to speak of his poetry. He had just returned from Fingal's Cave at Staffa and re-

marked, with perfect simplicity, "If you are interested in my verses, perhaps you will like to hear these lines." Then he drew himself up, like a schoolboy declaiming, and recited three new sonnets with the greatest animation.

Two days before, Emerson had visited Carlyle in the wild and desolate hills of Craigenputtock. He had borne with him a letter from the Baron d'Eichthal, a French Jew in Rome, a friend of the prophet's brother, but no one in England or Scotland seemed to know where the prophet himself was living. At last he had got the address from the secretary of the University of Edinburgh and found his way to Dumfries, then hired an old rusty gig and driven the sixteen miles to the lonely farm of Mohammed-in-the-desert. A dreary scene indeed: peat-bogs, stunted trees, black cattle, the grimmest of houses, so still one could hear the sheep munching the grass a quarter of a mile away. A weekly cart from Dumfries brought parcels and letters, and the prophet smoked his pipe and, like Montaigne, "put his ear close by himself, and held his breath and listened."

Emerson stayed over-night and besieged the oracle. "I will go with that man," he had said to himself, as Hazlitt had said of Coleridge, for no writer had made the world seem so alive. He took history up in his hand and shook it, this giant of the North, with his great gaunt skull and his mad Scotch wit, till the paper formulas blew away in the wind and what remained was the naked force of men. Those who had shown the plasticity of life,

who had opened the gates of the unconscious and flooded the dry earth with its fertilizing currents, were the heroes he worshipped; and as Emerson listened to the riotous play of his humour he felt as if he had drunk the blood of all these heroes.

His torpor seemed to have vanished for good and all when, from the gig that returned on the following morning, he waved farewell to the prophet of Craigenputtock (his friend, as he knew, forever). And looking back, as he turned his face towards home, he saw that his apprentice years were over. He owed much to this journey. He had had to struggle to preserve his freedom of judgment, not to be overborne by the power of Europe, to be pleased only by that which was fit for him; and this had immensely strengthened his self-confidence. He could form in future a juster view of the great, he who had met the greatest. Moreover, he had witnessed on every side the effects of the action of representative men on the malleable earth; and Carlyle had made him feel, in that long night of talk, the practical relation his thought might bear to his own time and country. All he had seen and heard in these months of travel had confirmed him in his convictions; his health was re-established; he was ready for the work of his life. The future rose before him, an enchanted path.

CHAPTER VI

THE sun had emerged from the clouds. Strange that a few months could have wrought such a change in Emerson. He had come home charged with life, faith, vigour. He felt the master stirring in him.

Where was he to live? For a moment he thought of Maine, and again of the Berkshires. Perhaps the dry air of the hills would restore Edward and Charles, and together, in some quiet village, with a few friends about them, they might edit and write a magazine. But Edward's case was hopeless now, and Charles had settled in Concord: he was studying law in Samuel Hoar's office and had just become engaged to the Squire's daughter, Elizabeth. Was not Concord, after all, the predestined spot?

How many memories were associated with this little town! Personal memories, family memories, national memories. The happiest hours of his youth had been passed in these peaceful meadows, redolent of the lives of his forbears. There too the Revolution had begun, the struggle for an independence that had still to be confirmed in the spiritual sphere. In solitude, amid the black cattle of the Highlands, Carlyle had nursed his mighty prophet's heart; and Wordsworth had sat him

down at the foot of Helvellyn, far from cities, to obey the heavenly vision. Concord was as wild as Windermere, and Concord was only eighteen miles from Boston. So be it then!—with every muse befriending. "Hail to the quiet fields of my fathers!" Emerson wrote in his journal. "Not wholly unattended by supernatural friendship and favour let me come hither."

So Emerson returned to the Manse. Dr. Ripley had asked him to come there with his mother and board, for the present at least. His first wife's estate had been settled in the meanwhile: twenty-two thousand dollars—twelve hundred a year. With this, and another eight hundred or so from lectures, they could live without a care. They would have to count out Edward, but Charles was near them. William had gone to New York. He had come home from Göttingen with too many doubts to be happy in the ministry, although Goethe, upon whom he had called in Germany, had advised him to put aside his scruples. He had taken up the law and was living on Staten Island, and he seemed to be marked out there for a sober success.

Then suddenly Emerson found himself engaged again to be married—to Lydia Jackson of Plymouth. He must look for a house of his own, large enough for his mother, and Charles and Elizabeth too, when they were married. A house on the Boston turnpike happened to be empty, built for his son by Coolidge, the Boston merchant. It was cheap at thirty-five hundred, and a small addition

—a parlour behind the study and a bedroom above—would make it ample; and with two acres of ground they could have a liberal garden.

The marriage took place on September 14, 1835, in Lydia's house at Plymouth. A beautiful town, Plymouth, with its two hundred ponds, with its warm, sandy wood-roads and its great dome-like lindens and the long sea-line always visible from the tops of the hills. No humble cottage-village like Concord, but a proud seaport, with stately mansions—Lydia's own house had been framed in England. Emerson had preached there and had always liked it. They had lordly ways in Plymouth, ways of the world one seldom saw at home. A siesta in the afternoon: the ladies drew their blinds and took a nap (all lying on their backs, just as if their fathers had never been Pilgrims). They had gypsy suppers on the beach, and drove along the shore, and yielded themselves to the *dolce far niente*: it was quite Italian, like Newport. Lydia would have liked to live there, with all her friends. But Plymouth was no place for rambling. Too many streets! (And would Lydia be willing to change her name a little? *Lidian Emerson*. The words ran together so much more pleasantly.)

So they drove back together in a chaise to Concord. The new house was awaiting them, with Emerson's mother and Charles already installed. A spacious house indeed, square, plain, white, with a Doric portico—not a Plymouth mansion, no, nor a Concord cottage either, but the sage's golden mean. High ceilings, airy chambers; a garden by

the brook for Lidian's favourite flowers, the bulbs and seeds from Plymouth, the tulips and the roses; an orchard and a barn. And a study at the front, on the ground-floor, facing northward: a sanctum for the sage. A bright crimson carpet, a gay sprigged wall-paper, red velvet chairs, a round mahogany table, a rocking-chair in the centre, a fireplace with a stove. Books to the ceiling on one side, engravings on the walls, heads of Goethe, Dante, Pindar, Virgil, Newton. A little bronze figure of Goethe on the mantel, and Flaxman's statuette of Psyche with the butterfly wings; and over the fireplace a copy of Michael Angelo's "Three Fates," made by young Wall of New Bedford. When the fresh wind blew, Emerson placed in one of the western windows an Æolian harp made by Lidian's brother; and as he listened to it, fitfully singing in the breeze, the wild and gentle melodies of Wales and Provence rang through him again. Its notes mingled, on spring and summer days, with the trilling of the birds; for outside, between the windows, stood a balsam fir-tree, and in its branches, when the sun was out, robins and cedar-birds, orioles and goldfinches, warblers and cat-birds loved to foregather.

It was truly a Sabine farm. The land was low but not marshy, and he could trust the long ridge opposite to shut off the north winds. The barn had a carpenter's bench, two planes, a saw, a chisel, a vise and a square. (Great institutions, these planes, whose invention no man knew. One would have to watch a carpenter for a month to learn all the

tricks that might be played with them. Great was Tubal Cain!) The nail-box stood in the snugest corner, filled well with nails and gimlet, pincers and screwdriver. (An old joy of youth, this catlike love of garrets, barns and corn-chambers, and all the conveniences of long housekeeping.) There were all too many trees about the yard. For Emerson went scrambling in the woods with Peter Howe, collecting six fine hemlocks; and presently thirty more arrived from Waltham, a gift from Dr. Hobbs and Uncle Ripley—white pines and two or three chestnuts. He would have to buy those nine extra acres to find room for them all.

Pathetic, he felt, these graceful trees, rooted there, so patient and helpless, would-be men, creatures, by a feebleness of effort, of the soul that had made himself, with their long boughs and drooping leaves weeping their strait imprisonment. For the flowers, he would have liked to put dittany in his greenhouse, asphodel, nepenthe, moly, rue and poppy, plants that stirred his fancy—put even pansies there, the droll and elfish pansy. But roses, dahlias, tulips? A poet could be forgiven if he liked the wild flowers better than all of Lidian's bulbs. A poet with an orchard, an orchard fit for Plato! Early apples, sweet and sour, York and Roxbury russets, red cherries, purple plums, greengages, quinces, currants, and all the pears in New England: Gravenstein, Chelmsford, Seckel, Bartlett, Winter Nelis, Green Princess, Flemish Beauties and the Golden Beurré of Bilboa. He approved of Madden's rule for an orchard, as Dr. Johnson

reported it—"Enough to eat, enough to lay up, enough to be stolen, and enough to rot on the ground." And nothing was as good as a pear, although there were only ten minutes in which it was really ripe. (A stirring sight, this pear-tree. It grew like the ash Yggdrasil; it had every property that ought to belong to a plant; it accepted all kinds of nourishment and could almost live on none. Grubs, worms, flies, bugs attacked it. It yielded them all a share of its generous juices; but when they left their eggs in its broad leaves it thickened its fibre and shook the vermin off. A good object-lesson for a man of letters. Watch a pear-tree and learn how to handle your critics!)

In the morning, after breakfast, Emerson spent an hour in the orchard, pruning and stirring the earth about his shrubs. Sometimes his mother joined him for a little talk, hardy herself as a pear-tree, hardy as few writers ever are. (Majestic were these old strong frames of the passing generation, built not to spend fast, but to live so tranquilly, kindly and usefully.) Sometimes Aunt Mary stepped out, in her shroud and fillet, when she happened to be making some visit of inspection, to see that the Concord household was going well. (Or to put Lidian in her place. "You must remember, dear," said Aunt Mary, "that you are among us but not of us.") Her visits were a divided joy; she trampled on the common humanities all day long. But she was very amusing at the tea-table. Oh, no, she never took tea. "Can you get a little shells?" The cocoa came, and she took it because it

was soothing, and put a little tea in it to make her lively; and, if there was a little coffee, that was good for getting rid of the taste. Aunt Mary believed in medicine; she never threw any away, and if she found a drop of laudanum here, and a pill or two there, a little quinine and a little antimony, she mixed them up and swallowed them all together.

No easy flute, Aunt Mary, but a clanlike instrument, a bagpipe from which none but a native Highlander could draw music. As Elizabeth Hoar said, she thought much more of her bonnet and of other people's bonnets than they did, and she sent Elizabeth from Dan to Beersheba to find a bonnet that did not conform, while Mrs. Hoar, whom she severely taxed with conforming, was satisfied with anything she found in the shops. But she had a force of temperament like Dr. Johnson's, impressing her company, as he did, not only by the point of her remarks, but also, when the point failed, because she made them. And what a nose for character she had, what a taste for strength and distinction! She was a realist. She could remember the founders of the oldest families in Boston as retail merchants, milliners, tailors, distillers, as well as ministers, doctors, lawyers, and no one better than she knew a great man from a successful money-maker. She had made up her mind years before that her nephews were not to be mere good husbands and neighbours: they must be known of men as Rabbis and Fathers. They had somehow, one and all, slipped out of the pulpit; and William

had left New England. But she couldn't deny that Waldo, in spite of all his notions, had a mind of his own. And Charles was a Romeo.

A noble sight, Charles and his betrothed, Elizabeth Hoar: she so calm, so patrician, so erect and slender, with her dark eyes that spoke of the gods and the muses, he so human, so handsome, with the senses of a Greek and a nature whose victories came as easily and naturally as Homer's verses. None so perceptive as Elizabeth, with her thousand silences and delays—hesitant Elizabeth!—with so fair a mind in discussion, such a feeling for the finest nuances of equity: she lived by laws so subtle they could never be stated. For himself, Charles was afraid of one thing only—of degenerating into a householder. As if there were any danger! He might turn into a tree, or flow into a stream, or lose his susceptible self in a hundred Ovidian forms; but lead the base life he could not. Not he whose ear tingled with Milton's melodies, who shunned nothing, dodged no corners, evaded no look or word.

"Put me by the world-wheels," said Charles. "If I wouldn't give them a twirl!" His brother was very proud when he gave his lecture on Socrates at the Concord Lyceum. Proud again when the gallant Charles stood up in that great company in Boston and declared he would rather see the town in ruins than that Harriet Martineau should be debarred from perfectly free speech! (For Harriet Martineau was touring the country, with guns mounted fore and aft, in the cause of Abolition.)

No gayer companion than Charles for a walk or a reading of Sophocles. No one better understood the severe taste of the Greeks or found more pleasure in these lofty and removed studies. His recitations from *Samson Agonistes* were of a diamond clearness: it was worth all Milton's labour to have given such joy and manly satisfaction to a lover in this distant time. None readier than Charles to see in Burke the poet rather than the partisan; none quicker for Shakespeare, "reading the world off into sweetest verse." And to live with him was like living with a great painter. The effect of the grey oak-leaf on the snow pleased him well; and each natural event, the finding of the mayflower, of the indigo-bird, of the cuckoo, was an epoch in his life.

Through what orbits of speculation these brothers travelled together! (In the two years of life that were left for Charles.) The same persons and facts were known to them both, and an occult, hereditary sympathy underlay their intercourse. But all Concord was like this: Emerson felt that he belonged to it in every fibre. The same names of the same families, the Bloods, the Willards, the Flints, the Barretts, the Wheelers were all about him, tenon'd and mortised to the farms his fathers had known six generations before.

Here in Concord were the men that make republics: Greeks like Charles, Romans like Samuel Hoar. A Cato, this father of Elizabeth, this pillar of the town, this leader of the Middlesex Bar. Rich, but of a Spartan plainness, with a face like Dante's

and a grave military air, temperate, open-handed, severe and methodical in his logic but reverent and courteous, a solitary man, given to long and retired walks, with a strong, unaffected interest in crops and weathers, trees and birds, and the common incidents of rural life, with an influence, too, at the bar that was reckoned despotic, yet one in whom so rare a spirit of justice visibly dwelt that if you met him in a cabin or a forest he would still seem the public man, answering as sovereign state to sovereign state. He had no fine words; the useful and the practical superabounded in his mind. The engagement of Elizabeth and Charles was a contract; and, if you had read to him a page of Swedenborg or Plotinus, he would have waited to the end and answered you out of the Revised Statutes. Not by talent or magnetism but by presence alone—by direct statement—he won all victories: by demonstration of superiority, not by conflict. It might have been said of him, as Clarendon said of one of his contemporaries, that "he had a strange power of making himself believed, the only justifiable design of eloquence."

Emerson had found a circle, or the nucleus of a circle, that would call out in time all his natural faculties. A few persons prepared to understand him, who embodied in some degree the ideas he wished to utter, who would serve him as models and stir him to formulate these ideas, pique and provoke him, expect him to do his best, nourish the courage and insight his nature contained. And behind these Concord friends stood all the demigods

of the world of letters, the mighty host of the ages who beckoned and led him forward. For the present, he proposed to consult the gods—to muse and jot in his notebooks. When he had any news to offer, the world should hear it.

It was always a pleasure, in the meantime, to receive his friends in the orchard. One day a committee came and told him that a runaway pig was ravaging the neighbouring gardens. It was the custom of the town to appoint newly married citizens to the office of hog-reeve for the year. Would he act in that capacity? With the greatest pleasure! Then another committee came, from the Horticultural Society: they wished to examine his pears. He received them with modest pride—he had sent a few specimens to the Cattle Show. But they hadn't come to congratulate him. They wanted to look at the soil that produced such poor specimens of such fine species. (And he thought—he had really supposed. . . . Then his were *not* the best pears in Concord?) A third committee came and asked him to speak on the two-hundredth birthday of Concord. A great privilege, this; he would have to do his utmost.

Two or three of the minute-men were to sit on the platform beside him. Veterans of '75; if they had survived from Thermopylæ they could scarcely have been more venerable. With such listeners, on such an occasion, it would never do to make up a speech out of books. The town records would yield something, and Aunt Mary's anecdotes: but what a chance for a fresh version of the fight!

So he drove from house to house, with Grandfather Ripley, just as in the old days, and questioned the veterans. There was Abel Davis, seventy-nine, and old Master Thaddeus Blood, and Jonas Buttrick, the son of Major Buttrick who led the attack at the bridge. Jonas was only eleven at the time, but the fight took place partly on his father's farm, and he must have seen something as he dodged about. If only Grandfather Ripley had allowed him to talk! But, truth to tell, the Doctor, who was irritated by a narrative published in Lexington, had written his own *History of the Fight at Concord*; and the last thing he wished to hear was any detail that might put him in the wrong. Affecting it was to see old Thaddeus Blood searching in his memory for the facts: "It is hard to bring them up. . . . The truth will never be known"—while the Doctor cannonaded him with questions, pursued him up and down, extorted the old man's assent to the facts as he had described them. "Leave me," said Thaddeus, "leave me to repose." All Emerson could get was a few touches, but they brought the scene before him. He had felt for another hour the thrill of the Revolution.

Good neighbours for a man of letters, all these Concord folk, high and low, standing on their own legs, like that barefooted yeoman, driving his oxen, who replied to the supercilious professor's question whether all the people hereabouts went without shoes and stockings—"Wal, some on 'em doos, and the rest on 'em minds their own business." Not a bad idea for a poet, minding one's business, a failing

none too common in the scrivener's trade. One could say one's say in Concord, and Emerson was resolved to say it. "Henceforth," he wrote, "I design not to utter any speech, poem or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my work. I will say at public lectures, and the like, those things which I have meditated for their own sake, and not for the first time with a view to that occasion. If, otherwise, I select a new subject, and labour to make a good appearance on the appointed day, it is so much lost time to me, and lost time to my hearer. It is a parenthesis in my genuine life. I am my own dupe, and for the sake of conciliating my audience I have failed to edify them, and, winning their ear, I have really lost their love and gratitude. Possessing my liberty, I am determined to keep it, at the risk of uselessness (which risk God can very well abide), until such duties offer themselves as I can with integrity discharge." He could call Concord to witness. It was not his voice alone, but the voice of Massachusetts:

"Mind your own business."

Exactly that!

CHAPTER VII

A NEW kind of pulpit had been as it were invented for him. Some years before, in 1826, Josiah Holbrook at Millbury, near Worcester, had established a village Lyceum. Thirty or forty farmers and mechanics had joined in the venture, and Holbrook himself had delivered a course of lectures on scientific subjects. His example had been followed by others, and already almost a hundred Lyceums existed in Massachusetts. A convention had been held in Boston to organize them at which Everett and Webster had been present, and soon the remotest village had its centre of culture. There were local museums everywhere, libraries, cabinets of minerals, natural history collections, a hall and a platform—above all, audiences, of every trade and age. The renaissance in the capital had spread through the provinces, and all New England was waiting for a voice.

What could have been more opportune? Emerson had had enough of preaching: he wished to say what he thought and felt at the moment, with the proviso that to-morrow he might contradict it all. But he wished to have the stimulus of a stated task. He wished to have a connection with the world: there would always be a danger of stagnation in this village existence. Besides, he delighted in speaking: nothing would have pleased him more

than an offer of a chair of rhetoric, and here was a pulpit that made other pulpits tame and ineffectual. No need for a cold mechanical preparation, a decorous delivery, no stiff conventions that prescribed a method. Everything was admissible, philosophy, ethics, divinity, criticism, poetry, all the breadth and variety of conversation. What an opportunity for painting in fire his thought—for being agitated, to agitate! Here he could lay himself out prodigally on the subject of the hour, here he might hope for nectar and enchantment.

To the road then, without delay! he said to himself. You have drawn all values to you; then radiate and communicate all. Combine the largest accumulation with bounteous imparting. Pass on to the many the results of your studies, in art, literature, poetry, morals, manners. Be their mediator, civilizer, inspirer. Give them something better than political speeches and cheap wit and lectures on Popular Science. Convert for them the dishonoured facts they know into trees of life, by suggesting the principles that classify the facts. Be Adam in the garden again, new-naming the beasts in the field and the gods in the sky. Make them drunk, drive them mad, this multitude of vagabonds, hungry for eloquence, hungry for poetry! It is they who have called you, and you, poet, have only to respond and say: The people and not solitude is my home. Never your land, your stocks, your income, but that power to help and charm the souls veiled under these whiskered and smooth visages—that is your rent and ration.

Almost at once, after his return from England, Emerson had begun giving lectures in Boston. He had preached for a while, half-heartedly, in the parish of East Lexington; then he had gradually ceased even to go to church. He spoke on Great Men, on Trades and Professions, on Human Culture, on the Philosophy of History. But he was soon lecturing at the country Lyceums, too; and he found them a stringent test for the wares of a man of letters. Could he hold stout farmers upright on their benches or stop the gossip around the door by a mere discussion of art or manners? Not always, by any means. At times the audience was cold and unresponsive and his best efforts were drowned as it were in ice-water. But usually he found the experience exhilarating. Very gay were the country college commencements at which he often spoke: the students with the ribbons of their rival societies, the crowds gathering in wagons and buggies and chaises, the peddlers and gingerbread vendors, the barrels of cider and beer, the medley of rustic accents. Pleasant, too, were those evenings in country meeting-houses when the snow sparkled under the moon and the whole neighbourhood came stamping in, smothered in shawl and muffler, when the sleigh-bells tinkled up to the door and the dim oil-lamps flared under the low ceiling, and the boys and girls gathered round the stove giggling and munching apples.

Emerson was already widely known as a speaker when he rose one August day in 1837, in the old meeting-house of the First Parish of Cambridge, to

deliver the annual oration of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He was rapidly working out the thoughts that thronged his mind, but to-day he had a special word to utter. "The American Scholar" was the stock theme of these Phi Beta Kappa orations. Buckminster, Everett, Edward Tyrrel Channing had all used it before him, but for Emerson it seemed a focus for half the perilous stuff that was burning his soul.

He rose and faced the assembly. All Harvard was there, the old Unitarian war-gods, Palfrey and Andrews Norton, and Henry Ware, and the young men (two named Holmes and Lowell among them) for whom his speech was to seem the Declaration of America's Intellectual Independence. The hall was packed with listeners. He stood there, slender, motionless, serene, with the air of one who heard nothing but the voice within him, indifferent to the movement of the crowd. For a strange division at once took place in the audience—it became more and more marked as the speech went on. The older faces grew grimmer with every word, while the younger lighted up with eager approval. This speaker had come to bring not peace but a sword, and the words he uttered to-day were to mark the birth of another generation.

"Our day of dependence," he said, "our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close." And then he went on to speak of Man Thinking. The business of a scholar was not to be a mere thinker but one who shared all the experience of mankind and then served as the dele-

gated intellect. His duties were comprised in self-trust, for, as all minds were united in the One Mind, he descended into the secrets of all by descending into his own. "The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that which men in crowded cities find true for them also. The deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder he finds, this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels: This is my music, this is myself."

He spoke of the education of the scholar. Of the influence of Nature first. Nature was the opposite of the soul, answering to it part by part. Its laws were the laws of his own mind, so that "Know Thyself" and "Study Nature" became at last one axiom. Then books were the next great influence, not to be valued as such, but as means of inspiration. "I had better never see a book, than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit and made a satellite instead of a system." The one valuable thing in the world was the soul, but the soul must act from its own sight of principles. To accept the view of others was to lose one's own. "Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. . . . But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must,—when the sun is hid, and the stars withdraw their shining,—we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is." The third influence was the world, for action was essential to the

scholar. "The world—this shadow of the soul, or *other me*, lies wide around. Its attractions are the keys which unlock my thoughts and make me acquainted with myself. I run eagerly into this resounding tumult. I grasp the hands of those next me, and take my place in the ring to suffer and to work, taught by an instinct that so shall the dumb abyss be vocal with speech. . . . So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of the wilderness have I vanquished and planted, or so far have I extended my being, my dominion."

Then he spoke of the office of the scholar: "To cheer, to raise and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. . . . He is the world's eye. He is the world's heart. He is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever to barbarism, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and the conclusions of history. Whatsoever oracles the human heart, in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its commentary on the world of actions—these he shall receive and impart. And whatsoever new verdict Reason from her inviolable seat pronounces on the passing men and events of to-day,—this he shall hear and promulgate."

There was much else in the speech, on the difficulties that stood in the way of the scholar, on the tameness and timidity of the American mind ("taught to aim at low objects"); but the final burden was an emphasis on the present. "I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia. I embrace the common, I ex-

plore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds. What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eye; the form and the gait of the body; show me the ultimate reason of these matters; show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of Nature . . . and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber-room, but has form and order."

Never had such a voice been heard before in New England. There were sentences that thrilled the young people like martial music. "Not he is great," said the voice, "who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind. They are the kings of the world who give the colour of their present thought to all Nature and all art." And again: "If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him." The poet, the artist buried in all these hearts had received the corroboration for which it was thirsting; for what was the "American scholar" but the gifted individual? They could trust their instincts now, these rebels against the law of a commercial world—believe in their times, their country, believe that their dreams had meaning, believe that in them, and not in the gods of matter, lay the real hope of society.

At a stroke, Emerson had become the prophet of the new age. It was not so much his ideas that



spearean, or Miltonic, or Chaucerian pictures. No; but I feel perhaps the pain of an alien world; a world not yet subdued by the thought; or I am cheered by the moist, warm, glittering, budding, melodious hour, that takes down the narrow walls of my soul, and extends its life and pulsation to the very horizon. . . . There is no event but sprang somewhere from the soul of man; and therefore there is none but the soul of man can interpret. . . . The whole value of history, of biography, is to increase my self-trust, by demonstrating what man can be and do. . . ." In all these speeches he was amplifying and applying the ideas he had tried to make clear in a little book called *Nature*, the fruit of three years of thinking and revising, which he had published in 1836. The soul was divine, he had said, and identical in all men. The scholar, the poet, the artist were merely those into whom, through a special discipline, more of the divinity flowed than flowed into others. They were only the most favoured of a race of potential supermen.

It seemed as if all New England had been waiting for these words. The young men and women crowded about the speaker, and one by one they began to drift to Concord. Margaret Fuller came, with a letter from Harriet Martineau. Margaret's guns were heavy, and she sailed straight for Emerson with a terrible speed, as for a walled fortress, the most formidable and provoking on the American horizon. The walls were high and thick: so much the better. Margaret was prepared for a siege. She meant to interrogate all the contem-

porary sphinxes, to drink at every source of insight and power. And there was no dodging Margaret. One could shudder at that bony face, those blinking eyes; one could say to oneself, "We shall never get far." No use! She had had it out with herself as a child and resolved to be "bright and ugly"; and who could resist that tide of superabundant life?

A Ceres, a Minerva. An avalanche of tropical femininity. In vain Emerson protested; in vain the voice cried within him, Stand from under! He had always disliked queer people and people with lantern faces. They shocked his nerves, they offended his taste. They had no right, he felt, not to be comely. And Margaret was so overwrought. Her good people were too good to be true, her naughty people were so naughty they couldn't be eaten. There was simply no keeping her to the positive degree. And that female mysticism, what a trial it was, that romantic pothier about birthdays, seals, ciphers, coincidents, dragons, stars, heliotrope, purgatory. She said she had an affinity with the planet Jupiter; she believed that the month of September was inauspicious to her; she recalled that her name, Margarita, signified a pearl; she coupled her friends with the carbuncle, amethyst, onyx; she was convinced that when she turned her head to one side she had second-sight, like Saint Francis. A pest, these auguries, presentiments, divinations—a syrupy, florid flood that overwhelmed you. And she taxed Emerson with "inhospitality of soul"! She insisted that he "ought to know how to be silent and companionable at the same

moment"! She grieved because they "met as strangers"!

But there she was; and stayed; and came back. Stayed for days, a week, a fortnight. And lo, what had become of that fantastic schoolmarm? You began to notice a peculiar swaying grace in her motion. You looked at her twice, you listened for ten minutes to that nasal voice, and a vaguely sumptuous apparition rose before you. Even her costume—was it bombazine or a modest alpaca?—had undergone some indescribable metamorphosis, and you could understand the rumour, going about Boston, that this Aspasia, of whom every one was talking, adorned herself with a pagan magnificence. It was certainly true that her eyes in some moods were visible at night, and her hair apparently lightened and darkened. Was this exotic creature really the daughter of Timothy Fuller, the plodding Cambridge lawyer? She was more like a Spaniard or a Turk.

She stormed Emerson with the frankest intentions. She meant to extract his secret and form an alliance that would be stimulating on both sides. She had read him and heard him and studied his tastes; she set out to pique and amuse him, and she made no concealment of her wish to please. She gave Emerson lessons in German pronunciation. She brought portfolios of engravings, and beside her, under the lamp, he couldn't but pore over those designs from Raphael, those etchings of Piranesi, those reproductions of Greek and Italian sculpture. Was she still inordinate? What of it?—

with all that amplitude and generosity. What of it, if she showed him how lifeless he was, what a poor Laplander burrowing under the snows of prudence and pedantry? No fear that Margaret would betray, like all the rest, under a thin garb of new words, the old droning, cast-iron opinions. She had read at the rate of Gibbon; she had raged through the history of art and philosophy; she sympathized too fast with all forms of life ever to be narrow or hostile. She was a living sketch, however crude, of the Goethean universality. And all that pathos of sentiment, those riches of literature and thought and her own invention, that march of character threatening to arrive at the shores and plunge into the sea of Buddhism and mystic trances, consisted with the lightest satire and a boundless fun and drollery.

What wit she had, what a store of illumined anecdotes! "Attica," she said to Emerson, "is your province; Thessaly is mine. Attica produced the marble wonders of the great geniuses, but Thessaly is the land of magic." (And indeed it was.) She spoke of her childhood, her scheme of life as a girl of fifteen: she had risen before five, walked and practised on the piano for an hour before breakfast, read Sismondi in French till eight, Brown's Philosophy till 9:30, Greek till twelve, practised again before luncheon; then two hours of Italian, a walk or a drive, and singing—eleven o'clock to bed and to write in her diary. "The demons," she remarked, "are not busy enough at the births of most men." They had not been idle at hers. Then she poured

herself out on the *Zeitgeist*. ("My voice excites me," she said, "my pen never." And yet she had just made a translation of Eckermann and was planning a life of Goethe.) She felt that since the Revolution there had been little in the circumstances of this country to call out the higher sentiments, that the effect of continued prosperity was the same on nations as on individuals: it left the nobler faculties undeveloped. "The superficial diffusion of knowledge, unless attended by a deepening of its sources, is likely to vulgarize rather than to raise the thought of a nation. The tendency of circumstances has been to make our people superficial, irreverent, and more anxious to get a living than to live mentally and morally." (How often Emerson had thought all this himself!)

Then she spoke of her work and her friends. She was teaching in Bronson Alcott's school in Boston: three classes, elementary German, Dante and Alfieri, Lessing, Goethe. She had pupils outside, one of them a blind boy, to whom she had read aloud the whole of Shakespeare; and one evening a week she read to Dr. Channing, who wished to keep up with the new German authors. But her friends were Margaret's lifework. She referred calmly to the girls whom she had formed, the young men who owed everything to her, the comrades she had long left behind her. ("I now know all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable to my own.") The chambermaids confessed to her; how could the schoolgirls resist her? (She understood them so

well.) Or the soul-sick boys at Harvard? She looked upon life as an art and every person as an artist: she could forgive anything but the apostasy of a commercial career. Whole romances of life and love had been confided, counselled, thought and lived through, in her cognizance and sympathy; and she was perfectly true to this confidence. She poured a stream of amber over everything, clean and unclean, that lay in her path, and, while her talk was a comedy in which dramatic justice was done to everybody's foibles, she never confounded relations, but kept a hundred fine threads in her hand, without crossing or entangling any of them.

There was Caroline Sturgis, and Ellen Hooper, and James Freeman Clarke, who had gone to Kentucky with his Unitarian gospel. (To the Western forests, where the stagecoach ploughed through swamps of fallen timber and clay roads gullied by rain. What landscapes!—enormous tulip-trees and massive trunks of the sycamore, wild mountains, wilder streams, rude cabins, scenes for Salvator Rosa. Clarke was afraid of falling into routine in Boston: in the West he would have to originate his methods and prove that his faith was adapted to human needs.) Clarke was a friend of Margaret's: he wrote to her regularly and returned each year to keep in touch with New England. And another friend was William Henry Channing, the doctor's nephew, a young minister, too, a Christian Socialist, with as many doubts as talents. (You felt in Margaret's presence, Channing said, as if you

stood bare before a disembodied spirit. You communicated without reserve thoughts and emotions which even to yourself you had scarcely named.) And another was Frederic Hedge, with the face of a wise young frog, with a steely ring in his voice, and a mountain of learning. (At eleven he had been ready for Harvard—had read half the corpus of Latin literature. And he had visited Germany as a child, had drunk at the very spring of the new philosophy.)

But how could one keep track of Margaret's friends? She had watched the unfolding of their powers with the warmest sympathy. They were all disgusted, she said, with the vulgarity of a commercial aristocracy, and so became radicals; they were disgusted with the materialistic working of "rational" religion, and so became mystics. And she had the utmost faith in their corporate endeavours. "If they have opportunity to state and discuss their opinions, they will gradually sift them, ascertain their grounds and aims with clearness, and do the work this country needs. I hope for them as for the leaven that is hidden in the bushel of meal, till all be leavened. The leaven is not good by itself, neither is the meal; let these combine, and we shall yet have bread."

Emerson's own thoughts and hopes, exactly. He too had heard this rare thrilling prophecy from bands of competing minstrels. Hedge he already knew, and George Ripley, brimming over with German philosophy and talking about a community at Brook Farm. And other friends of Mar-

garet's had heard his voice in the darkness and were straggling out to Concord.

John Sullivan Dwight, for one, the sunny, beaming Dwight, slender, shy, sensitive, who had just abandoned the pulpit. He had written the first American review of Tennyson and published a capital translation of Goethe and Schiller; but his great passion was music. As a boy of fifteen, he had first discovered his bent following a band about the streets of Boston that was playing the "Hunter's Chorus"; and now with his popular lectures he was creating a want for something better than hackneyed glees and psalm-tunes. He was labouring to build up a public for Mozart and Beethoven, assembling the musicians in Boston, communicating his enthusiasm. But he loved to walk in the country—to watch the fireflies and gather the arethusas. And he said that the interest in Beethoven in Boston had begun at the same moment as the interest in Emerson, that Emerson had braced people's minds and procured an audience for every kind of art.

And Jones Very came, the tall, angular mystic with the wasted face and the burning eyes, from Salem. Very was instructor in Greek at Harvard, but he was so much concerned for the salvation of the souls of his students that the college authorities concluded he was mad. He went of his own accord and placed himself in the asylum at Somerville; he was sane enough, however, to write while there an essay on epic poetry and two papers on Shakespeare that had much in common with

Emerson's own thought. He was writing sonnets, too, of a rare spirituality, and he was among the first who found their way to Concord. Never had a man so fully accepted the doctrine of the unconscious. He did not feel at liberty even to correct his verses for the press; as they had come to his mind, he believed, so they ought to be printed. He considered it an honour to wash his own face (the temple of the soul); he never rested his arm on the mantel of his own will; he performed every slightest act, he said, "in obedience to the Spirit."

Emerson took charge of the publication of Carlyle's *Essays and Poems* and sent Carlyle a copy. For Carlyle, too, he acted as publisher and editor, reprinted *The French Revolution* and the *Miscellanies*, and wrote a preface for the American *Sartor Resartus*, which had not yet found a publisher in England. There was even a chance that Carlyle might come to Concord. He was desperately poor, and Emerson had promised him a large return if he undertook a lecturing tour in America. For Carlyle had aroused the young people almost as much as Emerson. They were spoken of as two sides of the same rising sun.

For Emerson himself was busily writing now, shaping his thoughts into essays. He would sit in his rocking-chair, his portfolio on his knee, and the volumes of his journals on the table beside him, copying, combining, re-writing entries from the latter, and, as he wrote, in his large, flowing hand, dropping the pages on the floor. Now and again he would take a stroll in the garden, or knock off for

the day and carry his books to Walden. A German book, for instance. It was lumpish and opaque in the house, but once in the woods he would find the sense transparent, and when he came home towards evening he would set to work again with a lighter heart.

For his essays he liked to choose themes that were central in human experience: Character, Manners, Art, Politics, Friendship. To focus on one of these points all the force of his mind, his observation and reading, was to build his inn on the highroad where every traveller passed.

And then there were other subjects, such as Compensation and Circles and Spiritual Laws, that gave him a chance to express, in a kind of prose poetry, the deep joy he felt in the workings of Nature. That old idea of Compensation, for instance, which had haunted him from boyhood and of which for years he had been collecting illustrations. He had found them everywhere, in the sciences, in mechanics, in history, in his own daily experiences. When he uttered the word Compensation, they seemed to run to meet him, charming in their variety and unanimity. Darkness and light balanced each other, heat and cold, and the systole and diastole of the heart. One could see the law at work in the animal kingdom, where no creature was a favourite and every gift was paid for by a defect. And so it was with man. If the government was cruel, the governor was always in jeopardy; if it taxed too high, the revenue yielded nothing; if the criminal code was sanguinary, juries would not

convict; if the law was too mild, private vengeance came in. How many proverbs affirmed the law, how many fables described it! The borrower ran in his own debt; the dearest labour was the cheapest; the wise man paid as he went along; the great man was willing to be little. The spirit was always equal to itself; everything in Nature contained all the powers of Nature, and the whole by necessity appeared, counteracting any excess, when the part appeared. And this doctrine was not fatalistic. There was a deeper fact in the soul than Compensation, for the soul itself was life, a vast affirmative. The gain of rectitude was not bought by any loss, for in virtue and wisdom the soul properly existed. So far as it followed its laws it added to the world, "planted into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing."

And the Over-Soul, the flowing river of Nature, the "Eternal One" that passes into one's thought and becomes wisdom and virtue and power and beauty. Man lives in division, in parts, and yet within him lies the soul of the whole. "When it breathes through his intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love." And he who trusts himself, who finds his own centre, becomes its channel.

This was the master-idea that bound the essays together. What was history but the record of this general soul? One looked within oneself and found "the Foreworld, the Age of Gold, the Apple of Knowledge, the Argonautic Expedition, the Call-

ing of Abraham, the Building of the Temple, the Advent of Christ, the Dark Ages, the Revival of Letters, the Reformation." For the life of man passes through all these phases. And if one reconstructs in imagination any moment in history one actually lives that moment. What man has done, man can do again; for what we are able to conceive, that we are able to carry out in action. History exists for the sake of the individual, solely to make him conscious of his own resources, of his own creative power. And he finds this power through absolute Self-Reliance. His intuition lets him into the One that yields all truth and strength. We have only to follow the clue that Nature gives us, follow the line of our talent; in one direction all space is open to us. We are like a ship in a river: we run against obstructions on every side but one, but on that side the obstruction is removed, and we sweep serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea.

Was this the world of "ideas," of things as they ought to be? Was it only the fortunate man who found his line so easily? But what a fillip it gave to the will of Emerson's readers to have it assumed that all men are fortunate!—to be asked to sit—even they!—at the table of the gods, and live for an hour with the makers of space and time. (My friends, you show me by every word you utter, by the light in your eyes, your gait, your every movement, that the life we know is a germ—nothing less than a germ—of life as it might and will be. Even here in Concord. Massachusetts, Connecticut

River, Boston Bay—do you think them paltry places? Does your ear love foreign names? But here you are, and, if you tarry a little, you may learn that here is best. Your heart dilates in beholding the force and grace of the ancients, the Greeks and the Romans. You respond because that force and grace already exist in you—as the flower in the seed.)

Emerson had planted himself on his own instincts, and the world was coming to him. So much the more need to retire at times into the solitude of solitudes—to walk out at night and look at the stars. He would hear the voice of the wind, so slight and pure and deep, as if it were the sound of the stars themselves revolving. Then he lost himself in wonder—mute, bottomless, boundless, endless wonder.

CHAPTER VIII

NOTHING so fearsome as too much solitude. Left alone for a few days, he crept about as if in expectation of a calamity. There was much to be said for society too, and cities: to be isolated was to be sick, and so far dead. Rightly thought Goethe, that dealing habitually with men and affairs was essential to one's health. For one thing, society educated one's will, which never acquired force in solitude. It was true that if he stayed in the city he seemed to lose all substance and became surface in a world of surfaces: everything was external there, and he thought of his hat and coat, and all his other surfaces, and nothing else. But a periodical raid was another matter. He could do his thinking alone, but he had to go to market to get his facts.

On Saturday, as a rule, Emerson left his study and set out for the Athenæum or to see what friends he could muster. Away with his grey clothes: did the black suit need a brushing? Down came the silk hat from the shelf in the closet; then three long hours in the stage that lumbered past his door. But the passengers were a foretaste of the wide world, and the stage drove through the slums of the North End. How picturesque were the crowds on the sidewalks, how much more enlivening than the clean-shaved and silk-robed procession

in Washington and Tremont Streets! He knew instantly, as he passed them, whence all the fine pictures had their origin; he felt the painter stirring in him. These unrestrained attitudes and manners recalled to him the force and eloquence of form and the sting of colour. No suggestion here of those depressing college anniversaries at Cambridge, those hurrahs among the ghosts, those yellow, bald, toothless meetings in memory of red cheeks, black hair and departed health. They were real crowds, wholesome and heart-warming; they restored one's flagging sense of the infinite wealth of humanity.

Then quick to the pavement!—and off he strode, tall, erect, light-footed and strong of limb, with his long neck and his bright blue eyes peering about, one shoulder slightly higher than the other. (You would have had to run to keep up with that man as he swung along, carrying his little satchel.) Where was he going today? To the Sculpture Gallery, perhaps, for a look at Michael Angelo's "Day and Night"? To a concert of Ole Bull? (A benign influence, that sorcerer, with a sleep as of Egypt on his lips in the midst of his rapturous music, even for a man without an ear.) Or perhaps to the foreign bookstore and reading-room that Dr. Nathaniel Peabody and his daughter Elizabeth had opened in the front parlour of their house in West Street? (Not to one of those literary clubs, be sure, where they still discussed the question, *Who wrote Junius?*) An embarrassment of riches! One trod rather proudly the streets of a town like Boston: Vasari had not felt more stimulus in the air of his darling

Florence. These pavements, too, had a history: no accident, Boston, no mere crossroads, tavern or army-barracks, grown up by time and luck to a place of wealth, but a seat of men of principle. How natural that the desire for glory and honour should spring out of it!—so that all who possessed talent were impelled to struggle, and labour by every means to be foremost.

To the Sculpture Gallery, then, at the Athenæum: Margaret would be waiting for him there, under that sunny roof, in those airy chambers. There were the casts, selected by Canova, the Laocoön, the Discobolus, the head of the Phidian Zeus, and so many others—Greece and Italy brought bodily to Boston. And there was the Brimmer Donation of French and Italian drawings, prints of the Sistine frescoes, prints of Correggio, drawings of Guercino, one apple from every tree. And pictures ascribed to Rembrandt, Poussin, Rubens, painted by God knows whom, obscure nameless persons, yet with such skill and mastery as to bring connoisseurs in doubt. What colour!—a tonic that made him brisk and gay. Rome rose again in his memory, and Paris danced before him. (But how wronged they were, these paintings, dis-crowned and disgraced, by being crowded together in one apartment!—like so many men, lowered by juxtaposition. One picture at a time! Let the eye conspire with the painter, carry his work out far and wide, see more than he has done, see what he meant to do, enjoy the unity of the hour!)

A glowing companion, Margaret, in these ad-

ventures. A dubious guide, no doubt, too personal, too idiosyncratic, too bold an Ariadne. But why should he follow her clues when he had his own? (He thought of his own attempts at drawing as a boy, the heads he had sketched in his notebooks. Colour was to the eye what dancing was to the body, but form appealed to him more. And sculpture more than painting, the archaic grandeur of the age when the Greeks were at one remove from the Egyptians. He loved those block-like images, before freedom had become too free.) And how honest Margaret was, and what sympathy she felt with the artist in his protest against the deformities of common life! For months, thanks to Margaret, his world had been coloured with the genius of the Italians. She had made him warmly aware of so much in his nature that was still quiescent.

As a good child of Boston, he wished to see the best in every kind—let nothing pass, unseen, unheard, that was excellent. Fanny Elssler's dancing, for instance: could he ever forget this graceful silvery swimmer? The variety of her attitudes, the winning fun and spirit of her little coquetties, the beautiful erectness of her body? Or that slow, prolonged salaam?—she seemed to have invented new depths of condescension. What cheer and exhilaration the spectacle imparted! The sport and triumph of health, the virtue of organization. Such grace as hers, he knew, must rest on occult foundations of inward harmony.

But Dr. Peabody's shop was the likeliest haunt in town. They had all the new foreign books there,

George Sand, Schleiermacher, Manzoni; you could stop and chat for a while, then carry off the latest German or French review. And there you were sure to meet the illuminati, talking and strolling about, or browsing over the counters: Dr. Channing and Washington Allston, perhaps, the veterans, or George Ripley, or Hedge, or those two grave suitors of the Peabody girls, Horace Mann and the shy Nathaniel Hawthorne. Ripley was collecting translators for his *Specimens of Foreign Literature*, and Hedge was full of German metaphysics. There was always something in the wind at Dr. Peabody's. A boon, that house, for a country scholar for whom a new person was ever a great event.

One could linger there by the hour, then saunter off with some other casual visitor. Washington Allston, for instance: how appealing this old man was, so fragile, so quaintly courteous, with his glowing eyes and his silvery curls! Yes, and that legendary mission—to restore the grand manner of the sixteenth century, as his friend Coleridge had put it. A painter in the great line, as one couldn't but feel, a boulder of the European ledge, a spur of the Apennines of Titian and Michael Angelo, cropping out here in this remote America, unlike anything around it, and so far from reaching its natural elevation. He rose at ten o'clock, it was said, each morning, left his poor little house, with a pitcher of water in his hand, hurried through the dusty streets to his bleak little studio, sat down and smoked and contemplated his picture, then painted

for a while and laid aside his brushes, and contemplated his picture again till dark. "Belshazzar's Feast" was the picture—that accurst, that baleful picture!—and for twenty years he had worked on it, in vain. He had started it in London, in the days of his renown; the subject had grown hateful, the mechanical labour was too great for him, he had had to change the perspective, and now he was white and feeble and the picture still unfinished. (His townsmen had bought it in advance; the newspapers constantly talked of it; the public was agape for it. Could he disappoint the world?) He had put aside everything else for the sake of that picture, commissions, new attempts, peace of mind; but how winning the old man was, as he rambled across the bridge to his house in Cambridgeport! A poet too: he would take you into the studio, and place you before the picture, and recite to you in an undertone lines that had taken shape in his mind as he painted.

Boston might not be nobly mad, either for learning or philosophy, art or association; but who could think ill of a town that harboured such souls as this? Not Emerson, and the times were crescent. No doubt Allston had starved there, had fed upon himself, withered away in the wind, he in whose veins the South had run so warm. His friend Dana was right: his spirit had risen and soared, but without force, for Boston had afforded him "no combat with other intellects, no strife for mastery, which gives vigour and development to the mind." But the scene was changing fast—with all those bub-

bling wits at Dr. Peabody's! And Margaret's "Conversations," in that same engaging house. For Margaret was holding classes for the ladies of Boston, in Mythology, Ethics, Literature, "What is Life?" Why should their minds be so woolly, so wanting in precision and clearness? So vague, so cold, so provincial, in a world so full of delights? What pursuits were they fitted for, how could they use their means, what were they born to do, and how should they do it? Coals for Margaret's fanning! Too many local interests! They should fix their minds on the broad, the objective, the tangible—"serious without being solemn, playful as well as deep." The ladies were disturbed to be told that in Christian times heathen Greeks should be envied, and they found it difficult to talk. But Margaret stirred them up, and they were soon aglow. They shook the films from their eyes; they melted, they laughed, they could scarcely express their rapture; and they showered their love and gifts at the sibyl's feet.

Who could withstand that verve, that haughty assurance? Those endearing perceptions, that all-attaching eye? It was easy to laugh at Margaret; but who could dispute her vitality? Had she not given tongues to the dumb and grace to the awkward? And Boston was full of these voices, if one knew where to find them. There was Father Taylor, for one, the apostle to the sailors, a master of wild rhetoric, an unconscious artist, a dancing drunkard of his wit, and Emerson delighted in him. Occasionally, in the days of his pastorate, he

had had this minstrel in his pulpit, and he could always count on a thrill when he threaded the crooked old waterside streets and dropped in at the Sailors' Bethel. What teeth and eyes this man had, like a jaguar's, or an Indian's! What authority, wilful and despotic, as he rode on the waves of the sunny ocean of his thought! He would weep and grieve and pray and chide in a tempest of passionate speech, and never break the perfect propriety with a single false note.

A man with a way and sweep like a frigate's way, that takes up the centre of the sea and paves it with a white street! (Another Robert Burns, this Father Taylor. No corpse-cold Unitarian. Mighty Nature's child!) And Sampson Reed was always ready for a chat. (The Swedenborgian druggist, who had written *The Growth of the Mind*.) A grand poet, Swedenborg, a stark Scandinavian berserker with an iron training; and who could discourse on the subject better than Reed? But he wouldn't admit it was poetry; he meant you to take it all for literal fact. . . . "But really, Mr. Reed, those devils: you don't imagine . . . ?" But he did: those devils were solid flesh and blood.

One personage caught Emerson's fancy above all the others. On a June day in 1836 he turned in at the Masonic Temple, where Bronson Alcott's school was in its third year. He had met Alcott before and felt the attraction of this tall, blue-eyed prophet with his corn-coloured locks and his open, courtly manner; but the school was a revelation. The beautiful spacious room, the Gothic windows,

the busts of Shakespeare and Plato, the well-chosen pictures on the wall, the gracious master presiding from his desk in the corner were very different from the dark, formal classrooms that he had known as a boy. But what struck the visitor most was the conversation in progress between the master and the pupils. With what absorbed attention these diminutive Bostonians listened and responded! No suggestion of painful tasks, routine, irritation, severity. This teacher, with his dialectic method of query and answer, was a Socrates indeed, for whom questions of thought and taste were independent of age. He was like the sun in April warming into life a hive of torpid bees.

Emerson had found a friend, the reasonable creature he had always longed for. He had heard much of this dreamer who thought the world was to be redeemed by education and who had aroused such furious opposition in Boston. A strange story was Alcott's. The son of a Connecticut farmer and mechanic, he had known the rigours of a primitive country school and had been set to work at fourteen in a clock-factory, the pride of a neighbouring town. He had wandered to the South as a peddler, with a small tin trunk in his hand and the hope of discovering a school in Virginia or the Carolinas where the rudiments he had learned at the rod's end would provide him with the work to which he felt predestined. He walked, he travelled about with horse and wagon, selling almanacs and tin-ware, thimbles, scissors, picture-books for children, spectacles, razors, buttons. Then, finding the

South apathetic, he returned to Connecticut, where his uncle, Dr. Bronson, directed an Academy, and there, and at Germantown and Philadelphia, he opened schools and began to develop his methods. (No corporal punishment. Gymnastic exercises. No parrot-spelling of columns of unknown words. No treating these children as buckets to be filled with the barren knowledge of the world, but a veritable leading-forth of the innate disposition.) At last he had come to Boston for the great venture of his life. He had stirred up a storm of abuse, with his heterodox conversations on the Gospels; for who was he to brush aside so lightly, with his pagan-Greekish talk of the beauty of the natural instincts, the hallowed Puritan dogma of original sin? ("The blissful moments," said Alcott, "are those when a man abandons himself to the Spirit. The highest duty is musical and sings itself. And children are so attractive because they are still under the sway of instinct.") But he had found a powerful ally in Dr. Channing, who shared these "intimations," and he seemed to be winning his way.

A true comrade-in-arms. Emerson was entranced with him. He could read his Plato now with new eyes, for here was a Plato in the flesh. What was it the sage had said?—that "education should be conducted with a serene sweetness, never by force or violence, but by gentleness, accompanied with persuasion and every kind of invitation." Alcott's way, exactly! And behold, from his face too, as from the face of those divine ancients, there shone

a pleasing mildness; and over his whole external form was diffused that air of dignity and ease, of affability and modesty, which, according to Plotinus, true wisdom, deeply possessed, gives to one's manners. None of those smug arts, beloved of the worldlings of Athens and Boston, but the grace of the Muses. And what a gift for awakening aspiration and contemplation! He had, it was true, some rather odd ideas, as, for instance, that the human head was going to slough the body: the trunk would perish and the brain would unfold a new and higher organization. (He could hardly expect women to like such notions.) And he talked high and wide, and expressed himself very happily, and forgot all he had said: he seldom finished a sentence, but revolved in spirals until he was lost in the air. And his writing was vague and trite. He had never wrought his fine clay into vases, or his gold dust into ingots; he played with his thought too much, without subduing it; he used too many phrases about "the Spirit" that he ought to have left to the Unitarian Association. But who was more candid than Alcott? Who liked one's bluntness better? And how he loved life and the present hour! No skulker, ready to nestle into any cast-off shell and form of the past. An apostle and a pilgrim. If Boston refused to hear him, he would take his staff and go among the people, walk through the country, discoursing to the school-teachers and holding conversations in the villages.

Such were the rewards when Emerson left his study and slipped into town for the day. His mind,

in Alcott's company, kindled and burst into flame. With men like this walking the streets, who could complain of the dumbness, the pomposity of Boston? Then why not improve the occasion and form a club? Hedge would enjoy it, the ever-liberal Hedge, who was publishing his translations of the new German authors, and Orestes Brownson, French-and-Indian Brownson, who had opened a radical church for mechanics and labourers, and Theodore Parker, of course, that blue-eyed Friar Tuck of theologians, with his pug nose and his hearty grip, who was able to carry a barrel of cider in his hands, yes, and with twenty languages on the tip of his tongue. (Persian, Coptic, Syriac, Dutch, think of it!—and all wrapped up in the frame of a Yankee farmer. A glutton of learning, for all his ruddy face: he could scarcely be brought to admit that Hedge was "learned in spots." And a real bringer of good tidings. What New England pulpiteer had ever before praised the Lord for the voiceless fish, "moving with the flapping of the sea," for the "bunchy and calumniated toad" and the frog, "shaking the bog with his hoarse thunders"?) One could certainly count on Parker, that hierophant of Nature and muscular man. And George Ripley, and John Sullivan Dwight, with his cult of Mozart and Beethoven, and James Freeman Clarke, on his annual visits from Louisville. (He found it so "flat" out there, beyond the mountains. But he had carried Boston with him; he was toiling away at Greek, geology, mineralogy; he had started a magazine, *The Western Messenger*.

And the leaves of the cottonwood-trees were "always in motion.") Good timber for a club. Unitarian ministers, for the most part, and mostly from habit and inertia, in their early thirties, with little taste for preaching—(not Clarke, not Theodore Parker!)—and bursting with profane passions for poetry, for music, for painting, philosophy or the Church of Rome. (John Dwight was the type of them all, Dwight who awoke on the Sunday after his ordination and remembered that he had prepared neither of his sermons for the day. Too much Mozart in his cosmos, together with a "certain want of fluency in prayer.") Every rustic manse within walking, running, racing distance of Boston would contribute a rill to the stream of good talk. Why stick at home and read Sir William Jones's life, or the life of Gibbon, to shame oneself into an emulating industry, when all these cordial souls were so eager to shame one another?

Why indeed? Whatever your studies might be, they would certainly thrive better for a little airing. Did your reading grow stale as you frowsted over your fire? How quickly the faded colours revived in the presence of that fellow-student who showed such a lively interest in your speculations. There was nothing like matching wits to restore the price of thought. A club then, by all means. The Symposium, perhaps. Or the Transcendental Club. A little starchy, this word, a little cold and stiff. The Greeks would never have liked it: their thought needed no Transcendental bush, and they lived the *thing* as naturally as they breathed. But



the word was a good flag to fly in the face of all this Boston Whiggism. Was man made to live like a peddler, with his hand ever on his pocket, cautious, calculating? Or to nourish himself on the thin porridge and cold tea of Unitarianism? Or to chop logic with John Locke? Or to take his revelation ready-made from a book bound in black cloth? Man, enthusiastic man, possessed by a god? Away with all this "evidence of the senses"! . . . Transcendentalism! . . . Let them say, if they like—with a wave of the hand—that it means "a little beyond." A little *within*, good friends, a little within!

The neophytes assembled, first four, then a dozen or so. Now at Willard's Hotel in Cambridge, now at Brownson's house in Chelsea, or at Ripley's, or in Emerson's study in Concord. The neophytes assembled and took their seats. Was the air a little frosty? Was the talk a little staccato? Were the voices a little sepulchral? Were the pauses long and frequent? They could only meet, these minds, by soaring up in the fog, fortunate if, in the course of an anxious evening, two of them came within hailing distance of each other.

Alas, it was all a pale, frail mist! One doesn't learn to loosen one's tongue in a lonely country parsonage; and the subjects—for instance, the Highest Aim—were not exactly enlivening. How chagrined the philosophers felt as they munched their russet apples, when the dish was handed round at the end of the soirée, and they vanished into the night! What wild comets of thought had whirled through

their heads! What daring and extraordinary things they were on the point of saying!—and just as their blood was up it was time to go. That infernal Boston frigidity! They ought to have called it the Lonely Man's Club. (With a seal: two porcupines meeting with all their spines erect, and the motto, "We converse at the quill's end.")

But they stuck it out. They had made up their minds to be genial, cost what it might. One evening Father Taylor came to the rescue: with his green spectacles thrown up on his forehead, he burst into a stream of indignant and sorrowful eloquence on the indifferentism of the Churches and the lukewarm spirit of the day. And occasionally they happened on a topic that warmed them all like wine. Did property fulfil some natural need of man? Should they speak as they felt in the pulpit, or speak with reference to the fears and the sleep of others? (It was easy to settle that question.) Or the Union, the Constitution: how soon would Americans realize that individual character and culture were sacred, that these mass-obligations were trivial beside them? Or the state of affairs at Harvard? It was shocking to see how State Street voted the college down. Everything was permitted in Cambridge that pleased the respectables, while that which the college existed for—to be a Delphi uttering oracles to elevate and lead mankind—*that* it was not permitted to be or to think of. (Every generosity of thought was suspected at Harvard: not a poet, not a prophet, not a demon, but was gagged or driven away.) But one topic especially

stirred the club: the American Genius, the causes that hindered its growth. On this titanic continent, with nature so grand, why should genius be so tame? One had only to think of Bryant—chaste and faultless, but uncharacterized. Or Dr. Channing's preaching, the sublime of calculation. Allston was thin, and Greenough was thin, and Irving and Prescott and Bancroft. Not one drop of the strong black blood of the English race! No teeth and claws, no nerve and dagger. A pale, diluted stream.

There was the topic of topics: the lukewarm spirit of the day, as Father Taylor called it. Who cared whether Bryant wrote good poems or not? Whether Greenough made a good statue? The great poems had been confessions of the faith of races, the great statues had been worshipped. No necessity of the people called these Americans out. And alas, why look for art where society was unbelieving, honeycombed, hollow? When it tingled and trembled with earnest, beauty would be born. And why rail and complain in the meantime? Why not take some positive step, why not start a quarterly journal? With Alcott's title, *The Dial*? (He had used it for his private diary.) And Margaret Fuller as editor? (For Margaret herself had been present at some of the meetings, and what a gift she had for inspiring confidence! She had fused the chilly philosophers into a glowing company; she had felt the moods of the speakers, gathered their rays to a focus, seized their balloons of thought and pulled them back to the earth. And who knew as Marga-

ret knew it the silent army of the younger generation, that throng of eager souls, in college and village, lonely, constrained, obscure, who had given in their adherence to the spiritual revolution?)

Trust Margaret to sound the reveille! Trust Margaret to fill *The Dial* with the burning thoughts of the young!

CHAPTER IX

IT was 1841, and Henry Thoreau had joined the Concord household. As a steward, an adopted son, a master of rural arts—chiefly, perhaps, to give Emerson lessons in gardening. He had his little room at the head of the stairs and worked, when he chose, about the yard and barn, banked up the fruit-trees against the winter and the mice, looked out to see when a pale was loose in the fence or a nail dropped from its place, set up the stoves and put the shutters to rights. There was never such a man for locks and hinges and door-knobs, or for making the chickens behave.

It was all in the family, for Emerson had known Henry from his boyhood. He had helped him to get a scholarship at Harvard, for Henry's father, the pencil-maker on Main Street, was always short of money. And then he had had a surprise! Henry had come back to Concord the walking incarnation of all his own ideas. He had steeped himself in the Greek and Roman sages, he had hunted out the Elizabethan poets, Fletcher, Drayton, Raleigh, whom Emerson especially loved. But this was incidental. He proposed to live without following any profession, live for the sake of living and keep alive by whatever means might offer. Live like a monk, if need were, live like a workman; earn his dollar a day by carpentering,

gardening, painting. But live for his thoughts, his perceptions, his journal and his flute.

Emerson set to work, with this stern instructor, digging and hoeing in the garden. Not for long, to be sure; he found himself sadly untuned. The smell of the plants drugged him and robbed him of energy, and he soon awoke from his dream of chickweed and redroot and made up his mind that writing and practical farming could never go together. But lessons in the art of walking, in the art of observing and exploring, were another matter, and Henry knew the country like a fox or a partridge; and, although he had no walks to throw away on company, he could always spare an afternoon for Emerson. He was not an easy companion, for he wanted a fallacy to expose or a blunder to pillory, he required a roll of the drums, a sense of victory, to call his powers into exercise. He would say, and wait for Emerson to contradict him, that nobody dared to go to the Concord Post Office with a patch on the knee of his trousers. Or that nothing was to be hoped from him or any one if this bit of mould under his feet was not sweeter to him to eat than any other in the world or any world. But only as long as the village was still in sight: in the swamps and pastures he forgot the limited human race. And then what an air came over him, what a light shone in his eyes, and what magic Henry performed with the jackknife and spyglass and microscope that were tucked away in his pockets with his diary and pencil! Snakes coiled round his leg, fishes swam into his hand, a sparrow even alighted

on his shoulder. He would name the plants that ought to bloom this day, and there they were, as if his voice had evoked them. He would hazard a guess that the spot where they were standing had once been an Indian camping-ground; then stoop and dig in a circle and uncover the blackened stones of an ancient fireplace. Emerson could easily believe him when he said that if he awakened from a trance in the depths of the forest he could tell the time of year within two days by the plants that were growing about him.

He was writing too, as diligently as Emerson: crowded little poems, in the manner of the seventeenth century, with a certain intricate melody. But his journal was the greatest delight—pastoral as Izaak Walton, it seemed to Emerson, spicy as flag-root, broad and deep as Manu. What prose Henry wrote, how acute were his senses! Half the wisdom of the ancients seemed to have been born again in this Concord Pliny. He was very severe with himself and shaped his rambling thoughts into formal essays with infinite toil and a good deal of hesitation. But when Emerson read his paper on "A Winter Walk" and "The Natural History of Massachusetts," he was ready to account Henry the king of American lions.

They had not been friends very long when an opportunity came for them to work together in a more congenial way. Emerson was asked to take charge of *The Dial*. The magazine was not prospering, in spite of heroic efforts, and Margaret was unable to carry it any longer. There were scarcely

one hundred subscribers. Some readers complained of the lack of a definite aim; others, that it savoured too much of the old order of things. The practical reformers were annoyed by its airs and graces, and those who cared for style were annoyed by the reformers. Margaret's idea had been to allow all kinds of people to say their say, without too much regard for their manner of saying it; and Emerson had winced at the barbarous form of some of the compositions. But Elizabeth Peabody had agreed to take over the management and find another printer; and if Henry would only canvass for new subscribers and Emerson would select the contents, they might make the paper a success in spite of all.

So *The Dial* came to Concord, and Henry read the proofs (and enlarged the list of subscribers to two hundred and twenty). Margaret had not been mistaken in promising the richest harvest of contributions. Her own paper on Goethe and her "Short Essay on Critics" were the best she was ever to write. There were Alcott's Orphic epigrams and Dwight's papers on Music, poems by Christopher Cranch and William Ellery Channing (the doctor's nephew). There were sonnets by Jones Very and James Russell Lowell (who had spent a few months in Concord not long before). And Ripley and Parker, of course, and James Freeman Clarke had much to say. But the greatest surprise was the number of unknown writers who rallied about the paper as if they had found their natural home at last. There were fragments of private diaries, each with a note of distinction, comments on works of

art revealing some personal taste, sketches of village life, confessions, dialogues, soliloquies. *The Dial* was plainly a comfort and encouragement for dozens of lonely souls who felt themselves without support in the world.

Too "spirit-like" in expression. Carlyle was undoubtedly right. "Too aeriform, aurora-borealis-like. I can do nothing with vapours," he had written, after reading the earlier numbers, "I can do nothing with vapours but wish them condensed." Too much unbalanced intellectuality. But Thoreau was solid enough, and Parker and Dwight and Channing. And what unsuspected wealth *The Dial* revealed in the depths of this dumb New England! What reserves of thought and feeling! A chilly, misty dawn of some golden summer to follow.

What interested Emerson most, for it seemed to give most promise, was the poetry. He published some of the verses he was writing himself, *The Sphinx*, *Wood-notes*, *Saadi*, and a few of his own essays; and he made a point of printing as much of Thoreau as possible. He reviewed the new books that struck him as most significant, Borrow's *Bible in Spain*, Tennyson's *Poems*, *Two Years Before the Mast*, by his old pupil Dana, and Browning's *Paracelsus*. And he and Henry selected for publication passages from the Eastern Scriptures, the Fables of Bidpai, the Chaldæan Oracles, the Analects of Confucius. (All unknown in America.) Then, at the end of the fourth year, as *The Dial* seemed to have made no further headway, the editor closed his desk. He stored the remain-

ing copies in the attic. (Where they lay for thirty years. In 1872 they were sold to the ragman.)

Concord, congenial Concord! It was good to exchange ideas with artists and teachers, people of the city and the world. But how much he learned from his country neighbours too! From the labourers, for instance: to refresh himself with the bone and sinew of society he had to avoid the so-called respectable classes as carefully as a good traveller in a foreign land avoids his own countrymen. Now and then, at least. Take a group of villagers laying a new bridge. How close they were to their work! They sympathized with every log and anticipated its every stir with chain and crowbar. And how grand were their postures, their air, their very dress!—like figures of Michael Angelo. No other cultivation but that of war could have made such forms and carriage.

He lingered by a blacksmith or a truckman. No fear these men would speak because they were expected to speak: they were realists, not dictionaries, and they only uttered words that stood for things. The style of the Boston scholars was so trite and poor because language was properly made up of the spoils of actions, of trades, arts, games, metaphors borrowed from natural and mechanical processes, from the street and the field and the market. That was Plato's secret: if he loved abstract truth, he drew his illustrations from sources disdained by the polite, from mares and puppies and pigs, from potters, horse-doctors, butchers,

fishmongers and cooks. Everett and Bancroft should certainly have lived in Concord. They would never have poured out such floods of empty rhetoric if they had spent a few minutes in the square each morning listening to the drovers and teamsters. What rattling oaths, how beautiful and thrilling! They fell like a shower of bullets. What stinging phrases, and that fiery double negative! No pale academicisms there, but a strong, salty speech, brisk and laconic, words so vascular and alive that they would bleed if you cut them, words that walked and ran.

Where could he pass an hour better than on the Mill Dam, dropping into the grocery and the Squire's office, or chatting with Sam Staples on the steps of the courthouse? Or walking along beside Edmund Hosmer as he ploughed his cornfield? Sam alone, with his liberal experience, as hostler, barkeeper, constable, deputy sheriff, as jailor, auctioneer and real-estate agent, was a veritable Sancho Panza for any Don Quixote of the pen. And Edmund Hosmer was a Caesar, an Alexander of the soil, conquering and to conquer. A victor, this faithful, sweet-tempered man, the hero, in his old weather-worn cap and blue frock bedaubed with the slime of the marsh, of six thousand daily battles, and standing, with Atlantic strength and cheer, invincible still. (Sometimes, when Edmund Hosmer was not too tired, he would drop in for an evening in Emerson's parlour, and what weight and actuality he contributed to the talk! Especially when Alcott was there, the wingéd Alcott, like an

astral body without visible hands and feet.) And a master was Abel Moore, that musician who could make men dance in all sorts of weather. Trees bore fruits for him that Providence never gave them, and grapes from France and Spain yielded pounds of clusters at his door. He could turn a bog into a meadow with a stroke of his instrument or cover a sand-hill with peach-trees and vines, and he the plainest, the stupidest-looking fiddler that ever drew the rosin over his bow.

They shamed one's slight and useless city limbs, these soldiers of the soil—shamed the slackness of a scholar's day. A glance over Abel Moore's fence, a half-hour in the field with Edmund Hosmer, was a tonic for Emerson's will. And these men, too, spoke the language of Nature. They challenged his mind, they drove his notions into a corner and obliged them to render up their meaning in a phrase, at the point of a pistol. They made him study the low tone, and he never forgot in their presence that the roots of the great and high must still be in the common life.

A capital place, Concord, for the study of human nature. He could find every human type there. Take Cardinal de Retz's *Memoirs*: it was easy to identify all his principal characters, playing similar parts in the village comedy. There was M. de Rohan, whose only talent was dancing and who knew that his element for rising in the world was the ballroom. And that old granny of a M. d'Angoulême, and Beaufort, who was only a private man and affected neutrality; and Mazarin,

with his genius for going about the bush and giving to understand (like Mr. E—— of Bangor, who never finished his sentence—"you take the idee?") In the country church one saw the cousins of Napoleon, of Wellington, of Wilberforce, Bentham, Humboldt. A little air and sunshine, an hour of need, would suffice to call out the right fire from these slumbering peasants. The more silently they sat in the pews the louder their faces spoke—of the plain prose of life, timidity, caution, appetite, old houses, musty smells, retrograde faculties "puttering round" in paltry routines from January to December. The old doctor was a gallipot, the bookbinder bound books in his face, and the landlord mixed liquors, in motionless pantomime. Emerson could scrutinize every breed in the germ and verify all the impressions his reading had given him.

Why should people talk so much of the broadening effect of travel? You made an immense conquest of humanity by studying one man thoroughly. And Juvenal was right: "A single house will show whatever is done or suffered in the world." All history—Parthia, Macedon, Rome and the Netherlands—repeated itself every year in Concord. At one end of the village scale were the clowns and sots who made the fringes of your tapestry of life and gave a certain reality to the picture: old Sol, old Moore, who slept in Dr. Hurd's barn, and the denizens of Bigelow's and Wesson's barrooms. At the other end was the courthouse, where the greatest men in the country appeared and spoke, Chan-

ning and Everett and Choate, Wendell Phillips and Webster: the village got a handful of every ton that came to Boston. And there were shows and processions, animal-trainers and conjurors, revivalists and reformers, tourists and politicians—not to mention the Penobscot Indians who always came back with the summer. You had only to mix your impressions with a little imagination, and the whole panorama of human life unfolded before your eyes.

A little imagination! Sometimes, at night, as Emerson lay awake, he listened to the endless procession of wagons creaking past his gate on the great road from Boston to the mountain villages of New Hampshire and Vermont. All the wealth and goods of the Indies, of China and Turkey, of England and Germany and Russia, were in those wagons, streaming through Concord. Easy for him then to remember that the whole world was to be found in any least part of it, that the stars and celestial awning that overhung his own walks and discourses were as brave as those that were visible to Coleridge as he talked, or Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, or Chaucer and Petrarch and Boccaccio when they met. One had only to make much of one's own place, and it became in actuality all that one's fancy desired.

It was true that the world came to you if you were ready to receive it, if some fact in your experience gave you the key. The more facts, the more keys: that was the beauty of living close to the concrete. Housekeeping was a universal school,

where all knowledge was taught you, and the price of your tuition was simply your annual expense. You wanted your stove set up, and this wanted entitled you to call on the professors of tin and iron in the village, inquire the cost of production of cast and wrought metal, the kinds of iron they had, the secrets of the trade. You wanted soap or vinegar, manure, medicines, and you played the chemist; you were a politician with the selectmen and the assessors, a naturalist with your trees, hens, wood and coal. You opened, in short, a shop in the heart of all crafts and professions. And besides, the familiar household tasks were agreeable to the imagination. Were they not the subjects of all the Greek gems?

Emerson was open, in Concord—how easy it was to be open!—open at every pore to the common life. To the spring sounds in the village evenings; to the winning, artful-artless ways of the young girls in the shops, buying a skein of silk and gossiping for half an hour with the broad-faced shop-boy (each laying little traps for the attention of the other, and each jumping joyfully into the traps); to the casual talk of pot-hunters and wood-choppers and cattle-drivers, and the local worthies exchanging dry remarks round the grocery stove; to the amphibious, weather-beaten, solitary fishermen on the river, floating in their flat skiffs and consoling themselves with rum; to the farmer who found in Plato so many of his own ideas; to the Social Circle that met on Thursday evenings—doctor, lawyer, trader, miller, mechanic, solid men,

yielding solidest gossip, like the circle in *Wilhelm Meister* of which every member was a master of some indispensable art; to the Indians on the river—they could give you a new tea every day, and a new soup, lily-soup, hemlock tea, tea from the snow-berry, and cut a string from spruce-root, something no white man could ever do; to the County Fair and the barkers—(here they are, gentlemen, the Newtown pippins, the very pippin that demonstrated to Sir Isaac Newton that the world fell, not Adam); to old George Minott up there on the slope, in his little hip-roofed cottage, with his cow and his corn and his "crook-necks"; to the carpenters and the tricks they could play with saw, chisel and plane. (Real creators, those fellows, like Phidias or Columbus. Their hands and their brains were channels through which the energy of the universe flowed into human life.)

Best of all were the walks. The little walks and the long walks: a dash to the top of the ridge across the road where he saw Wachusett and Monadnoc on the shimmering horizon, or a stroll to the Estabrook region, with its old straggling orchards and clearings and cellar-holes, seventeenth-century farms, abandoned for generations, lapsing back into forest. (Where apples grew that were never found in the market, the "Beware-of-this," the "Bite-me-if-you-dare," apples bursting with cider.) Or the shorter walks in the wild garden at Walden. For Emerson had bought a woodlot, a wild, rocky ledge along the pond, with a populous grove of chestnuts, oaks and hemlocks sweeping

down to the shore. Some of the trees were old, but an undergrowth of maples, pines and birches had sprung up to the water's edge. At first he had spent whole days there, with pruning-shears and hatchet, cutting paths and opening vistas. And there, above all, he liked to stroll and linger, bathing, reading on the bank, jotting in his notebooks.

Hours like these were as centuries, loaded, fragrant. His spirits rose as he closed his gate behind him, and the moment he entered the pastures he found antiquity again. In the fields with the lowing cattle, the birds, the bees, the waters, the satisfying outlines of the landscape, he could not have said whether it was Tempe, Thessaly, Enna, or familiar Concord. A mile to the pond, now by the road, now by the gulley along the track, and books, affairs, petulance and fret were forgotten. Every bird, every plant, every spring, every light from the sky, every shadow on the earth detained him as he wandered hither and thither.

What health, what affinity he found there! Before him was the pond itself, blue and beautiful in the bosom of the woods and under the amber sky, like a sapphire lying in the moss. Overhead floated the summer clouds, here soft and feathery, there firm and continental, vanishing in the east into plumes and auroral gleams, with an expression of immense amplitude in their dotted and rippled rack. No crowding in that upper air, but a boundless cheerfulness and strength: how they seemed to enjoy, those clouds, their height and privilege of motion! The chickadees, the robins, the blue-

birds, perching on the iron arms of the oaks, the chestnut-trees with their towers of white blossoms, even the waterflies on the pond were full of happiness. The very look of the woods was heroic and stimulating, and trees, birds, clouds and insects seemed parts of the eternal chain of destiny.

A symphony indeed for a man with musical eyes. Emerson had often regretted that he had no ear, but what others heard, as it seemed to him, he saw. All the soothing, brisk or romantic moods that corresponding melodies awakened in them, he found in the carpet of the wood, in the margin of the pond, in the shade of the hemlock grove or in the infinite variety and rapid dance of the treetops. The thrilling leap of the squirrel up the long bough of pine, the stems of oak and chestnut gleaming like steel on the excited eye, the floating, exhaling, evanescent beauty of the summer air were enchantment enough for him. The names of the reeds and the grasses were a lively pleasure, the milk-weeds and the gentians, the mallows, the nymphæa, the cardinal-flower, the button-bush, the willow with its green smoke. What poems these names often were: *Erigeron*, the Old Man of the Spring, so called because it grows too early, the *Chimaphila*, Lover of Winter, the Plantain, called by the Indians the White Man's Foot because it follows man wherever he builds a hut. And the odorous waving of the flowers charmed him. It was like returning to some ancestral home to rejoin these vegetable demons: his heart seemed to pump through his body the sap of this forest of verdure. He

ceased to be a person; he was conscious of the blood of thousands coursing through him. As he opened with his fingers the buds of the birch and the oak, as his eyes followed the thistle-balls drifting in space, covered with their bright races, each particle a counterpart and contemplator of the whole, he felt himself dilating and conspiring with the summer breeze.

Was there ever a more abandoned lotus-eater? But was it not for this idleness that all his affairs existed? Why should he hurry homeward? Allah never counted the time the Arab spent in the chase! Had he not come back to his own, made friends with the elements?—and why should he part with them now? The mind loved its old home, and he tasted every moment; the active magic reached his dust; he expanded in the warm day like corn and melons. Lying there on the bare ground with his head bathed by the blithe air, he was happy in his universal relations. The name of his nearest friend sounded foreign and accidental; he was the heir of uncontained beauty and power. He hesitated to move a finger, to lift his book, lest he should disturb the sweet vision.

He felt as if he had drunk the soma-juice with the morning-moving deities of the Rig-Veda, as if life were all an eternal resource and a long to-morrow, rich and strong as yesterday. Goethe had known this mood: "When the healthy nature of man works in its entirety, when he feels himself in the world as in a large, beautiful, worthy and solid whole, when his harmonious well-being assures

him a clear, free joy, then would the universe, if it were conscious, exult as arrived at its aim and admire the summit of its own being and becoming." And there were other times and other spots—how many!—autumn, winter, night, the river. Those Indian summer days, for instance, when heaven and earth flowed with magnificence and he could almost see the Indians under the trees in the wood, when Florida and Cuba seemed to have left their seats and come to Concord, when all the insects were out and the birds came forth, when the cattle lying on the ground seemed to have great thoughts and India and Egypt looked through their eyes. Winter days, when the leafless trees became spires of flame in the sunset, and the stars of the dead chalices of the flowers and every withered stem and bit of stubble rimed with frost contributed to the mute music. Winter evenings, when from every grey or slate-coloured cloud over the whole dome depended a wreath of roses, and the long slender bars swam like fishes in the sea of crimson light, and the stars emerged with their private, ineffable glances. And days and nights of paddling up the river. What colours were in the water then, as the paddle stirred it, the hue of Rhine wine, jasper and verd antique, gold and green and chestnut and hazel; and what sorcery as he returned in the evening when the moon was making amber of the world, when every cottage pane glittered with silver, and the little harlot flies of the lowlands sparkled in the grass, and the meadows sent up the rank smells of all their ferns

and folded flowers into a nocturnal fragrance. Summer nights on the moving water, summer noons at Walden! Everything invited him to repose, to the dreams of the Oriental sages.

Yes, he was "adjacent to the One" at such moments as these. Moments, hours of perception, when the solitude of the body was the populousness of the soul, when he felt himself in active touch with that force, known of old to the Buddhists, which sleeps in plants, awakens in animals and becomes conscious in man. His mind became rampant as the tropical growth; he melted into the earth and felt all its organs at work within him. He had left his human relations far behind him, wife, child, friends, and returned to matter, to the rocks, to the ground, and he seemed of one substance with air, light, carbon, lime and granite. He became a moist, cold element. Frogs piped, waters far off tinkled, dry leaves hissed, grass bent and rustled, and he had died out of the world of men and existence. The trance of how many sages!—gymnosophists reclining on their flowery banks, hermits of Ceylon, Chinese philosophers in bamboo groves, charmed by the plashing of bright cascades. A swoon, an awakening; for, coming back to himself, he seemed to have traversed all the cycles of life. How truly Pythagoras had expressed it!—"One mind runs through the universe." And that other saying of the Greeks: "The soul is absorbed into God as a phial of water broken in the sea."

CHAPTER X

THE reformers thronged the roads. The Char-don Street Convention in Boston had assembled a thousand messiahs from the woods and mountains. Dunkers, Muggletonians, Agrarians, Abolitionists, Groaners, Come-outers. Every village crossroads in New England had contributed a voice and a scroll.

They roamed about the countryside in long gowns and with hair over their shoulders, and many a strange apparition haunted Emerson's house. The vegetarians came, for whom the world was to be redeemed by bran and pumpkins; and those who would not eat rice because it was raised by slaves; and those who would not wear leather because it was stolen from animals; and those who rejected vegetables the roots of which grew downward (and food that fire had polluted). And they sat at Emerson's table and criticized or abstained. ("Tea? *I?* Butter? *I?*") They made his Thanksgiving turkey an occasion for a sermon; they lectured him over his mutton on the horrors of the shambles. They even invaded his study, these portents of the times, formidable, unanswerable. He sat there glued to his chair, all thought, all action, all play departed, paralyzed. They somehow took the oxygen out of the air, and he twisted like the eel in the exhausted receiver.

The Phrenologists came too, and the Mesmerists, and the Homeopathists, and the Swedenborgians. And the Rat-hole Spiritualists whose gospel came by taps in the wall and thumps in the table-drawer—wizards that peeped and muttered. (A pistareen a spasm, or nine dollars for a fit.) What quaint phantoms were abroad in this morning of time! But among these maggoty souls there were other and more appealing figures, perplexed, ardent, hopeful, inarticulate. Edward Palmer, for instance, the journeyman printer: touching it was to hear of his little group of six youthful apostles who met one evening in Boston and talked over his plan for the abolition of money till all were convinced that nothing could contribute more to the brotherhood of man. (He had wandered all over the South, with a light in his eye, paying for his night's lodging with papers and tracts.) There were others, like those two young clerks who had forsaken their counting-houses and gone off to a hut in the woods: they had worked away through the winter, reading and writing (in mittens), as best they could for the cold, and had barely escaped with their lives. New types, desires that had never been voiced before in prosaic America. What were they seeking, these young men, what were they feeling, thinking, for what were they groping?

For modes of life, perhaps, familiar enough in history, or in other parts of the world—in China, in India, in Paris, in the cells of the Thebaid, in the studios and taverns of Moscow, Rome or London; for careers and social customs, outlets, dis-

ciplines, that a simple colonial society had never dreamed of providing, had not been able to provide. And withal they shared the faith of the Age of Revolutions, a faith like that of the first Christian Age in the immediate perfectibility of man and society. (The Communists were on the march: every month some new colony was arriving from Europe, setting out to build its Eden in Ohio and Missouri.) No more compromises, no more adjustments, no more half-hearted acceptances of the merely customary. Trade was selfish and fraudulent, education mere word-mongering, politics a swindle and the Church a lie. On all hands the young were seceding from the social organization, discarding the forms that existed and seeking forms of their own.

No need to stir from Concord to see how the tide was turning. The village hummed with these plans. Brook Farm was an accomplished fact. Some time before, George Ripley and Margaret Fuller had discussed the project in Emerson's study. It was charming, refreshing, engaging; and yet, at the name of a society, all his repulsions had played, his quills had risen and sharpened. He had wanted to be convinced, to be thawed, to be aroused by this new dawn of human piety to a mania better than temperance; but instead he had sat aloof, his voice had faltered and fallen. Was this the cave of persecution that might become for him the palace of spiritual power, this room as it were in the Astor House hired for the Transcendentalists? Should he raise the siege of his own hen-coop and march

baffled away to a pretended siege of Babylon? Could he work better than at home in that select, but not by him selected, confraternity? Toiling in the barnyard and the peat-bog, in a blue frock and cowhide boots, certainly had its points, but it was the last form of activity to stimulate the mind. He had expressed himself very freely to the brave Ripley, but he had greatly enjoyed his visits to the community. Who would have dreamed that such grace, such a gay abandon, could have been evoked out of the old dry shell of Puritanism?

And now another plan was in the air. The dauntless Alcott had conceived the boldest scheme of all. He had passed through many vicissitudes, this God-intoxicated man. Boston had rejected him at last; his school was gone; his book had been remaindered and sold for trunk-linings. He had come to Concord, with his wife and children, and hired himself out as a wood-chopper. (Alcott, even so, who should have been maintained in a *prytaneum*. Alcott, who had so little genius for labour, preach it as he might: it cruelly wasted his time, it depressed his spirit to tears.) Then comforting news had reached him, as he toiled away at the chopping-block: the star that had sunk in the New World had risen in the Old. A school had been established in London, named in his honour and manned by his disciples. Alcott House, no less! The disciples had urged the master to visit them, and Emerson had collected a purse to cover his expenses. He had filled the purse himself, in fact—ten golden sovereigns and a bill of exchange on a

firm of English bankers; and at last he had dispatched the pilgrim with a handsome letter to Carlyle.

Then what should begin to appear at the little Post Office window? Pamphlets, bundles of them, more than Concord had ever seen before. Pamphlets, periodicals, prospectuses, broadsheets, advertisements, and all stamped with the head of Queen Victoria. Alcott's new associates. There were Communist Manifestoes and Phalansterian Gazettes, plans for Syncretic Associations, Hydropathic Societies and Health Unions, Appeals of Man to Woman, treatises on the Necessity of Internal Marriage. Alcott had discovered an England that was never mentioned in travellers' books and had hastened to send the happy tidings back to his friend in Concord.

A letter presently followed. Alcott was coming home. Not alone: the masters of Alcott House, Charles Lane and Henry Wright, were sailing with him. The school had been driven to the wall, and they had all decided that the spirit of England was "hostile to human welfare, and her institutions were averse to the largest liberty of the soul." (In America, Alcott wrote, "is that second Eden to be planted, in which the divine seed is to bruise the head of evil and restore man to his rightful communion with God.") Emerson was troubled. How had Alcott pictured to these confiding Britons the paradise to which he was leading them? He dispatched a hasty reply: You must show it to your friends, Alcott. I say merely this: they can safely

rely on your theories, but they must put no trust whatever in your statement of facts. . . . Alcott, the ever-candid, carried out these instructions. And now his victims, not to be deterred, were already on their way.

Six months later, in the little red house at Fruitlands, Alcott lay down upon his bed and turned his face to the wall. The Con-Sociate Family was a failure. How happy they had been, driving over in the big wagon from Concord, on that rainy June day, happy for all the rain, with the bust of Socrates on the front seat and the children laughing and chattering behind! Dreams of the Pythagorean life, of the school at Crotona, had swept the philosopher's brain as he hastened the horse. What dreams!—the morning walks in the grove, the searching discussion of doctrines and disciplines, the chaste repast of honey, maize and salad, the domestic labours and economies, the pure white garments, the gallant hospitalities, the bath and the evening meal and the quiet sleep. Once more the Grecian sun was to rise over the earth, amid the gracious meadows of Massachusetts, rise over a world redeemed by serenity and wisdom.

Emerson had watched the calamitous venture with a more than benevolent eye. For himself, he could only build on his own ground, unaided, his house of peace and benefit, good customs and free thoughts. But that was not Alcott's way, and there was always something right about Alcott's undertakings; so his heart and his purse were open to the rashlings—a deed for their land was made out in

his name as trustee. They had chosen an enchanting spot for the community: a steep slope near the village of Harvard, with a view that spread over miles of well-tilled farms and well-pruned orchards. The house was amply stocked, with comely maple furniture, cupboards full of copper and brass, a library of a thousand volumes in the front entry. (What books! Pindar, Alcaeus, Mimnermus, Spinoza, Behmen, pagan and Christian poets, mystics, sages, the richest collection of its kind in all America—Lane's library brought from London.) At the foot of the slope was the twenty-acre field, redeemed from the "curse of ownership," where they meant to cultivate their grain, pulse, herbs and flax, and their upright, aspiring vegetables, not with the enslaving plough, that bane of the republic of animals, but with the spade, the symbol of the creative life. No manure—Nature was not to be forced. No polluting animal food within doors. No tea or coffee to disturb the poise of the physical organism. Bread made from unbolted flour, and shaped, to render it palatable, in the forms of beasts. The men bathed in the brook, the women in a shelter of clothes-horses covered with sheets: Alcott himself mounted the ladder without and poured the water from a pitcher over their heads. For the rest, there was much emblematic ceremony. When the first load of hay was driven into the barn, one member of the household made a little speech: "I take off my hat, not that I reverence the barn more than other places, but because this is the first fruit of our labour." Then

all fell silent for a time, that holy thought might be awakened. And on May Alcott's third birthday, the child was escorted by the whole community to the grove and crowned with flowers, while Alcott read an ode composed by himself in honour of his daughter.

But how could such an Academe endure? The British apostles quarrelled. Wright found the lack of butter, tea and coffee "too hard for his inside" and the regular hours and clearing up of scraps "too desperate hard for the outside." Young Isaac Hecker, already on the road to Rome, was unwilling to submit to a merely pagan discipline; and another member, a lady, was found to have eaten fish at a neighbour's house. (It was only the tail, she insisted, but out she went.) They had abjured the plough, but they failed to do the spading; and they would have had no crop if Joseph Palmer had not brought over his oxen from Leominster and set them to work at the last minute, while the rest of the Con-Sociate Family averted their eyes. They had planted their apple and pear-trees in the path of the north wind; and the men had drifted away on a lecturing tour when the grain was ready to be harvested. At last winter came and nothing was left but the stick of the beautiful rocket. (Nothing but Joseph Palmer and his yoke of oxen. Joseph Palmer remained; and for twenty years thereafter some fragrance of the original dream clung to this paradise lost. The house was a shelter for the hungry and the destitute; and two great iron pots, one containing baked beans and the other potatoes,

always stood by the door ready for passers-by.)

Emerson had shared their hopes, and more than once he had come to the rescue of the innocents. (On that winter's day, for instance, when Joseph Palmer shovelled the snow off the road that led into Fruitlands and Silas Dudley shovelled it back again. The road crossed Silas's land—an endless cause of warfare, and for once neither of the old men would surrender; they had to send for Emerson to settle the dispute.) He had shared their hopes. How much he couldn't but say for all the reformers! It was true that their wish to obey impulse was guarded by no old, old Intellect, which knows metes and bounds. But that was their loss, not his, and what qualities they had, and how grateful he was to them for calling to his attention one by one all the problems of the time! The partial action of their minds in one direction was a telescope for the objects on which it was pointed. And they were enthusiasts, too: where else could one look for that virtue in the circle of American wits and scholars?

There was much to be said for the reformers. They were right in refusing to adapt themselves to usages that had ceased to have any meaning. They were right in revolting against employments and standards that stifled their genius and their conscience. Right they were in asserting—and how clear they made it!—that the cost of life was almost all for conformity. (Intellect cost very little, the heart, beauty. Then why struggle so hard for money? "Do you think," said John Hunter, en-

grossed in dissecting a tiger, "do you think I can leave my work for your damned guinea?") And they alone were attempting, however blindly, to redeem the grand promises of the Revolution, they, and not the Cotton Whigs of State Street. Were they even so wrong in their disbelief in the Government? (What a pother, this, about Government! These caucuses, these conventions, with every palpitating heart swelling with the cheap sublime of magnitude and number! One had only to look at Kansas, at Mexico, Cuba—was the capital enemy of the comfort of all good citizens anything but this ugly Government? The politicians fancied that the popular laws had to be maintained by force. A pity they couldn't revoke their Government for a week, to save themselves the trouble, and watch the result. The popular laws, the laws of natural right, the laws of natural expedience! O fatuous politicians! You would find the priests and the lawyers, the bankers and chambers of commerce, the innkeepers, the village grocers, you would find the very farm-hands in the fields and the fishermen on the river mustering with fury to their support!)

Much to be said, even for the vegetarians. Their ostentatious glasses of cold water, their dry, raw diet might well make one's blood run cold to see. No joyful signs that they had ceased to care for food in nobler cares. One might think intemperance better, with such a ruling love. But who argued so sourly for beef and mutton against these men of herbs and grains? The fat and ruddy eater who had just wiped his lips from feeding on a sir-

loin, whose blood was spouting in his veins and whose strength kindled that evil fire in his eye. It was not the voice of man one heard, but the beef and brandy roaring for beef and brandy. And were these to play the judge in their own cause?

How could Emerson shake his head and turn the reformers away?—the greatest heretic of them all? He could only applaud and envy (while his heart sank within him). When some zealot came and showed him the importance of the Temperance Reform, his hands dropped—what excuse could he offer? Then an Abolitionist described to him the horrors of Southern slavery. (Guilty, guilty! he cried.) A philanthropist told him of the shameful neglect of the schools by all good citizens. (Guilty, guilty again!) He heard of the poor, living on crusts and water, and he took to the confessional anew. He hadn't a leg to stand on. And he sat there, frigid, unhappy, convicted, labouring for speech.

That gulf, and those mendicant arms! That accusing bosom of his, that unanswering bosom! A yoke of oxen could have turned between every pair of words he was able to extort from it. Nothing to say, with so much that he ought to say? Who was the porcupine now? Who was on stilts? Was it true that he didn't belong to these people, that they didn't belong to him? They fled to him, each with a pet madness in his brain. They hastened to him with the utmost joy and confidence that they were the very souls his faith invited. Was he not the prophet of self-reliant action, the voice that ar-

firmed their desires and justified their refusal to conform to the stale prescriptions of society? Who but he had painted those entrancing pictures of a life in harmony with Nature, a free spontaneous life like that of the Golden Age? They had flocked to hear him lecture, they had pored over his essays; and who but they had set out to make his gospel real? Had he nothing to say to them now, no word of cheer for their means and methods, no hand but that of a friendly neutral to lend them in actualizing their dreams of a better day?

Disturbing, these importunate reformers, much more disturbing than the watchdogs of the established order who had barked so furiously at the prophet. What a power he had of begetting false expectations! He had blundered along for a time, assured by the surprise and joy of those to whom he communicated his results. Then he looked up for a moment, and the sympathy was gone or changed. The faces of all his friends were shaded with grief, and the bystanders accused him. (Come, soul, he said to himself, new solitudes, new marches! Jump into another bush and scratch your eyes in again! Pass on to new developments as surprising as your first, to fresh indirections and wonderful alibis that will dissipate the indictment!)

They had asked him to throw himself into their causes, to adapt his life to theirs. He was willing to try a few experiments, just to see if he could. Manual labour: to make it an "honest sweat," had he not arranged with Thoreau to teach him the real austerities of the hoe and the spade? He persuaded

his wife to invite the Alcotts to join them and establish a new Fruitlands, *à quatre*, in Concord. He asked the housemaid and the cook to take their meals with the family. He breakfasted on bread and water. He adopted a vegetable diet. But the servants refused to leave the kitchen, and Mrs. Alcott declined to share in a second venture; and as for the vegetable diet, Emerson found that it dulled his wits more than it toughened his nerves. Reform was not for him.

For Emerson had watched the reformers. He had noted the effect their activities had upon them. They were bitter, sterile people all too often. Their eyes were so filled with abstract images that the poetry of every day, the light shining in a child's spoon, the sparkle in a mote of dust, they saw not at all. And what egoists they were, how detached from the collective forces that kept life sane! They became tediously good in some particular, and negligent and narrow in the rest. They shared the new light that promised the kingdom of heaven, and they ended with champing unleavened bread or devoting themselves to the nourishment of a beard. The more they tried to impose their will upon others, to transform the external world, the more they fell out of relation with their own souls.

Not for Emerson was the sociable satisfaction of scaling with others the silver mountains whose enchantments he had sketched. He saw the peaks from the valley, but the moment he began to climb the vision vanished. And to see, to paint, to feel was his proper task. He would listen to no more re-

proofs but steadily persist in his own native choices against all argument and example—defend them against the multitude, defend them against the wise. Defend them against his disciples. By no man's distaste was he to be chidden out of his most trivial natural habit. Even pie for breakfast!

CHAPTER XI

COME, quit the high chair, he said to himself, lie down and roll on the ground. Enough of this playing tame lion and talking down to people! And a truce to these disputations!

"I am tired of fools," as Aunt Mary said, with wonderful emphasis. Where were the spade and the hoe? Nothing like a bout in the garden for the sinking heart and the clouded brow, for the perturbation and fret of too much sitting. No harm if he worked at first with a little venom: that good hoe, as it bit the ground, avenged his wrongs, and he had less lust to bite his enemies. (Manual labour, at moments, had its value!) By smoothing the rough hillocks he smoothed his temper; by extracting the long roots of the piper-grass he drew out his own splinters. And before long he heard the bobolink's song and beheld the blessed deluge of light and colour that rolled around him.

No need now to run to Acton Woods and live with the squirrels. The cranks and the bores were forgotten.

To every reproach he knew but one answer, to go again to his work. He had no genius? Then he would work the harder. He had no virtues, he neglected his relations? He would only work the harder. He had lost the esteem of all decent people.

he must regain some position and relation? True as ever—he would work harder still. In his journals he had accumulated in the course of years a store of observations, reflections, perceptions. He jotted them down in various notebooks, paged and indexed according to their topics; then, when he wished to give a lecture, on the Poet, for instance, or Manners, he gathered together the material he had on the subject, arranged and combined it and added whatever suggested itself as he copied his entries out. The lectures were the basis of his essays, but they had to be re-handled. He condensed and pruned away the topical allusions, the anecdotes he had used to hold the attention of his audience; and he did what he could to organize his thought—not often with much success. Not for him was the laborious joy of the systematizer: he had often regretted it, but he had little power of construction. The sentence was his unit, at most the paragraph. For the rest, an apparent order was the best he could hope for, an order like that of his “grand old sloven,” Montaigne.

He had published little: *Nature*, that first slim book, written in the old Manse, to the tune of the wind in the willow-tree that overhung his window (five hundred copies, many of them still unsold), the two volumes of *Essays*, the *Addresses* of 1844. A relatively slight performance for a man of forty; but why should he rush into print? The good of publishing his thoughts was that of drawing to himself like-minded men and of giving to men he valued, Carlyle, for instance, and Thoreau, Parker,

Alcott, one stimulated hour. A single book well done contained the whole of his history. It was rhetoric—was it not?—that took up so much room; and the great thing was to charge a few lines with a world of meaning. Each sentence should be an idea, and every idea one that had filled his whole sky when he first conceived it. Most Americans, he felt, were over-expressed, beaten out thin, all surface without depth or substance. The thoughts that wandered through their minds they never absorbed or made flesh of; they reported them as thoughts, retailed them as stimulating news to all and sundry. At a dreadful loss they played this amusing game. For himself, he could hardly ponder his discoveries too much, digest them and turn them over in his mind. The writing should be like the settlement of dew on the leaf, of stalactites on the cavern wall, the deposit of flesh from the blood, of woody fibre from the sap.

He knew and would know no such thing as haste in composition. Well said Simonides: "Give me twice the time, for the more I think the more it enlarges"; and he who found himself hurried and gave up carrying his point, even for once, wrote in vain. Goethe had the *urkräftige Behagen*, the stout comfortableness, the stomach for the fight, and he would have it, too! It was true that every writer was a skater and had to go partly where he wished and partly where the skates carried him. True that a thought he had once believed so happy often turned out to be nothing but empty words. While it glittered newly before him he fancied he

had chipped off a scale of the universe; then he came again to the record a few months later and it seemed the merest tinsel. But certain things he could do to control his style, keep it hard and firm, hard but light and elegant as Landor's. He could cancel every "very," and every "intense" and "exquisite," avoid the fat of the language, and all such terms as "Yes, to a certain extent," "as a general thing." (Had he used "grim" too often? A mannerism, perhaps; and that would never do.) He could keep to the Saxon forms and eschew the ponderous Latinisms; he could make every word cover a thing. And what compensations there were for all his difficulties! A new phrase at times was like a torch applied to a train of powder—it awakened so many thoughts. And sometimes in making a sentence he felt himself launching out into the infinite and building a road into Chaos and Old Night.

But how control his moods? They never believed in one another. One state of mind was never able to remember, was unable even to conceive of another state. Life was a flash of light, then a long darkness, then a flash again. To-day the electric machine would not work, not a spark passed; and presently the world was all a cat's back, all sparkle and shock.

Mysterious, ungovernable, these periodic motions of the soul. There were fortunate hours when things sailed dim and great through his head, hours when the right words came spontaneously like the breath of the morning wind, when he could not sit in his chair for the joy that brought him bolt

upright and sent him striding about the room, when he had not the composure to set down the thoughts that thrilled him. His intellect was so active that everything ran to meet it. He was like the maple trees in the spring when the sugar flows so fast that one can not get tubs enough to contain it. And then came hours of pain, sterility, ennui, and he sat out the day and returned to the necessities of the household doubting if all this waste could ever be justified. No child passing the house on his way to school, no boy carrying a basket, but gave him a feeling of shame and envy. He was on the brink, it seemed, of an ocean of thought into which he could not swim. And sometimes the ocean itself seemed a mirage.

Was persistence enough, at such times, mere brute sitting, day after day, in the face of his own skepticism? It was true that the mood returned, sooner or later, always, and life had a grip again and the hours a taste. How cheering were those anecdotes of old scholars and poets, Niebuhr, for instance, whose divination came back to him after years of eclipse, and George Herbert who, having lost the muse in his youth, found himself later, "after so many deaths," living and versing again. He had known such minds himself, minds like those pear-trees which, after ten barren seasons, burst into a second and even more vigorous growth. But was there no way of domesticating these high states of contemplation and continuous thought? The rich veins of ore were always there, could he only command the shaft and draw them out. Writ-

ing was his metre of health, and success in his work was food and wine, fire and horse and holiday. Were there no tonics for the torpid mind, no rules for the recovery of inspiration?

Alas, neither by land nor by sea could one find the way to the Hyperboreans! But one thing was certain: his talent was good only as long as he worked it. If he ceased to task himself he had no thoughts. That was the value of the journal he kept so faithfully: every day he collected the disjointed dreams, the reveries, the fragments of ideas, the drupes and berries he found in his basket after endless and aimless rambles in woods and pastures. It was the hive in which he stored his honey, cell by cell, as the bees in his brain distilled it. A treasure, this journal, for a desultory mind; many were its uses. He could no more manage his thoughts than he could manage thunderbolts; but once he got them written down he could come and look at them every day and grow accustomed to their faces, and, by and by, discovering their family likeness, he could pair them and range them better and join them in the proper order. By this means, too, he could convert the heights he reached into a tableland. A fact that was all-important a month ago stood here along with one that was equally important a month before, and next month there would be another. Here they all occupied but four lines, and he could not read these thoughts together without juster views of each than when he read them singly. His journal was indispensable, for what was written was the foundation of a new superstruc-

ture, a guide to the eye for still another foundation. Every thought he expressed was a cube, and every cube a candidate for the mosaic of his essays. And if the results were precious, so was the habit. Work, of all tonics, was the most effective, and this was the most inviting form of work.

No doubt, but for work itself what were the best conditions? The free mind was the fruit of an austere law: it had to be reconquered day by day, it subsisted in a state of war and belonged only to those who fought for it. But how conduct the fight, how prepare for it? What were the omens, and how was he to read them? How coax and woo the strong instinct to bestir itself and work its miracle? The ancients were masters of this art: what was it Plato said about living out of doors and simple fare and gymnastic exercises, and Pythagoras, of the use of certain melodies to awaken in the disciple now purity, now valour, now gentleness? For every constitution there were certain natural stimulants, just as there were natural poisons, and the problem was to find these, to know them, and to regulate one's life accordingly.

For himself, he had such low animal spirits that he could not stand an extravagant, flowing life. He regretted it as much as he regretted the shortness of an American scholar's day. He marvelled at the constitution of the Germans, with their twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours of work. He loved in others the generous, spontaneous soil that flowered and brought forth fruit at all seasons. But he had to consult the poorness of his powers; he had to be

content with moderate, languid actions. If he had obeyed his irregular impulses, established half the relations his fancy prompted, he would not have been followed by his faculties; he would certainly have died of consumption in six months. Parties disqualified him, and so did arguments. There were those who, disputing, made him dispute, and nervous, hysterical persons who produced the like symptoms in himself.

The one good in life was concentration, the one evil dissipation. What untuned him was as bad as what crippled or stunned him: domestic chores, even correcting proof-sheets, even packing a trunk. And talking about himself—how empty it made him feel! And being praised—a pest, the worst of all spoil-thoughts. (One turned around to look at oneself and one's day was lost in personal considerations.) And manual labour untuned him. (Did they fancy that the greatest of arts, the subtlest and most miraculous, could be practised with a pen in one hand and a crowbar or a peat-knife in the other?) Trifles? A grasshopper was a burden. It was all very well to talk of a life taken as it comes. Thoreau, with his tough grain, knew the weight of these feathers in the scale: he had found that the slightest irregularity, were it only the drinking of too much water on the preceding day, disturbed the delicate poise that composition demanded. Carlyle knew this too, with his room on the top floor, high above the orbit of all housemaids: he could hope there for six years of history. And George Sand knew it, humouring her love of heat. Was the steel

pen a nuisance? Try the quill. For himself, he pounded so tediously on that string of the exemption of the writer from all secular tasks because his work needed a frolic health to execute.

Plenipotence of health; for health was the first muse, comprising the magical effects of air, landscape and exercise upon the mind. And silence was the second. How true was Fra Angelico's remark that "he who practised the art of painting had need of quiet, and should live without cares or anxious thoughts"! How like his own the experience of that old Chinese painter who wrote: "Unless I dwell in a quiet house, seat myself in a retired room, with the windows open, the table dusted, incense burning, and ten thousand trivial thoughts crushed out and sunk, I can not have good feeling for painting or beautiful taste, and can not create the Yu." Proclus was right. "How can the soul be adjacent to the One, except by laying asleep the garrulous matter that is in her?"

His own primal rule was to defend the morning, to keep all its dews on, to relieve it with fine foresight from any jangle of affairs. A stroll in the orchard first, in spring and summer, attuned him for the day. But he knew many other stimulants, many other provocative influences. A Greek epigram at times, a verse of Herrick, a glance at the mottoes in some novel of Scott, a page from the Neo-Platonists. Nectar, opium, these latter, as he let sail before him the pleasing and grand images of these gods and demoniacal men. He heard of rumours rife among the azonic gods, of demons with fulgid

eyes, of the unenvying and exuberant will of the gods, of the aquatic gods and the Plain of Truth, the meadow, the paternal port. What pictorial distinctness!—as if the gods were present. "This is that which emits the intelligible light that, when it appeared, astonished the intellectual gods and made them admire their father, as Orpheus says." What rhetoric! These rare, brave words filled him with hilarity and spring. His heart danced, his sight was quickened, he beheld shining relations between all things. He was impelled to write, he was almost impelled to sing. (Read Proclus much and well if you wish to grow handsome!)

No need to tell this man the secret that beside the energy of his conscious intellect he was capable of new energy by abandonment to the nature of things. The perfection of writing was when the animal thought, and a little wine and good food furnished some elemental wisdom, and the fire, too, as it burned on a winter's day; for he fancied that his logs, which had grown so long in the sun and wind at Walden, were a kind of muses. Why should one spare any stimulant, any purgative, that brought one into a productive state, to the top of one's condition? How easily, alas, one lapsed into flesh and sleep!

Health, south wind, books, old trees, a boat, a friend—auspicious all; and the fair water that Demosthenes drank. There was inspiration for Emerson in any assertion of the will, in a glance at the first proposition of Political Economy: "Everything in the world is purchased by labour, and our

passions are only causes of labour." Then walking had the best value as gymnastics: with the first step over the threshold of his study he would suddenly get a spontaneous perception of his subject more just and searching than hours of toil had given him. The sight of a man of genius filled him with a boundless confidence in his own powers; and certain trifling expedients sometimes served. Writing letters, for instance. When thoughts refused to come and the gift of the happy phrase, the bright image, seemed to have vanished forever, he would begin to write to some friend, and behold, there he was, floating off on the most cordial tide of expression. And the power of the fetish was not to be despised. Handel always composed in court dress, and Machiavelli, before sitting down at his writing-table in the evening, threw off the garments of the day and arrayed himself in his robe of ceremony. Was there not some virtue in this association? Some virtue in his own coat, made for him in Florence, which he wore when he wrote his essay on Michael Angelo?

As a final stratagem, for perfect seclusion, he would go to a hotel: in summer, some country inn, in winter the American House in Hanover Street. Even in Concord, even on his little farm, there were always distractions, running feet in the halls, a leak in the roof, a disaster in the garden. The day was cut up into short strips, and the world seemed to be in a conspiracy to invade him, to vanquish him with details, to break him into crumbs and fritter his time. Friend, wife, child, fear, want, charity,

all knocked at his door at the critical moment, rang alarums in his ear, scared away the muse and spoiled the poem. (And the carpenters, the masons, the tradesmen. Did they think a writer was an idler because he worked with invisible tools, worked to invisible ends?) Then a few days in Boston, at Nantasket Beach, in the mountains, made all the difference. No distractions there, no visitors. Not an insect's hum to shake the quiet hours.

The moment of inspiration—he was its reverent slave. He watched and hailed its aurora from afar.

CHAPTER XII

THE Alcotts had returned to Concord and settled in the Hosmer Cottage. Charles Lane followed. He had striven to the last to keep his land at Fruitlands from "falling back into individuality," and he could not forgive Mrs. Alcott: she insisted that her own family was all she lived for. Alcott himself, said Lane, had listened too much to his private affections. "Constancy to his wife and inconstancy to the Spirit" had blurred his life forever.

But still he had followed them to Concord. (Much demurring. He complained that Emerson was too personal, that he did not even profess to act on universal grounds, that his interest in Fruitlands had sprung from the "purest individual friendship." How could the world be redeemed as a world of *persons, persons?*) He clung to a desperate hope: could they not, even in Concord, make shift to carry on? They breakfasted round the fireplace, while Alcott prepared the potatoes, and the apples and water; and conversation of a useful and interior kind was mingled, as Lane said, with their physical increment. A singing-lesson followed, with pretty, simple songs, to the tune of Lane's violin. They had no dishes to wash, so the females, as Lane called them, could all remain. And Alcott sawed and chopped, and baked the bread.

It was only a shadow of Fruitlands, but Alcott and Lane were happy. They lectured at the Lyceum and spent their evenings at Emerson's house, debating. (What is Prophecy? Who is a Prophet? The Love of Nature.) Mrs. Alcott was used to it now: a good crying spell, and her spirits rallied. There was always a poorer family in the neighbourhood, with four small children and a drunken father. A cousin brought bundles of clothes for the little girls; and potatoes, apples and squashes were enough to live on. They could even carry baskets to the other family, and Alcott could chop the other family's wood.

Their library, meanwhile, had been sold and scattered to provide shipwrecked Lane with another nest-egg. Simonides, Pindar, Alcaeus, Behmen, Spinoza had found new homes on every shelf in the neighbourhood. (What a sowing of seeds!—each one to bear fruit in the coming generation.) Brook Farm was scattering too, and these other sansculottes were drifting to Concord. Isaac Hecker, the “baker-general,” came, the rich young German from New York, with his pock-marked face: simple, smiling Hecker, reserved, observing. And his tutor, George P. Bradford, and Margaret's friends, visiting Elizabeth Hoar. (They had all had their “poem in *The Dial*.”) There was Caroline Sturgis (“Z”) who loved to walk in the moonlight, and Belinda Randall, who played Beethoven with such expression, and frosty Sarah Clarke, gentle, wise and just. And the Curtis brothers, George and Burrill Curtis. Some of them

came and went, some of them came and stayed ; but each of them brought some note that Emerson would not have missed.

Isaac Hecker stayed. He rented a room at Mrs. Thoreau's. He was greatly taken with Henry—asked him to go on a walking-tour in Europe. (They could walk to Rome and join the Catholic Church together. Hecker was simple indeed if he thought he had found a fishing-pole that was long enough to catch Henry.) The Curtis brothers stayed and returned to stay again. (The admired of all Brook Farmers—the ever-attentive George, and Burrill with the flowing curls and the face of Raphael. What strollers in the moonlight, these, what singers at Belinda's piano!) Graceful as two young Greeks, they had fallen in love with the Over-Soul and made up their minds to practise Self-Reliance—not an easy task as Nathan Barrett's farm-hands, for Nathan was resolved to "test their metal." They slept in one room and worked in the fields in the morning, spreading manure (George of the masquerades, who had looked so well as Fanny Elssler and Hamlet!) ; and they read and wrote and botanized. They even hired a patch of their own, raised vegetables and sold them in the village; and when they came home from their walks at sunset their arms were laden with flowers.

George Bradford raised vegetables, too, in his garden at Plymouth: they understood him there and allowed him to do as he pleased. He pushed his own wheelbarrow to the public market, with his peas and beans, potatoes and squashes and corn.

An oddish mode of life for so rare a scholar, but it gave him more pleasure even than his Greek. It was agreed in society, he said, to consider realities as fictions and fictions as realities; but now and again he returned for a week or a fortnight to resume his place with the idlers. He took an occasional pupil, Hecker, or a class of young girls, and he haunted Concord—the shrinking, affectionate George, brimming over with friendly devotion. Was Emerson's garden prospering? He liked to trim the fruit-trees. And a walk with George to Walden was a balsam unparalleled.

One of these young initiates had come to Concord to stay for the rest of his life. William Ellery Channing, the doctor's nephew and namesake. He had married Margaret Fuller's sister—the pretty sister, Ellen—and together they had taken the little Red Lodge on Ponkawtassett Hill, a mile up the turnpike. Ellen (as cool and *dégagé* as Margaret was volcanic) had opened a school in the village for little children, and Ellery was determined to work his acre of land.

A character, a true original, this Ellery Channing. He had published several pieces in *The Dial*—poems, "Ernest the Seeker"—and Emerson had been eager to meet him. But Ellery was always playing hole-and-corner, tearing back and forth to the Western prairies or hiding at "Aunt Becky Atkins's" in Newburyport. With the manners of a man of the world, the address of a merchant and features that suggested all the Boston families with which he was connected, Ellery was as much the

social antinomian as Henry Thoreau himself. He had refused to take his degree at Harvard and had built himself a log-hut in the wilds of Illinois: he was resolved to have no commerce with the "bottomless stupidity" of the Bostonians. A poet, a botanist, a lover, as he said, of old books, old garrets, old wines, old pipes, an amateur in all things, he lived for the hour and chiefly for conversation.

No one so moody as Ellery. He was harsh and tender by turns, abrupt, disagreeable, distant, then cordial and generous. He struck up a friendship with Elizabeth Hoar, and for weeks he would not look at her in the street. Off-again, on-again Ellery! His fear of his uncle was comic. "He used to scold me," said Ellery, "and I stood in such dread of him! When I came back from the West I stopped at Lenox to see the Sedgwicks, and there, to my horror, was Dr. Channing—in Lenox, under my nose! He lectured me solemnly for coming home again, after all it had cost to send me to Illinois. Here I was back in Boston, or soon would be. . . . And all because I stopped to see the Sedgwicks!"

But who was a better crony for a walk? Ellery led like an Indian. Was Emerson piqued by the impatience of his countrymen, each one striving to get ahead of the rest? A stroll with Ellery soothed one's irritation. He would stop by a clump of golden-rod: "Ah, here they are! These things consume a great deal of time. I don't know but they are of more importance than any other of our investments." He spent his mornings (for the farm was

soon forgotten) conning old folios of his favourite authors: there was never a man of more recondite learning, with so many mottoes, conceits and allusions bubbling in his brain. His taste was so sound that if he said, "Here's a good book," Emerson knew he had a day longer to live; and if he preferred Herrick, as a true Greek, to Milton (who reminded him of his uncle)—so much the better. Herrick, poet of cherries and Maytime, with his hen Partlet and his Julia's hair, was the right touchstone for strollers in rural Concord. And Ellery had such a wonderful respect for mere humours of the mind. He caught the most delicate shades of one's meaning, matched one's happiest phrase with another and always returned to the weather and politics when there was the least faltering or excess on the high keys. Capricious, yes, the April day incarnated and walking, soft sunshine and hailstones, east wind and flowery southwest by fits and starts. He complained of Nature—too many leaves, too windy and grassy. And he forgot one's existence for weeks, ceased to bow as he passed, then called and hobnobbed again as if nothing had happened. But a sensible, solid, well-stored man was Ellery, for all his whimsies. He despised dooryards with foreign shrubs. He said that trouble was as good as anything else if you only had enough of it. He admitted that even cows had their value. They gave the farmers something to do in summertime, and they made good walking where they fed.

Concord was becoming a school of human na-

ture, with all these poets and philosophers. (With Ellery and Henry and Alcott, the Society of Sunday Strollers and speculators-at-large was now complete.) A school of eloquence too, where Emerson could study his trade as a lecturer. Father Taylor made him an occasional visit and preached in the village church; and the leaders of the Abolition movement constantly spoke there—Garrison, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips. And Concord, as a county town with a courthouse, attracted all the bigwigs of the bar. Webster himself now and again filled the town with his presence, and Rufus Choate, that wild, extravagant man, with his grotesque imagery, his impetuous rush of speech.

A school indeed for Emerson, this Concord forum. He could scan here, at close range, every type and shade of oratory. There was Father Taylor, so sure in his generous humanity, rolling the world into a ball and tossing it from hand to hand, marching into untried depths with the security of a grenadier: he actualized, in his mania, the tripod and "possession" of the ancients. Temperate man that he was in other respects, he would certainly have liked the old cocks of the barroom a thousand times better than their temperate monitors; and he alone, when he came, brought together all the extremes of the village society. Poet and grocer, black and white, contractor, lawyer, farm-hand flocked to hear Father Taylor, and Emerson was always the first, although for so long he had ceased to go to church.

Garrison struck him as bald and dry in compari-

son, without the feminine element one found in men of genius. But there was always great body in Garrison's harangues, no falsehood, no patchwork, perfect sincerity and unity—a virile speaker, with his feet firm on a fact. Phillips, too, groped and groped till he found the stones beneath him. The politicians talked of the Union, the Constitution. (There were no such things in Nature.) Phillips always felt after the fact and found it in the commerce of New England, in the devotion of the Slave States to their interests. And a realist was Charles Sumner, the incorruptible, the friend of the poor, the champion of the oppressed. A stirring sight on the platform, the great-hearted Sumner, with his fine social culture and his statesman's breadth of knowledge. One night, at the Lyceum, he lectured on Lafayette; and Emerson felt that of all living Americans Sumner was best entitled to deliver that eulogy.

But the great event was always Webster's coming. A natural emperor of men, so easily great. One could go behind him, as behind Niagara Falls (as Elizabeth Hoar put it), and find the whole man still magnificent. He would roar, and his words were like the blows of an axe. His splendid wrath, when his eyes became fires, was good to see, so intellectual it was. He was perfectly fair in debate; he carried all his points by taking superior ground. No incendiary allusions, no puerilities, no tricks, no flourishes, no strut in his voice and behaviour, no academical play in his discourse: every speech he made was a majestic man of business.

His rhetoric was homely, fit and strong, and he hugged his facts. Each word he uttered had passed through the fire of his intellect, and the statement was always erect and disengaged. And what opponent could face the terror of those eyes? Easy it was to understand the story, how Webster had looked a witness out of court. He had set his great eyes on the man and searched him through and through; then, as the cause went on, and this fellow's perjury was not yet called for, Webster looked round again to see if he was ready for the inquisition. The witness felt for his hat and edged towards the door. A third time Webster looked on him, and the witness could sit no longer. He seized his chance and fled from the court and was nowhere to be found.

Tempestuous days when "Dan'l" came and stayed in Emerson's house. He brought with him the rumour of a multitudinous world, and it was vain to think of settling down to writing till the "steam-engine in breeches" was well gone from the county. But Webster and his audience were an object-lesson for Emerson. Had he ever doubted the power of the spoken word? It was credible in Webster's presence that a snowflake would go through a pine-board, if it were projected with sufficient force. He remembered that old experiment of the magnet and the filings of steel, how the energy of that subtle fluid passed into every one of the metallic atoms. Webster did something like this with a roomful of listeners, and a poet could do the same thing with a nation! There was Chladni's

experiment, too: he strewed sand on glass and then struck the glass with tuneful accords, and the sand at once assumed geometrical figures. Then Orpheus was no fable! One had only to sing, and the very rocks would crystallize; sing, and the plants would organize; sing, and the animal would be born!—and the god in man.

Emerson had found another friend who shared this faith with a fervour he died too soon to express—a friend he was never to see, whom he knew only through letters. Carlyle had given John Sterling in London a copy of *Nature*, and Sterling had carried the book off to Madeira after sending Emerson a line: "You are the one man in the world with whom, though unseen, I feel any sort of nearness." He had left the Church, like Emerson, and thrown himself into the radical movement, with an all too impetuous belief—beset by a rapid consumption that drove him hither and thither, to Italy, the West Indies and at last to the Isle of Wight, where he was to die at thirty-eight, a comet that had filled the air with transient splendours. He had sat at the feet of Coleridge, then toiled, a romantic crusader, in behalf of Spanish exiles and the poor of London; but he longed to be a poet and he loved Montaigne (that "large-minded, clear and healthy man").

When his first letter came, Emerson dived into *Blackwood* and spelled out Sterling's biography in the unsigned poems and stories which he recognized as if by second-sight. A gallant, radiant creature, with a darting eye, frank, loyal, childlike,

who seemed to have undergone all his own experiences, whose hopes and desires were his and who had heard his voice across what gulfs of prejudice! So he had two brothers-in-arms in England now. He even believed that in Carlyle's disputes with Sterling, on the value of poetry and art, on liberty as opposed to force, he would always have agreed with Sterling.

And now, with all these illuminati in Concord—Carlyle, too, still spoke of coming—a new plan drifted through Emerson's mind. Why not open a university, announce an annual semester, for the promulgation of all these living ideas? An informal sort of school, a Platonic Academy, with the best available instructors, drawn from all the professions? (Allston as professor of Painting, Greenough of Sculpture, and Bryant, Irving and Webster. They could even send abroad—for if America sent for dancers, singers and actors, then why not scholars, too?—and Carlyle, Hallam, Campbell could lecture on History, Poetry, Letters.) It was painful to see young men coming out of Harvard, ready for the voyage of life, and to see the entire ship made up of rotten timber, rotten traditional timber, without so much as an inch of new plank in the hull. Everett, who was president of the college, ridiculed the new philosophy—compared it to Virgil's thunderbolt, three parts fire, three parts of the twisted hail and three of empty air; and the students laughed at Garrison and Phillips—"copies of Luther in the pasteboard style." The Boston bankers, in league with the

slaveholding South, and the dry disciples of Locke still ruled the college. But at least in Concord they could teach the superiority of knowledge to wealth and physical power.

A dream not to be realized for almost forty years (and then only as a phantom of this first idea). Emerson took no practical steps to achieve it. He merely drew up a list of possible instructors: George Ripley for Modern Literature and the History of Opinion; Hedge for the Philosophy of History; Theodore Parker, Paganism and the History of the Church; Alcott, Psychology and Ethics. For himself, Belles-Lettres and Rhetoric, Percy's Reliques, the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. The school would front the world without charter, diploma, corporation or steward. Golden thoughts hovered in Emerson's mind as he talked it over with Alcott. Why should they not concert another Athens? Bring back the muse to the eye and cheek of youth? Set working the leaven of enthusiasm in this vast apathetic America? They could fire the artillery of sympathy and emotion. They could celebrate the spiritual powers in their infinite contrast to the mechanical powers of the time.

As a group?

He thought of *The Dial*, of Brook Farm and Fruitlands. Take it sadly home to thy heart, he said to himself again; there is and can be no coöperation. (In Massachusetts, in the eighteenthies.)

CHAPTER XIII

A DUBIOUS business, lecturing. He felt as one turned out of doors, living on a balcony, living on the street. A profanation, too, these Peter Parley's stories of Uncle Plato, these puppet-shows of the Eleusinian Mysteries. But his debts were piling up: he had to make the plunge into this odious river of travellers, these wild eddies of hotels and boarding-houses, these dangerous precincts of charlatanism, that out of all the evil he might draw a little good.

Travelling was very instructive, if only its lessons were more immediately applicable! He could not use them all in seven transmigrations of Indra—hardly one of them in this present mortal and visible. On the road he had no thoughts, no aims, and seemed never to have had any; and he met too many people. It was all very well for Napoleonic temperaments, impassive, unimpressible by others, insensible to circumstances. He was not himself a pith-ball, yet nothing could have been stranger than the way people acted on him: their mere presence turned him to wood and to stone. If he talked with a man of sense and kindness he was imparadised at once, but the powerful, practical type disconcerted him and made him less than he was. He was forced to live in the country, if only because the streets made him desolate.

Strange how long one's novitiate lasted! As long as one continued to grow and did not inveterate, one was subject to circumstances and never quite controlled them. All the chemical agents acted with force on Emerson, and he came, as he felt, a greenhorn to every conversation. The young, the knowing, the fashionable, the political, the Pharisee and the Sadducee were able to strike him dumb: to human electricity no man was more susceptible. Hypersensitive hermit that he was, so much the more need for him to get an occasional shock, to run out into new places and multiply his chances for observation.

To Maine, for instance. Many and many a mile, through wastes of snow and pine-trees, the villages few and cold as the Tobolsk and Irkutsk of Siberia; and, staring into the white night, he dreamed he had committed some crime against the Czar and was bound a thousand versts into arctic Asia. But Maine was a great country: he looked at the merchants in the cars—independent, with sufficient manners and more manly force of all kinds than most of the scholars he had known. (A pity, but why deny it?) These Yankees were people who, if they once got hold of a rope's end or a spar, would make it carry them; if they could but find so much as a stump or a log, they would whittle out of it a house and a barn, a farm and stock, a mill and a village, a railroad and a bank. What enemies of labour, and therefore friends of man, making wind and tide, waterfall, cloud and lightning do the work, by every art and device their cunningest

brains could achieve! And here they were beside him, bound for Bangor. (And sneering a little at Maine, like all the Boston merchants. They said they could buy the State and have eighty millions left. But they didn't seem to consider that the values of Boston were artificial values, the value of luxuries, furniture, inflated prices of land and lots and houses, whilst the values of Maine were primary and necessary and therefore permanent under any state of society.)

But what had all these things to do with literature? He thought of his æsthetic friends, with their pale, sickly, etiolated, indoor minds. Writers, he said to himself, must honour the people's facts. (Shakespeare did, or they wouldn't be discussing him now.) If they had no place for the people, the people would have none for them; and, whatever they had to say or do, if to them politics was nothing, navigation nothing, railroads nothing, men and women nothing, they might have their seat or sphere in another planet, but never in this. The earth and sea and air, the constitution of things, and all that men call Fate, were on the people's side; and that was a reasoner not liable to a fallacy. They should humble themselves, they who never saw a grander arch than their own eyebrow, never saw the sky of a principle that would make them modest and contemners of themselves. How could any writer afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he might partake?

Bangor! There was the committee of local mag-

nates waiting at the station to escort him to his lodging. The owner of the best house had carried off the prize, but the whole town had been talking about him, around the stoves in the stores and over the fences. At home he was only known in connection with the cows, and his name was *moo*; but he was a great man in Bangor. And in York and Paris and Bath. And what amusing characters he met on the road! The stately chairman, for instance, who took pleasure in introducing the Reverend Ralph——. (We can do without the Reverend, Mr. Smith.) And the worthy W. W. who remarked, "Three things make the gentleman, the hat, the collar and the boots." (Ah, that Professor Teufelsdröckh had heard the word!) And the man in the coach with his contrivance for defending his own coffin in the grave from body-snatchers. He had devised a pistol to go off—*pop!*—from this end, and a pistol—*pop!*—from that end of the coffin; and he was plainly spending his life in the sweets of that revenge.

There were journeys to foreign lands, Philadelphia, Baltimore; for Emerson's fame was spreading, and they wanted to hear him now in those regions, too. Cosy rides in the Jersey ferryboat, where he found himself snugly ensconced in the warm entrails of an argument with a Presbyterian clergyman. Bear's meat like this was not to be had at home: he might have been in Scotland again, with all this Princeton brimstone. (But how these sects fattened on one another's faults! How many men got a living by calling the

Unitarians prayerless, or by showing that the Calvinists were bigots, while the poor devil who only saw faults in himself died in his sins.) The Catholic Cathedral in Baltimore was a great relief, with the pictures, the lighted altar, the swinging censer, with every whiff bringing all Rome again to Emerson's mind. How dignified, this shrine, where priest and people were nothing and for once an idea excluded these impertinences! He detested, for an hour, the Reformation and all the parliament of Barebones, the Protestant with his "private judgment," and his family pews and doctrinaires and schismatics. The Catholic Church, he felt, was the church of poets; it ignored the private man, it respected masses and ages, it harmonized with Nature which loved the race. Well he could understand the joyful adhesion of the Winckelmanns and the Schlegels—just as one seizes with delight the fine romance and tosses the learned Heeren out of the window (unhappily with the sigh that follows the romance—"Ah, that one word of it were true!"). It was lucky for his own Protestantism that he had no cathedral in Concord. He and Elizabeth Hoar would be confirmed in a fortnight.

The Philadelphians "listened with great pleasure to the chaste and beautiful lecture of the Boston essayist." (Or so the newspaper said.) A dull, timorous town, with a very lymphatic appearance; and Emerson looked eagerly for the stars at night, for fear they should disappear in the torpid air. But Furness, at least, was there, his old crony in the

Latin School, hero-worshipping Furness, best of gossips, with a store of anecdotes about Channing and Fanny Kemble. There was no pleasure like a chat with Furness over the last ten years; no tie to be compared with that of playmate from the nursery onward, a true clanship and key never to be given to another.

New York was an outpost of home, with William living there on Staten Island. He had settled at Dutch Farms (he had christened the village Concord), as Judge of Richmond County. William was no longer the isolated man that Emerson used to fancy him; he seemed to be an important part of the web of life on the island, as genial as possible now, riding along in his gig or strolling with his dogs: good company, in his Snuggery (as one couldn't but call the house), or out for a ramble on Todt Hill, where Emerson stopped for a moment to cut a walking-stick. Henry Thoreau had come down to tutor his son; but Henry was unhappy. (Was there too much starch in the Judge's house? A pity, really; Henry was a little narrow. Why should he despise everything outside of Concord?)

Henry was very droll (with the mud of the Concord River still on his boots) discussing New York, the Academy exhibition, the "Great Western," the sidewalks ("no give to the foot"), the cabmen at the ferry ("Want a cab, sir? Want a *nice* cab, sir?"—"A sad sight," said Henry), the churches these people bragged about, the pigs in the streets ("the most respectable part of the population"), the immigrant labourers hustling off the ships, the Eng-

lish travellers on their way to the Astor House, to whom he had "done the honours of the city" ("mere herds of men," said Henry)—the whole town meaner and more pretentious even than Boston. But he liked the hum (from a distance) and the roar of the sea; and he had found a few things on Staten Island that were worth his attention. The sunsets were not bad, and they had a fine red honeysuckle there that ought to be transplanted to Concord, and he had heard of a certain tulip-tree—but of this he had some doubts. Homesick Henry! He could not have been more disgruntled. He was very touching when he spoke of the river at home, and the Cattle Show, and the inkstand that Elizabeth Hoar had given him. Concord and his own Romans and fellow-citizens!

He was not so wrong, either, when he talked of the editors and the magazines: Mr. Willis's *New Mirror*, *Brother Jonathan*, the *Ladies' Companion*. ("I couldn't write anything companionable," said Henry.) He needed the money badly, and he had rambled, he said, into every bookseller's and publisher's house in the city; and he found that he talked with these poor men as if he were over head and ears in business, and a few thousands were no consideration with him. But they proposed to him to do, as he put it, what an honest man could not—a "very valuable experience," said Henry. Let them stick to New York and the West for their contributions. One had other things on one's mind in Massachusetts.

So Henry went back to the Judge's house. "Lit-

erature" was not for him. He spent his evenings translating the *Seven against Thebes* and looking into Pindar. (And reading Quarles: "Not much straight grain" in Quarles, but "plenty of tough, crooked timber. . . . He never doubts his genius: it is only he and his God in all the world.") But Henry had neglected none of his opportunities. He had called upon Horace Greeley, the latter-day Franklin, who had just started *The Tribune* ("Now be neighbourly," said Horace), and William Henry Channing, who had started a magazine himself, called *The Present* (and was "sadly in earnest," as Henry remarked, "discussing the question, What to do for the race?"), and Lucretia Mott, the Quaker preacher in Hester Street. (What poise that woman had, in the hurly-burly of the anti-Abolition mob! Tar and feathers? Go ahead, my dears!) But the best friend he had made was Henry James, the "little, fat, rosy Swedenborgian amateur," as Ellery called him, "with the look of a broker and the brains and heart of a Pascal." A sterling man, James, said Concord Henry, so patient and so determined to have the good of you. He humanized New York.

Henry had missed nothing but the inessentials. (He had even talked with young Albert Brisbane, who had just come home from Paris and had taken a daily column in *The Tribune* to explain the doctrines of Fourier.) But for Emerson the inessentials had their charm. These crowds of passers-by—a lovely child, a heroic-looking man: could he

only have stopped and told them how much they attracted him! There was Barnum's Museum, too. (The sea-serpent had an instinct to retire into the depths of the sea when about to die. He was sadly afraid of the naturalists, but his heart sank within him when he heard that Barnum was born.) Captain Rynders, the Tammany boss, was well worth a glance: a blackguard, of course, but was he a blackguard merely?—he was almost a consolation among so many palefaces. And fashion. Milliners with a skill and French with an accent that was not the accent of Boston.

Trifles, no doubt. But Bryant was no trifle. A "true bard, but simple," a tyrant over the young. People talked of the clever shopmen who advertised their wares on the Palisades and the rocks by the railroad: this man, more cunning by far, had contrived to levy on all American Nature. Not a waterfowl, not a gentian but Bryant had bribed to speak for him. What usurpation was this?—that who spoke of the autumn woods, of the gardens of the desert, of any feature of day or night in the country, was forced to remember Bryant. But he talked like a man whose great days were over when Emerson called to see him in his office at *The Evening Post*. He was free from all pretension, direct, plain-spoken, but suffering manifestly from want of culture, with no time for himself, no time for books or thoughts (weltering all day long in a foam of papers). He stared and rubbed his eyes when Emerson spoke of his poetry—said all such things were for boys and girls and the aged, that

men in middle life had too much else to think of. And then he gave such a look—

Now my weary lips I close,
Leave me, leave me to repose.

But Horace Greeley, of course, was the great New Yorker. He was always following somebody, and every one followed him. He was following Dr. Graham at the moment, the high priest of brown bread: after bolting his food for thirty years, ransacking the table with his long arms, as if Time's chariot were after him, he had made up his mind—in silence and the tears of indigestion—that the gospel of "little meat" had much to be said for it. He was living in a Graham boarding-house when Emerson went to find him, and he dashed in with his coat-tails on the wind. (A sunny soul, this Greeley, with his round, honest face, like a ripe New Hampshire pumpkin! With the wrinkles in his coat, with the necktie under his ear, with his stockings round his ankles and his great ploughman's boots. And Brisbane at his heels.) Bang went the beaver on the rack. "Here's Brisbane—he wanted to meet you." And they all fell to. (Or Horace did. What manners! "Will you have a little salad, Mr. Greeley?"—"You can be fixing me some.")

So this was "neighbourly" Horace, still reaching for the butter, with his pockets bulging with seeds and papers and pamphlets! Could anything have been more encouraging in a Whiggish age than a farmer's boy in the city of New York, adopting every benevolent crotchet and maintaining it, and

making the people sit up! Carlyle was right again: "The journalists are now the true kings and clergy." And Emerson could only wish long life to *The Tribune*, long life and a million readers.

Brisbane was eloquent too, when Emerson saw him again, at the Globe Hotel. (For who could utter a word when Horace had the floor?) He wanted Emerson to join him—"come in," with all his "party"; for he evidently thought of the Boston Transcendentalists as a sort of phalanx, much like Fourier's own. And what pictures he drew of the world when the Fourierists had redeemed it! What palaces, what concerts for all! What lectures and poetry and flowers! What perfections of tillage and architecture, gardens and baths! They were going to cover the planet with "groups" and communities. And all the poets and artists and Transcendental persons were to flock to Constantinople—(they were far too good for their Concords, New Yorks and Bostons)—for music, society and wit such as words could never describe.

It was very attractive indeed, this Attractive Industry, though Emerson thought he could mention a few real mischiefs—living for show, losing the whole in the particular, indigence of vital power—that would appear as much in a phalanstery as in a tub. And it figured man as a thing, a thing to be ripened or retarded, moulded or polished, turned into fluid or solid or gas at the will of the leader. (Why not send in a Christmas order for a pair of little girls like No. 91 in the catalogue, with a tinge more of the Swede

and a tinge of the Moorish?) It was rather embarrassing for Emerson: Brisbane had misconceived him, misread his political theories—had not seen that he was a poet, of no more use in such a scheme than a rainbow or a firefly. He had to make endless disclaimers and explanations: "I am not at all the sort of man you supposed." (For Brisbane was painfully literal. He spoke of Transcendentalism as a known and fixed element, like salt or meal.) But how cheering, in spite of all, he felt, as he left the hotel, how cheering in a day of small and fierce undertakings, were projects of such friendly aims and such bold and generous proportions!

But for cheering no one compared with Henry James. He had redeemed New York for Henry Thoreau; he redeemed New York for Emerson, when the latter was most oppressed by the noise and the stress and the bustle. He tempered the acrid mass like a woman—James, with his heroic manners, with his nestful of bright little boys and that genial face, glowing with human kindness. No one could speak more nobly: "I do not wish this or that thing my fortune will procure, I wish the great fortune." Or more honestly: of woman, "The flesh said, It is for me, and the spirit said, It is for me." Or with more penetration, as that the blunder of the savants was in fancying that science was a finality, that science *contained* instead of *being contained*, whereas its life was wholly in its relatedness, its implication of the All. What animal spirits he had!—with his broad Irish "Bless your heart!" and "Glory be to God!" ("My dear Madam, God

is working all the time in His shirt-sleeves with all His might.") How amusing when he talked of New York and the artists there ("poor, vain, conceited nobodies") and of Thackeray's visit and his speeches in society! The merest boy, said James; he could not see beyond his eyes, he was nothing but a sounding-board against which his experiences thumped and resounded. (But Emerson regretted he had missed Thackeray himself: he had made a good impression while he was here by blurting out his opinion in various companies where so much honesty was rare and useful. Besides, he had not attempted a book on America. Now Dickens. . . . All praise to Dickens for showing so many mischiefs at home that Parliament had not been able to remove. But what was the *American Notes*? A lively rattle: too short, too narrow, too ignorant, too slight and too fabulous. "Fixings," soap and towels, and all the other trivialities this trifle detected in travelling over half the world!)

James was a mine of ideas. What wrath, what exuberance, what witty and elegant billingsgate, half-humorous all the time! But his Swedenborgian theology was too much for Emerson. He said the latter had no conscience and lived by perception alone, said he was virgin-born, a vestal virgin, that his goodness had come by nature—no credit to him!—that he had never in all his days been tempted to steal, or commit adultery or murder—and how *could* he understand a "conviction of sin"? Good heavens, how soothed and comforted he said he was by Emerson's innocent look when he saw

him first—so destitute of all the apparatus of humbuggery, a literal divine presence in his house. And Emerson couldn't understand, he couldn't and he simply didn't! He wouldn't allow for "evil," he wouldn't allow for "sin"!

Then what was the secret of Emerson's "personal fascination"? His immense superiority to the common herd of writers? He locked himself up with Emerson in his bedroom, swearing that before the door was opened he would have it. (As if Emerson knew or could tell him.) Then he gave it up in despair. For all he could understand of the sphinx of Concord, he might have locked himself up with a handful of diamonds.

CHAPTER XIV

GREY clouds, short days, moonless nights. A drowsy sense of being dragged somewhere by the locomotive Destiny. Invisible, this locomotive, yet Emerson knew it must be hitched to the car wherein he sat. So much for these November weeks in Concord. A sufficiently dull routine: but what could he find in New York, inward or outward, to repay his breaking it?

Good days to potter along at home—to think of his imperfections and read some sneering reviews of his new book. He stood very stiffly on his cold and proud doctrine of self-reliance, and here he was shaking like a reed! Was there anything in these notices? Was he really a “treacherous marsh-light”? Were his theories “ancient errors disguised in misty rhetoric”? Was his taste so “false and flip-pant”? Was there anything in this letter from Dr. B. who said he was wholly mistaken?

Tell me, Lidian, am I right or wrong?

Said his wife: “This whole practice of self-justification and recrimination between literary men seems every whit as low as the quarrels of the Paddies on the railroad.”

“But what will you say, Lidian, when my smart article comes out, in reply to Mr. A. and Dr. B.?”

“I shall feel the first emotion of fear and sorrow on your account.”

"But do you know how many fine things I have thought of to say to these fighters? They are too good to be lost."

"Then there is some merit in being silent."

And again his wife remarked: "In the gossip and excitement of the hour, be as one blind and deaf to it; know it not. Do as if nothing had befallen."

He couldn't but venerate the oracular nature of woman. He acquired a sentiment gradually through the events of years, and he found her already dwelling there, as in her native home. He thought himself very fortunate, he who knew a lady with such sovereign sweetness of temper, who received the simplest detail of any statement with such happy, anticipating intelligence that it acquired at once importance, breadth and better intent from her welcome. Fortunate, with Ellen, five years old, and Edith, three, and Edward, squealing in the nursery. A house, he said to himself, is held up by magnetism: draw out the magnet, and the house falls and buries the inhabitants. And who was ever going to steal his magnet?

But what did the Koran say? "Paradise lies under the shadow of swords." His house had almost fallen once, when little Waldo died. There he was, spinning away stories without end, with his big, earnest eyes—how his horse went out into a long, long wood, and he looked through a squirrel's eyes, and saw a great giant, and the giant was himself.—"Mamma, may I have this little bell to stand by the side of my bed?"—"Yes, it may stand there."—

"But, Mamma, I am afraid it will alarm you. It may sound in the middle of the night, and it will be heard over the whole town. It will sound like some great glass thing which will fall down and break all to pieces; it will be louder than a thousand hawks; it will be heard across the water and in all the countries; it will be heard all over the world." What a calm, wise little creature, so calmly and wisely happy, who sat beside his father for hours together in the study and spoke of anything but chaos and interruption! He seemed too precious and unique to be huddled aside into the waste and prodigality of things. So gentle, so rich in hopes! And this little temple, which all the muses had seemed to love to build, was shattered in a night.

Three years ago. Emerson still heard the bell-stroke. He read Ben Jonson's story of the death of his son, who died of the plague in London, how he saw the boy in a vision, "of a manly shape, and of that growth, I think, he shall be at the Resurrection." That same preternatural maturity his own little statue assumed the day after death; and often it came to him now, to tax the world with frivolity. But life had worn on, with its endless poetry, its short, dry prose of skepticism—like veins of cold air in the evening woods, quickly swallowed by the wide warmth of June; with its pure repairs of all the rents and ruin it had seemed to give. And the new had stolen upon him like a star that rose behind his back as he walked.

He had three children now. There was Ellen at

the door! She wanted to be carried round the room, wanted to see the wings on the little Psyche, the bronze Goethe, the "Three Fates" over the mantel (with the shears and thread in their hands). And she wanted a pencil and a letter-back. (Vain to attempt to get rid of the children by going on with your work. If their purring and humming was not noticed, they began to squeal; if that was ignored, to cry; then, if you consoled them, they found the experiment succeeded and began again.)

There was Ellen asleep in her bed, with the air of one riding a horse of night—protected from all infusions of evil persons. Then she woke and began to fret, and presently put all sleep of her seniors to rout. The seniors grew very cross, but Ellen conquered all by the pathos and eloquence of childhood and its words of fate. She wished the morning would come. She broke out into sublimity: "*It must be morning.*" She fell asleep; she rolled out of her bed; she pattered about the floor. "Oh, dear! Where's my bed?" Then she slept and woke again. "I'm so afraid! I wish I could sleep on the bed beside of you. I'm afraid I shall tumble into the waters—it's all water!" What else could papa do?—he jumped out of bed and laid himself down beside the little mischief, and soothed her as best he could.

Edith spent half her time looking innocent, and the other half looking dignified. Edith was a realist: let her mother describe as she might the joys of heaven—Edith would have none of it. She wanted to stay—and she looked around the room—

where there were "folks, and *things*, and a *door*."

What was so interesting as the nursery?—every tear and every smile deserved a history, to say nothing of the stamping and the screaming. How touching the strewn toys became the moment the children left the room! How bewitching were all these experiments with grammar and language! A writer used ten words for one the children used, attempting by many words to suggest what he could not describe, while their strong speech was made of nouns and verbs and went straight to the point. No "telling" on the microscope, meaning no name of the maker. "Where is the wafer that *lives* in this box?" They carried the analogy through: *bite* made *bited*, and *eat*, *eated*. Ellen called the grapes "green berries"; and when her father asked, "Does it rain this morning?" Ellen replied, "There's tears on the window."

Nature's best feat, enamouring a man of these children!—like making him kiss the knife that is going to cut his throat—they fretting, mortifying, ruining him, and upsetting him at last because they want his chair, and he, dear old donkey, well pleased to the end!

Emerson could have listened forever to a lively child, with an almost reverent care. How few men spoke, as children spoke, not from their fears or their senses, but directly out of their souls! But Henry spoke this way, and so did Alcott, and Charles Newcomb, the quiet, retreating young man whom Emerson had met at Providence and who, after staying for a while at Brook Farm, had come

to make him a visit. A subtle, inward genius, puny in body as a girl, yet with an aplomb like a general's, never disconcerted. He too, like all the young illuminati, had had his poem in *The Dial*; but, unlike so many of the others, who had lived a great deal in a short time, he had *not* come forth with a shattered constitution.

A captivating soul, wrapped in his great Gothic cathedral of fancies, Newcomb, with his strange eyes, his atmosphere of mystery and his cult of contemplation, who kept Fanny Elssler's portrait on his bureau between those of Loyola and Xavier and was filled with some mediæval dream of an absolute priesthood. Saints in a cloister who recognized each other, and still retired—that was his image, but there were other dear solicitations: he made Emerson feel the pertinency of the Platonistic word "all-various." No journal was ever like the one he kept, with intense solitude appearing in every sentence. A Patmos of thought!—soliloquies, an abridged, stenographic wit and eloquence. Emerson could hardly sit as he turned the pages, for Swendenborg rose before him, and all the gods out of earth and air and ocean. What power this young man had of illustrating refinements of feeling by means of household experiences!—"Bacon, at home in his reflections. When intellectual, then is he himself, as a childless woman, restless except when making bread, and is then happy and singing." What perceptions!—"It is not what the thought is, but how he stands to his thought, that we value in friendship." And Emerson marvelled

again at the unerring instinct with which, like an arrow to its mark, the newborn fine genius flew to the geniuses. Newcomb darted upon Shakespeare, Dante, Coleridge, and let nothing intervene.

A journal to be read in the woods, in the arm-chair of the upturned root of a pine-tree. Emerson made a copy of the best passages, for Newcomb was so sure to destroy the original. He said that Shakespeare was "the farthest bound of subtlety and universality compatible with individuality, the subtlest of authors, and only just within the possibility of authorship." And Newcomb himself was just beyond authorship! He defied thought; he said it made him old and harried and anxious. He could ill conceal his dislike of a general remark; he spent his mornings all summer at Newport walking, his afternoons "in society," and never opened a book. (Dear Swedenborg, Emerson said to himself, catch this American sprig, and whip him soundly!)

For what was that maxim of Swedenborg's?—"The perfection of man is the love of use." And what did Shakespeare say?—

Will Fortune never come with both hands full?
 She either gives a stomach and no food,
 or else a feast
 And takes away the stomach.

A continual surprise, this finding some stranger who spoke the same mother-tongue as oneself: a graceful young man, free as a palm or a pine-tree, listening eagerly to one's theory of the world, yet having a theory of his own. If only the fine tulips made good timber! And if only the good timber had

a little more of the tulip! There was Hawthorne over at the Manse—he had rented it within a year of Dr. Ripley's death: Hawthorne pacing up and down under the ash-trees of the avenue. An Apollonian creature, noble in every movement, with his great shipmaster's frame and his haunted eyes, Hawthorne, "in the sea of life enisled." But with never a word for Emerson. They met, in the slush and snow, trudging along to the Post Office. They skated together on the river, with Henry performing geometric dances and Bacchic leaps on the ice, Emerson, head foremost, pitching along, and the grave Hawthorne, shrouded in his cloak, like a floating statue, unwearable. Emerson besieged him at the Manse, plied him with questions, dragged him into the study so that no one could interrupt his interrogation; and Hawthorne sat there mute as a Salem figurehead. (Or only looked his answers.)

Emerson had met his match—a real Sphinx, with a subterranean self buried fathoms deep in the desert sand. What strange thoughts were stirring in that vaulted skull? Thoughts very unlike his own, but with what horizons!—the first he was ever to meet that were not for him. Carlyle, Wordsworth, Coleridge—he had understood them all; but this tragic soul was beyond him. (These eyes that spoke of the Fates, of the fore and after, of the whence and whither of all things, like the bird that flew through the hall of the Saxon king.) He remembered that day in Sleepy Hollow, when Hawthorne had just arrived in Concord: there were muses in the woods and whispers on the

breeze, and he emerged from the green shade and saw this apparition seated on the bank, with Margaret lying beside him. They had met by chance, they said, and were talking about autumn, and the pleasures of being lost in the forest, talking about the crows and the experiences of early childhood and the sight of mountains from a distance. They seemed to be sympathetic; but what had he surmised, as he joined in the conversation? That Hawthorne distrusted Margaret and scarcely liked her? There was something else. A shadow, a breath, a reminder as it were of some vast Cimmerian universe that lay outside his own solar track.

(Not for you, Emerson, not for you to enter!—you whose sun traversed the remotest sky. A God, a God your severance ruled. Did he fear you a little, perhaps, you whose iron orbit no lesser soul could resist? Had not Ellery Channing's gait, air, voice, the turning of his eyebrow, his very thoughts come to resemble yours? Had Henry been able to resist you? His manners, the tones of his voice, his modes of expression had unconsciously followed yours for many years. How many others there were who found themselves unable to withstand your power! One could almost foresee the day when Concord would be populated with little Emersons. Wise Hawthorne, to keep you at a distance!—for who knew better than you that genius can be fatal to genius? He was friendly enough with Henry, went botanizing with him, hunting for Indian relics, paddling up the river: he had bought Henry's boat, the boat of the famous "Week"—too

sad for Henry to keep, now that his brother was dead. He went fishing with Ellery, camped with him, talked with him, laughed with him. But when you appeared the clouds rolled over the face of the moon.)

How inviting, too, the Manse had become, with Sophia's magical touch! Emerson would never have known it, when he dropped in of an evening. The grimy ceilings had vanished, the timbers blackened with smoke, the dust and the cobwebs, the prints of the Puritan divines that had once stared down from the walls. What a change from the days when he wrote his first little book there! Yellow wall-paper, new books, cheerful pictures, fresh paint and the gayest of carpets, and Sophia herself under the astral lamp. It was she who had thought of this purple vase, and the flowers, and the bronze jar with the ferns. Clever Sophia, with her Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and with all she knew about history, and the way she painted and modelled!

He stole in softly. He found them there, so happy, in the midst of all this freshness, in the beams of the great star that hung from the ceiling, Sophia with her sewing, Hawthorne reading aloud. Shakespeare? No, Spenser, this time: the tales of Gloriana and the Knights. (The paradisal forest rose before him, and the wild hills of Ireland, the fairies, dwarfs and giants, the struggles of the soul, the shapes of evil.) Hawthorne's poet—lovelier than a butterfly's wing. Hawthorne was fresh, too, fresh as the night-blooming cereus. By what sor-

cery had he kept this dew of youth? How had he escaped the dust and roughness of the world, and the world's fatness—he with the giant's strength?

Emerson went again, in the afternoon, in the stillness of late September, when the thump of a falling apple was the only sound. Hawthorne was in the garden; he was bending over, examining the yellow squashes and the "crook-necks" basking there in the warm sun, and he spoke of their beautiful forms, urn-like, vase-like. He said that no sculptor had invented anything more graceful, that, if he could afford it, he would have a service made of delicate porcelain, wrought into the shapes of squashes gathered from his vines. He loved this old garden; he had spent whole days there, watching the vegetables grow, the swelling of the pods, the clambering of the bean-vines up the poles, the bursting of the little corn-hills, incidents filled for him with the tenderest meaning. How could one live so near this man and never get to know him? Could they take a little walking-trip together? Would that loosen his tongue?

Hawthorne was not unwilling, so they set out together for the Shaker Colony at Harvard. They were both in high spirits, and the talk flowed for once. They could easily have filled much longer days with matter, old collectors that they were who had never before had a chance to show each other their treasures. Walking was a luxury in that rich autumn light, and the borders of the road brimmed over with bursting grapevines, wild apples, purple gentians and the red fruit of the thornbush.

They might have picked up all sorts of stories, had they cared to knock at some door for a glass of milk—pathetic private histories, threads of romance, the blush on the cheek of some girl when the mail-stage failed to come. But they had too much to say as it was: they could even dispense with the jokes at the taverns (where Hawthorne liked to sit and watch from his corner). They made their twenty miles by way of Stow, and set off to see the Shakers the following morning. The Sisters gave them breakfast, while Cloutman and Seth Blanchard described the community—described it to Emerson, at least, for Hawthorne was rather Jovian. They were peasants, with a squalid contentment; but here was the model farm Emerson had longed for, inventions the neighbouring farmers saw and copied. And here was a kind of Socialism in action, and what noble arcades of grapes! No man allowed to join just for a living, no man turned off only because he was poor.

What sketches one might have made of this genuine Connecticut life transplanted to Massachusetts! (There was even a touch of Alcott in these simple Shakers.) It was not for Hawthorne, however: theology bored him, and Brook Farm had destroyed his interest in all communities. A great gift, Hawthorne's, never to see or hear what didn't belong to him; nothing appealed to him very much but the fringed gentians by the road. But they talked about Landor and the possible advantage of being disappointed in love. (Wasn't that sentence of Landor's worth a divorce?—"Those to

whom love is a secondary thing love more than those to whom it is a primary.") And they talked about Scott. (Some greatness, after all, in defying posterity and writing for the hour. Some greatness in being a harper.) And they passed through Acton towards twilight and listened to the frogs.

A rich democratic land, this Massachusetts, Emerson said to himself: in every house well-dressed women with an air of town ladies, in every house a piano and a copy of *The Spectator*. (And a daughter who read Willis. And the houses in Acton, he had to admit, seemed to be filled with fat old people who looked like old tomatoes, their faces crumpled into red collops, fattening and rotting at their ease.) Hawthorne had missed nothing that befitted those deep-sunk eyes; but he spoke of sleep. The world, he said, should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow and take an age-long nap. It had gone distracted (he was thinking of the reformers) through a morbid activity; it was preternaturally wide-awake, and yet tormented by visions that seemed real to it now, visions that would assume their true aspect and character were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose. How else could humankind get rid of its old delusions? It would then reawake as an infant out of dewy slumber.

What a skeptic Hawthorne was! What depths of doubt were these!—deeper than Emerson had ever sounded—and *he* could have told a tale or two himself. Well, sleep was good at the Manse: a Prospero's isle, Hawthorne's enchanted ground.

His guests, he said, felt a slumberous influence upon them. They nodded in their chairs, or took a more deliberate siesta on the sofa, or stretched out among the shadows of the orchard, looking up dreamily through the boughs; and Hawthorne rejoiced in this, rejoiced to be able to welcome his friends out of the dusty glare and tumult of the world to share the transparent obscurity that floated over him. Rest in a life of trouble, rest for these weary and earth-worn spirits, with their careers of perpetual action, harassed and impeded, staggering under the burden of their gifts. A proof, this powerful opiate, he said, that they had left their cares behind as they passed between the gateposts of his avenue. And what better could one do for any man than to throw the spell of a magic spirit over him?

CHAPTER XV

IT was 1847, the year before the year of revolutions. Emerson was forty-four, and a new occasion had presented itself for extending his travels across the sea. For some time he had felt the need of a special stimulus; he had reached one of those dead points when the stars stand still in one's inward firmament and one requires some foreign force to prevent stagnation. His energies had ebbed, he had no thoughts, and America had come to seem of a village littleness. And now the Mechanics' Institutes, rising through the North of England, were urging him to come and lecture to them. Carlyle was urging him, too. Why shouldn't he go?

"In March, many weathers"; and in life many. He had often looked with longing eyes towards Europe. He had had his dreams of living there, perverse dreams, he felt, but very inspiriting. He had dreamed of Valencia, Florence, Rome, Berlin, but of Oxford and Cambridge especially; he had read with the frankest envy Aubrey's anecdotes and the letters of English scholars. Their life was a complete circle of means and ends; and they had an audience, no poor, scattered following like his own, no mere handful of uncritical men and women, but

a dense, compact body of instructed minds. What precise, what powerful demands were made upon them, and how these demands stirred them to labour and concentration! If he languished himself at times, if his thought remained so often vague and cloudy, was it not because so little was expected of him? The needs he addressed were so very far from conscious; he felt no sort of team-work between himself and his listeners. (What was it the old lady said, that she never understood a word he uttered?—but she liked to go and see him just the same, standing up on the platform, looking as if he thought everybody else was just as good as he was. Pleasant enough, but not exactly stimulating. If she had only been able to catechize him a little, make him define his ideas, he would not have been quite so much “up in the air.”) It was very hard to go beyond your public. If they were satisfied with your poor performance, you could scarcely make it better. But when they recognized what was good and delighted in it, you aspired and burned and toiled till you achieved it.

Yes, he had envied the thinkers of England, the richness, the calm assiduity, unhasting, unresting, of their lives. (Eupeptic studying-mills, cast-iron men, whose powers of endurance compared with those of the Americans as the steam-hammer with the music-box.) Their lot could never be his, but he envied it none the less—in hours like these. When his own tide was in flood it was easy to feel that his duty was at home: he could well defy these lingering looks *behind*. But when the tide ebbed, to-

wards evening, on rainy days—that was another story. In America the people meant that men of thought should be ornamental merely. There was Everett, for instance, with his *Liberty* and his Dying Demosthenes, and in practice wearing the slave-holder's whip in his buttonhole; and Eliot with his *History of Liberty* and his votes for South Carolina; and Sparks and Felton who carried Demosthenes clean for slavery. Bancroft, Emerson said to himself, would never have known George Fox had he met him on the street, the same George Fox he had eulogized so well. (Historical democrats, all these men, interested in dead or organized, but not in organizing, freedom.) Was it true that deep convictions, realistic visions of a more enlightened society, were not to be entertained by a race that was busily settling a continent? They were pretty souls, these American men of thought; they gave such a fillip to the emotions on the Fourth of July! And they slept away the rest of their days, becalmed. No strong wind filled their sails, and they lost their incentive. For no commanding cry came from the void.

Alas for America, the ungirt, the diffuse, the profuse, procumbent! Alas for this great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America, with its restless, rickety, hysterical population! A puny and fickle folk, a country of small adventures, short plans, daring risks, but not of patience, not of combinations, not of long, persistent, close-woven schemes, demanding the utmost fortitude, faith and poverty. A country without an aristocracy, governed in bar-

rooms, in which every village brawler, every clamorous partisan made known what he called his opinion as loud as he could scream. American books—what were they? Tents, not pyramids. American reformers—slight and wearisome talkers, not man-subduing, immutable, all-attractive. Even the American physique: the head alone was finished, the face alone alive, the body only blocked, the trunk and limbs inferior and appearing to exist only to support the head. And how poor and pallid were most American lives! Otis talked too much. Webster had no *morale*. Choate wanted weight. Alcott was unlimited and unballasted. Staid and timid mostly—no fiery grain. How hard to find a man!

Alas for America, with its levity and facility! Eager, solicitous, hungry, rabid, busy-bodied America, attempting many things, vain, ambitious to feel its own existence. What immense resources it had, land, men, iron, timber, gold!—and all a village squabble and capacity. No passions, only appetites; hesitation and following; no form, no terrible and beautiful condensation. A lack of the male principle: plenty of village attorneys, saucy village talents, but no great captains. Too easily pleased, these Americans! As soon as they learned to read and write and cipher they set up for themselves as leaders of opinion, and they wrote away without check of any kind, played whatever prank they chose, indulged whatever spleen or oddity, and even felt complacent in doing so; and thus the finest wits came to nothing. Provincial Cæsars, one

and all, easily filling their measures and lying on their oars with the fame of the villages!

Alas for America, this Lilliput! And these Americans, free-willers, fussy, self-asserting, buzzing all over creation! How different from the Asiatics for whom everything was writ on the iron leaf and who would not turn on their heel to save themselves from famine, plague or sword! Fatalistic, yes; but it gave a grand air to the people. Job was right when he said that "wisdom is not found in the hand of those that live at their ease." Or those that disparage books, O fellow-Americans, and denounce severe culture, and magnify the mother-wit swagger of bright boys from the country colleges! Make the most of your ignorance, your un-learning and inspiration, you that are superficial and can make much of nothing else! And you, Mr. Know-All, look at the great writers, look at the great scholars, the Lessings and Goethes and Johnsons, and despair! You are up to Nature and the First Cause in your consciousness, but you have no concentration; and that wondrous power to collect and swing your whole vital energy into one act, and leave the product there for the envy of posterity, *that* you cannot approach!

Alas for America! An air loaded with poppy, and all running to leaves, to suckers, to tendrils, to miscellany, dispersion and sloth. A wilderness of capabilities, of a many-turning, Ulyssean culture; an irresistibility like Nature's, and, like Nature, without conscience. Everything speedy, everything new and slight. Shingle palaces, shingle cities, pic-

nic universities. Leather not tanned; sulphuric acid, half-strength; knees, instead of grand old oak, sawed out of refuse sapling; for stone, well-sanded pumpkin-pine! An art scarcely more than the national taste for whittling: no independent creation of the sort that requires an artist charged in his single head with a nation's force. And hearts too soon despondent. Young men, young women, at thirty and even earlier losing all spring and vivacity: let them fail in their first undertaking, and the rest was rock and shallow.

Emerson had other moods. If now, as so often before, his estimate of America was low, it rose again as often to heroic proportions. He had felt so many times the greatness of his opportunity. It was something to be the Hesiod of a dawning nation, the Ennius, the Venerable Bede, up so early before the break of day. But the country seemed sadly naked in these hours of depression, naked, unatmospheric. Boston was mean and petty beside life in Concord, and Concord was so limited, so lonely, so insular! Pathetic was the sight of Edmund Hosmer creeping into one's barn, just on the chance of a little conversation. It was true he had often scoffed at travel—as if there were any country where they did not scald the milk-pans and burn the brushwood! As if every traveller were not a mere impertinence when he came among the diligent in their places! As if one could ever hope to find in geography the aliment the mind was seeking! A foolish American passion, this running about in the hotels and theatres of Europe.

He still scoffed at travel. A mark, this gadding abroad, this European complaint, of youth, of an endless novitiate, a proof that America was not ripe for the reign of heroic instincts. What could any one expect of travel but confirmation of his simplest sentiments at home? Still, even this, at the moment, might have its value; and he wanted a bath in the currents of the world's thought. There were facts of science he could only obtain in England, new theories which, for want of a learned class at home, he had never heard of till years after they were published. And he wanted to know the greatest of his contemporaries, know them not merely through books: at a spoken word, at the touch of a hand, a whole new view of the world passed into one's mind like lightning. He would see his own society in relief, in contrast with other societies; he would see the utmost that social man had accomplished—an aristocratic system with as few abatements as possible—model men, the distinctions that were flouted too easily at home. Above all, the scholars, the mighty workers of England: he would meet these giants and measure himself beside them. (And find an audience, too, the most exacting, one that would rouse and frighten him.) Carlyle was undoubtedly right. He would get an "immense quantity of food for ideas."

Carlyle! What wealth of being that name signified! How the sight of that man's handwriting had always warmed his heart at the Post Office window! A redeemer of life, Carlyle, seeking no reward, warping his genius to no dull public, writ-

ing for he knew not whom and finding his readers at last in the valley of the Mississippi—readers who brooded on the pictures he had painted, untwisted the many-coloured meanings which he had spun and woven into so rich a web of sentences, domesticated in so many remotest heads the humour, philosophy, learning, which, year by year, in summer and in frost, this lonely man had lived in the moors of Scotland! A true man of letters, Emerson said to himself, one who made good the place and function of Erasmus, of Dryden, Johnson, Swift, to one's own generation, who sustained the dignity of his profession of author in England. It was true that he mixed himself a little too much with his erring and grieving nations and saddened the picture. Health belonged to the author, too, Goethean health and cheerfulness! And his aims were sometimes paltry; he would draw weapons from the skies to fight for some wretched English monopoly or prejudice. And the slam-bang style, that grotesque, apocalyptic strain, was far from the Periclean. (O Carlyle, the merit of glass is not to be seen, but to be seen through; and every crystal and lamina of your glass is visible!) But what rules for the illumination of windows could ever apply to the Aurora Borealis? And what life he endowed the world with, this worshipper of strength, heedless much whether its present phase were divine or diabolic! He scorned all paper formulas, all "Pantheism, Pot-theism, Mydoxy, Thydoxy." ("Did the upholsterers make this Universe? Were you created by the Tailor?") And

right he was in believing that every noble creature contained, if savage passions, also fit checks and grand impulses within him, and had his own resources, and however erring would return from far.

Again and again Emerson had sent his friends to that king's house in Chelsea—Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Henry James, Hedge, Theodore Parker, that the best of America might meet the best of England. The shrewdest comments had come back from the lover of heroes, shrewd, humorous, benign: "The good Alcott, with his long, lean face and figure, with his grey, worn temples and mild, radiant eyes, all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age. . . . A kind of venerable Don Quixote, whom nobody can even laugh at without loving! . . . Let him love me as he can, and live on vegetables in peace; as I, living *partly* on vegetables, will continue to love him! . . . Margaret Fuller: a true heroic mind, altogether unique, so far as I know, among the writing women of this generation. . . . Such a predetermination to *eat* this big universe as her oyster or her egg, and to be absolute empress of all height and glory in it that her heart could conceive, I have not before seen in any human soul. Her 'mountain *me*' indeed:—but her courage too is high and clear, her chivalrous nobleness indeed is great; her veracity, in its deepest sense, *à toute épreuve*. . . . Theodore Parker, a most hardy, compact, clever little fellow, full of decisive utterance, with humour and good humour, shining like a sun amid

multitudes of watery comets and tenebrific constellations, too sorrowful without such admixture on occasion! . . . Frederic Hedge, one of the sturdiest little fellows I have come across for many a day. A face like a rock, a voice like a howitzer; only his honest kind grey eyes reassure you a little." A joy to have one's friends seen by such eyes, eyes that had seen Daniel Webster, too: "That amorphous crag-like face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be *blown*; the mastiff mouth accurately closed:—I have not traced as much of *silent berserker-rage*, that I remember of, in any other man." A joy to have those thirsty eyes of Carlyle, those portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes, fall full on the great forehead one had followed about in one's youth from courthouse to Senate! And now Carlyle had fixed his eyes upon *him*. "Come if you dare," he had written; "I said there was a room, house-room and heart-room, constantly waiting you here, and you shall see blockheads by the million. *Pickwick* himself shall be visible; innocent young Dickens reserved for a questionable fate. The great Wordsworth shall talk till you yourself pronounce him to be a bore. Southey's complexion is still healthy mahogany-brown, with a fleece of white hair, and eyes that seem running at full gallop. Leigh Hunt, 'man of genius in the shape of a Cockney,' is my near neighbour, full of quips and cranks, with good humour and no common sense. Old Rogers, with his pale head, white, bare and cold as snow, will work on

you with those large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful, and that sardonic shelf-chin. . . ." Who could resist such a branch of golden apples?

On a sunny afternoon in the following July, Emerson and Carlyle were strolling together at Stonehenge. The larks were singing overhead, and the wind was blowing the buttercups in the meadows. They clambered over the stones, counted and measured them, and talked of the flight of ages. Carlyle was in a gentle mood; he spoke of the old times of England, the acts of the saints, the men who built the cathedrals. Emerson and he had had their differences: they had found themselves worlds apart in their views of the nineteenth century, for more and more Carlyle had come to believe in the doctrines of work and force as ends in themselves. But this ancient sphinx of a temple put all these petty dissensions out of sight.

For nine months Emerson had been travelling in England, lecturing in Manchester, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, observing, going to school. His journals were packed with notes, enough to make a book of English Traits; he had dropped his net into this teeming sea and drawn up what a draught of fishes! Carlyle still seemed the largest man in England, but he had basked in half the glories of the country. He had even seen Wordsworth again at Rydal Mount, very old now and sleeping on his sofa, but soon roused when the talk turned to the new French Revolution. (He was bitter against the French, bitter against Carlyle—"a pest to the Eng-

lish tongue," but a fine healthy old man, with his corrugated face; and Emerson still thought that, with all the torpid places in his mind, the something hard and sterile in his poetry, the want of grace and variety, Wordsworth alone in his time had treated the human soul with an absolute trust.)

With Carlyle his relations had been somewhat disappointing. "Well, here we are, shovelled together again!" Carlyle had said, standing in the door with a lamp, when Emerson arrived at ten o'clock at night. They had met with much affection and talked far and wide before going to bed, but in the morning Carlyle had changed. "What has brought you over to the old country?" he said. "Surely not to 'lecture.' Aren't there enough windbags in Lancashire?" He thought Emerson was a fool to waste his time palavering to Paisley weavers and mechanics; he had grown very cynical and sour; he bespattered the whole world with his oil of vitriol. They found they had little in common; but for Emerson his friend was still the bravest scholar in England, and he was glad to listen. Carlyle was all for murder, money and punishment by death, for slavery and every petty abomination. You praised republics, and he liked the Czar of Russia; you admired free trade and found him a Protectionist; you upheld the freedom of the press, and he wished nothing so much as to turn all the reporters out of Parliament; you stood for free institutions, he for a stringent government that showed people what to do and made them do it. But in all this he plainly revered realities; he

anathematized decorum and respectability; he worshipped fortitude and enthusiasm. And, as Emerson said to himself, he had carried his life erect, made himself a power confessed by all men, taught scholars their lofty duty and scornfully taught the nobles. A hammer that crushed mediocrity and pretension. A divining-rod for all that was real and sound.

Macaulay was another story. In his talk what fire, speed, fury, talent and effrontery! The king of diners-out, but with no affirmative quality, Emerson thought: a historian whose sole interest was to glorify every sort of material advantage. (What a notable greengrocer was spoiled to make Macaulay!) But he had liked George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive: the man who created a material good brought something into the world—a very different thing from the philosopher who said that such goods as these were the ends of life. He had liked Tennyson too, when they dined together at the house of Coventry Patmore. For this musky poet of gardens and parks and palaces, so rich in fancy, so powerful in language, with a colouring like Titian, colour like the dawn, for “Ulysses” and “Ænone” he had long been thankful: a perfect music-box, Tennyson, for all manner of delicate tones and rhythms. And there he was at Patmore’s, with his quiet, sluggish strength, a talking Hawthorne, Carlyle’s “best man in England to smoke a pipe with.” And in Edinburgh he had seen De Quincey, a gentle little elf, with an old, old face, shabbily dressed, with exquisite

speech and manners, who had walked in from the country ten miles on the muddy roads and had *not* spoken like the organ of York Minster. He was quite serene and happy, like a child of seven, telling how he had been robbed by two girls in the street, talking of Landor's *Hellenics* and of *Paradise Regained*, and how he had lost five manuscript books of Wordsworth's unpublished poems. A few days later, Emerson dined with him at Lasswade, where he lived with his three daughters, and De Quincey came back in the coach to hear Emerson lecture. As they entered Edinburgh, De Quincey grew very nervous, until one of the company assured him that his old enemy, the landlady Mrs. MacBold, had moved to another quarter of the town.

Emerson had made up his mind to miss nothing interesting or significant. Never in all his life had he dreamed of so many dinners, breakfasts, receptions (where he found himself the "parlour Erebus" of old). He had gone to breakfast, of course, at Samuel Rogers's, that museum of art and anecdote; talked with Disraeli, Prince Albert, Lord Palmerston, Rothschild; spent an evening with Dickens in John Forster's rooms; visited Turner's studio, and Kew Gardens with Hooker; and Robert Owen had taken him through the Hunterian Museum. And how many other personages he had met, each of whom contributed to his gallery of human nature!—Leigh Hunt, Thackeray, Milman, the Duchess of Sutherland, Faraday, Mrs. Jameson. A young fellow of Oriel, Arthur Hugh

Clough, fascinated by his lectures, had invited him to Oxford; and there he had talked with some of the younger writers, Froude and Matthew Arnold. Clough and Arnold had been much bewildered by Carlyle, and Arnold had written a sonnet in honour of Emerson's *Essays*.

He had gone to Paris for a month. Clough had come over too, and they had dined together daily at a *table d'hôte*. The Revolution of May had broken out, and the streets were full of soldiers; and one day, looking out of his window, Emerson had seen a crowd of furious horses dragging cannon towards the National Assembly. He had spent an evening at Barbès's *Club de la Revolution*, and another at Citizen Blanqui's Club, where the workmen in their blouses spoke with a fire and a deep sincerity that were good to hear; and on May 15 it looked as if the Revolution were going to succeed. But Blanqui and Barbès, who had reigned for a quarter of an hour, were fast in jail by night. Emerson had not really known the French before, and he found himself rapidly correcting his preconceptions. He heard Lamartine speak on the Polish question and Michelet lecture on philosophy. He saw Rachel in *Phèdre* and two other plays and was struck by the terror, the demoniacal power she threw into passages of defiance and denunciation, by the raging fire within her, by the intellectual cast of her manners and carriage. The gaiety and politeness of the people, the fountains and parks and gardens were an endless pleasure; and he said to himself that, if hard should come to

hard, and he needed some refuge of solitude and independence, he would always remember Paris.

More lectures in London followed. A letter had appeared in one of the papers urging him to speak at a price sufficiently low to allow poor literary men to hear him; for "Emerson," the writer said, "is a phenomenon whose like is not in the world, and to miss him is to lose an important part out of the Nineteenth Century." So he read three lectures in Exeter Hall, on Domestic Life, Shakespeare and Napoleon; and now he had lingered on till July, with what a store of impressions! This island, stuffed full in every corner and crevice, with towns, towers, churches, villas, palaces; the number and power of the trades and guilds, the military strength and splendour, the multitudes of remarkable men and women; the old men, red as roses, with their clear skins and peach-bloom complexions; the vigour and brawn of the people (castles compared with Americans), their sound animal structure, their freedom and personal courage had filled him with an ever-increasing respect. A sensible, handsome, powerful race, a population of lords, he was ready to call them. The best of actual nations.

What manners, too, what talent turned into manners! He had caught many a glimpse, perceived many a trait, of that Aristocracy, that dim superior race, unrealized as yet in humanity, of which he had always dreamed. But that race was a race of gods, not lords, commensurate with Nature, all-comprehending, disdainful of the world. The Eng-

lish stood in awe of mundane facts; they confined their aspirations to the means of dealing with facts, and they valued only the faculties that enabled them to do so. In America, he felt, as he turned his face towards home—but he couldn't clearly express the feeling that filled him. Thin and pale the New World danced before bloodshot English eyes. But the New World was a faith, and he lived in the light of it.

CHAPTER XVI

SUMMER days had come to Concord, those glowing summer days that made him sad because he could only spend them once. He sighed for the thousand heads and thousand bodies of the Indian gods, that he might celebrate this immense beauty in many ways and places.

It was good to be at home again, in pleasant Concord, in this kind New England, in this vast slovenly continent, with its high Allegheny pastures and the sea-wide, sea-skirted prairie where slept and murmured still the great mother Nature. Still asleep, Nature, though almost conscious, too much by half for man. A little *triste*, perhaps, with all this rank vegetation of swamps and forests, steeped in dews and rains. But what a poem! A dream never to be told to English ears.

They had laughed when he tried to explain it. Not for them were these mysteries of the unborn, these visions of the law of love and justice. Not for them, with their trim hedgerows and cultivated gardens, their indispensable mutton-chop and spinach, their sodden conceit of antiquity. Not even for Carlyle, great and good as he was, with his "windbags" and "donkeys" and "monkeys," and his "niggers" and "bladders" and "blockheads,"

his "vile Pythons" and "thick-skinned denizens of chaos," his "ninth parts of thinkers" and "Sanhedrins of windy fools," his "ugly universal *snoring* hum of the over-filled deep-sunk Posterity of Adam." Not for the grim Ishmaelite, he of the bad liver and the little faith! Let him scoff as he might at one's azure dreams, but what were the words of the Koran, the book of his own Mohammed?—"On the day of Resurrection those who have indulged in ridicule will be called to the door of Paradise and have it shut in their faces when they reach it."

Alas for those British jokers, with their damnable derision! Let them have their day's joke, as duly as their bread, they that parried earnest speech with banter and levity, that smiled the speaker down or changed the subject! Let them say, over their wine, that "all this about liberty, and so forth, is gone by: it won't do any longer." Let them keep their squalid contentment with conventions, their shop-till politics, their idolatry of usage; trample on other nationalities to reproduce London in Asia and the Antipodes; domesticate and dress the blessed soul itself in English gaiters. Let them glory in that island, that roaring volcano of Fate, material values, gluttoned markets and low prices. They had paid too much for their empire, they that esteemed a philosopher only as they esteemed an apothecary who brought bark or a drench, they for whom inspiration was only some blowpipe or finer mechanical aid. What said Macaulay, the voice of their governing classes?—that

good meant good to eat, good to wear, material commodity, that the merit of modern philosophy was to avoid ideas and morals. Better sick-chairs! Better wine-whey for invalids! "Solid advantage" that reduced intellect to a saucepan! Not so spoke their sages of old, their Bacons and Miltons and Berkeleys, spirits of an endless leisure, basking in an element of contemplation beyond all modern atmospheric gauges! Let them have their laugh—even Carlyle, the brave and strong genius. For him there was only one joke in the end: that all this pettiness and rottenness and cant of the practical, that all these gladiators and causes, were going speedily into the abyss together.

Emerson had foreseen that, once at home again in Massachusetts, he would fall back into his old dream of America. The brawn of the English had made him feel like an invalid. He had seen proofs of sense and spirit. He liked the English, as good as they were handsome: they had everything, they could do everything. And yet the hope of this vast free country, with all things still untried, rose again in his mind. Hope and faith were better than all this resignation to the *fait accompli*! For the rest, the crudeness of America, the gruff Jacobin manners of the American populace, no longer disturbed him so much. He thought of the pirate forbears of the English race, the ferocious dragoons of Hastings. Out of Druids and berserkers were Alfred and Shakespeare made, with all their animal vigour. Could a strong nation develop without strong wild will? These bad manners, he told him-

self, were a screen of porcupine quills by which the germ of genius was concealed and guarded: would not Jacksonism itself, heedless of English literature as of all literature, redeem America in the end from imitation? Let the children of darkness advance, root out in the coarsest way the hollow diletantism of American culture that the generations to come might frame their own world with greater advantage!

He could not but wish that Carlyle had stayed in the Scottish hills, a lonely seer, kept free of that cynics' world of London. For what had those young men told him—Clough at Oxford?—that Carlyle had led them all into the wilderness, led them out and left them. He had cast aside the sham kings, only to embrace the real kings, however bestial; and he had railed at Emerson for addressing the intellectual canaille, the kings-in-essence-on-their-own-account. Canaille? Perhaps. Why quarrel over epithets? But they numbered among them Carlyle's dearest disciples, and they had left the lost leader, the "crabbed, sulky piece of sorrow and dyspepsia," and flocked about Emerson himself, flocked about the gymnosophist, "sitting idle on a flowery bank." Carlyle had turned in his sleep, astonished, in his smoky Babylon, and reopened his Plato. Was there something in this gymnosophy, after all, this idleness, these azure dreams? Was there really something in the world besides "work" and "nigger-driving"? Too late, counsellor of empire-builders, too late!

But what was this on the parlour wall? Guido's

"Aurora," the good Carlyle's gift to the Concord household. What profound health these Hours had, how firmly they trod the clouds! Masculine force in every part of the picture, no convulsion, no foam, no ado; the most flowing grace and ease, like a strain of Mozart. A token of old friendship, the best of friendships, Carlyle's. And what did this letter say, this last letter from Chelsea, that, potatoes having vanished in England, they had tried American meal, "with considerable despair"? That it left a bitter taste in the mouth and made the throat smart?—a serious matter, since now their staff of life was Indian corn. How to cook mush rightly—that was the problem: and was there some pellicle or hull that ought to be rejected when the meal was made? A question for the Concord oracle! (To be sure, Carlyle, the corn is kiln-dried here, to keep it from becoming musty on the voyage, and this accounts for the bitterness. Try this barrel of cobs from the Concord barn! You will find them not only sweet, but with a touch even of the taste of nuts in them.)

A sample of New England, this virile New England which, like Greece, owed its power to the genius of its people. There was no prosperity here, no trade, no art, no city, but, if you traced it home, you found it rooted in the energy of some individual. Here was Henry Thoreau, for instance, like Indian corn himself, even to the taste of the nuts. Henry had taken charge of the house in the master's absence. He had had the same little room at the head of the stairs; and how the fruit-trees

had thriven under his hands, and the tulips and the roses! And Edward, Edith and Ellen! No one could tell such stories as Henry—Homeric tales of battling ants and turtles, of squirrels, hawks and muskrats. He stirred up the fire at tea-time and made the corn pop in the old copper warming-pan. He fashioned pipes of grass, onion-tops, willow-shoots and the stalks of squash and pumpkin. Knives and pencils vanished mysteriously and issued again from Henry's nose and ear; and he took the children camping, took them out to the swamps where the high-bush blueberries grew. They scrambled up together to the top of Wachusett and set to work building a house of boughs, and Henry showed them how to cook and how to live on berries, beans and meal.

None so thoughtful as Henry, with such a conscience: he always did much more than he bargained to do. He had planted a pine wood on Emerson's knoll at Walden, where his bean-field used to be. A little brusque, pugnacious about trifles, a lover of contradiction: he would praise wild mountains for their domestic air, snow and ice for their warmth, wood-choppers for their urbanity and the wilderness for resembling Rome and Paris. He would come to the house and say with little preface what he had just observed, deliver it all in a lump, scowl at any comments and take himself off without another word. He was ill, at home again now; and Emerson sent him a bottle of wine. Had he opened it? Not Henry; and as for taking his arm,

Emerson would as soon have taken the arm of an elm-tree. Well said Mrs. Hoar, that he "talked about Nature just as if she had been born and brought up in Concord"; and Elizabeth, that she loved Henry but could never like him. He was the best of talkers, and one never had the least social pleasure in his company. But how sensitive he was, and how considerate!—just like his brother John. (For John had made a bluebird-box and set it up on the barn, a dozen years before. A melodious family had lived there ever since, singing John's praises.)

One could safely sail for England with such friends as these to defend the Concord household. Who cut this wood, for instance? Ellery Channing. And who built that great rustic Æolian harp up in the boughs of the tree? And that summer-house in the yard? Alcott, with Henry's help. An out-of-doors study, fashioned from limbs of pine, cedar trunks and gnarled branches of oak, gathered by Alcott in his perambulations in the woods—with even a second story. Henry had described it in one of his letters, had said that when he was driving the nails in the roof he felt as if he were "nowhere doing nothing." It was Alcott's idea, of course, and quite spontaneous—no mere work of the brain, no fruit of calculation—with the eaves curving upward to make it more beautiful and the roof lined with moss, in defiance of all the laws of gravity and decay. When it was almost finished, some one said, "It looks like a church"; so off came the Gothic porch. And the countless doors and win-

dows, and the mosquitoes, made it useless for study. With prophetic eye Emerson's mother called it "The Ruin" on the very day it was finished.

But how like Alcott! Nothing could have been more pathetic than this wandering emperor making his round of visits from house to house of those who did not exclude him. What a difference a little success would have made with Alcott, and who deserved it more? His problem of earning a living accused all New England: a huge satire on the social order, the plight of this man, with his courtesy, his refinement, his unalterable sweetness. All other souls were slow and mechanical beside him. No one ever heard Alcott sharp or angry. No one ever heard him raise his voice to beat an opponent. He had no shop-condescensions that others stooped to; yet because he could not earn money by his pen or his talk, or by school-keeping or bookkeeping or editing, because he was ahead of his contemporaries, higher than they, he was condemned to die by the unanimous opinion of all New England judges. They did not condemn him to hemlock, or garroting—they were too hypocritical for that. But they doomed him just the same by refusing to protest against this doom, by not combining to save him and give him employment that would be fit for him and salutary to the State. They would certainly have heard of his death with pleasure and felt relieved that his board and clothes were saved. Alcott was much too good for their Beacon Street and Park Street, and their lawyers' offices and wharves and sterility and *leave-all-hope-behind!*

Too good for their boot-factories and bonnet-factories and pasteboard and eye-to-profit! Alcott, with his idleness and conversation, his "abandonment to the instincts" and his "rural affairs," his Cowley and Evelyn and Pythagoras! And his curved sticks, "every curve in the geometry of beauty." They said that all the young men who followed his influence were lost to popular success. No doubt, and so much the better.

As if beautiful manners were not as meritorious as hard work! And courage: who but Alcott was the first man to visit Garrison in the Leverett Street jail and renew his pledge on the day when *The Liberator* was mobbed! Trust Alcott to defy all Boston, with his cane in his hand—and the utmost philosophic composure. They called him shiftless, insensible to the primary claims of life. But his magnanimity was unparalleled among men of his class. A lover of truth, Alcott, to such a degree that he gladly heard his own from the lips of others. They wished to know if his coat was out at the elbow, or if somebody had not heard from somebody else that Alcott had a new hat, they for whom intellect was a sort of bill of exchange, easily convertible into fine chambers, wines and cigars! Let them sneer away, these clever souls, and assert their superiority; let them beat him down, he so childish and helpless, not apprehending or answering their remarks aright, they such masters of their weapons! But wait till Alcott recovered himself, recaptured his own thought. They would see him then, like an Indian, seizing by the mane

and mounting a wild horse of the desert, and overriding them all!

Alcott was very different from the vulgar monomaniacs of reform, Alcott with his wise love of all real facts, of street faces, and of the broad-shouldered farmer, the domestic woman, the kitchen, the season as related to man. No fine heroic action, no poetic passage made any impression on him, for he expected heroism and poetry in all. How could Boston understand him, with this want of elevation, this absence of ideas, this sovereignty of the abdomen reducing everything to the same poor-ness? One fancied that in the houses of the rich, with the temptation to servility removed, there might be some generosity. But no, one sent these men to Congress and they originated nothing; whatever the question might be, they instantly exhibited the vulgarity of the lowest populace, a lack of all perception and natural equity. They had no opinions of their own; they cringed to their attorneys who told them the opinion of the insurance-offices. As if one could have an aristocracy without real elevation of ideas! Alcott was too much for these people. To make anything of such a man, they would have had to find him in a book a thousand years old, with a legend of miracles appended.

The best of all company, this dervish by the river: none so exciting, he made one think so freely. And how young he was, for all his grey hairs—as Henry said, just on the threshold of life. Very few visitors ever saw him rightly, for Alcott was like

a piece of Labrador spar, dull enough till you turned him to the angle where his colours appeared and he became a jewel; but then he seemed to take up all Time and Nature like a boy's marble in his hand. It was true, he was not exact, not severe with himself; if only he could have been locked up in prison and obliged to define his thought, to render a separate account of his memory and his fancy, his instinct, his analysis! Amusing was Henry's description of him, "rallying for another foray with his pen, in his latter years, not discouraged by the past, into that crowd of unexpressed ideas of his, that undisciplined Parthian army, which, as soon as a Roman soldier would face, retreats on all hands, occasionally firing backwards; easily routed, not easily subdued, hovering on the skirts of society." But his wit was deeper than the serpent's. They had laughed in the old days, those Boston wise-acres, when he made his refractory pupils punish *him*. But the method worked! They had laughed again at his trust in human nature when Alcott gave ten dollars to the confidence-man who had asked for five. But the confidence-man could not endure the strain—he sent the money back. One bitter winter night, when the Alcotts' pile of wood was almost exhausted and they had a baby in the house, a child came begging for fuel. "Give half our stock," said Alcott, "and trust in Providence." The next knock on the door that night was the lumberman's. He could not get to Boston for the drifting snow: would they take his load to oblige him and pay him later? Somehow, as Mrs. Alcott said,

the bread they cast upon the waters always came back buttered.

Alcott was giving Conversations in Boston. His subject was "The Times." He had forty or fifty listeners, Garrison, Lowell and Emerson among them. He began by reading aloud from Pythagoras. Sin, he said, was to be driven out by diet, and then he developed another idea that was destined to have a sturdy life in the future: the blonde and blue-eyed type belonged to the nations of light, to the realm of goodness, while those with dark eyes and hair belonged to the night and evil. One evening, a dark, demoniac man remarked that the great philosophers had taught standing. "I teach; I sit," said Alcott: men of the light, the angelic type, always sat, when uttering their wisdom. When the Conversation drifted too far away, Emerson would come to the rescue; he called on the persons present to express their feelings. And he would not allow them to harass Alcott by asking for definitions. "If this were a class on logic," he said, "and that were the professor's chair, it would be another matter. But in a free, general conversation, the object rather is to draw forth remarks."

Emerson would have paid a regular tribute, if need were, to keep such a royal family in the neighbourhood. (If only to share the expenses of their own almoner's department. And people could say what they liked about Alcott—he had always preferred himself a great tendency to a small revelation.) He helped them to buy their house; he paid for his tickets in gold when Alcott gave one of his

Conversations; he would leave twenty-dollar bills under some book on the table, or behind a candlestick, when the grocer was pursuing them. (Confident that no one would notice it, except perhaps Louisa: they were too much in the habit of carrying their breakfast or their dinner to other families.) It was useless to put money into Alcott's hand: he would only come back smiling from Boston with a huge box of sumptuous writing-paper. But no sight was more reassuring than Alcott in his orchard, so tall, so benign, laughing away so merrily, with his bright, eager glance, piling his russet apples. Adam on the sixth day, with the world all before him where to choose!

One member of the old Concord circle had vanished forever. Margaret Fuller was dead, drowned at Fire Island, and Henry had hastened down, on behalf of them all, to recover the remains. Emerson joined with James Freeman Clarke and William Henry Channing in writing a Memoir: Margaret and her friends, he thought, were an indispensable line in American history, and he wanted to leave some record of his gratitude to that eloquent, constant soul with whom he had shared so many high adventures. He read her faded letters, he plunged into the past and recovered and lived again the glowing days of *The Dial*. Spontaneous, genuine, solitary thought: that was the note of the young in those years of discovery. Margaret's note, above all; and in her Emerson felt he had lost his audience.

Sarah Ripley at the Manse could never take her

place; but a wonderful person this Mrs. Ripley was, Aunt Mary's old friend, George Bradford's sister and the widow of Emerson's uncle, Samuel Ripley of Waltham. The best classical scholar in Concord and one of the best in America, but the last to display her learning or to seek praise or influence. Tall and spare, with her clear blue eyes and her radiant, serene expression, with her plain black robe and her silvery hair, the mistress of six sciences and five languages, the mother of nine children, she was always the centre of interest whenever she appeared in company.

She was Emerson's oldest friend. She had supervised the studies of his boyhood, urged him to correspond with her in Greek, excited his pleasure in Virgil, Rollin, Tacitus, for Sarah's love of learning in those early days was unique even in Boston. She was so "indifferent to trifles" that once, to try her, Mary Emerson had placed a broom in her hand and bidden her carry it through the streets to her lodgings. Sarah had carried the broom across the Common as far as Hancock Street, "without hesitation or remark." As a schoolmaster's wife in Waltham, handsome, gay and burning with enthusiasm, she had taught the boys their Greek and differential calculus, washed, ironed, made the clothes for her children, and the hired man as well, laboured away at Klopstock, chemistry, botany, and "broken Morpheus's head with Italian dramas"—surrounded the while with "cribs, cradles, guards, dolls and playthings."

She had travelled once as far as Waterford,

and insects, birds and eggs, and returned in the evening, marching through the streets of the town with flowers in their hats, to the sound of drums and trumpets. Less pomp attended their own perambulations, but they were not less joyous. They lingered over every pool by the roadside, stopped to examine the buds of the marsh-marigold, tossed stones into the river and watched the circles and dimples and lovely gleaming motions of the water, for time meant as little to them as it meant to old weather-beaten Goodwin, fishing from sun-up to dusk on the bank. They discussed the labours of the farmers whose fields they passed, and the religion of the Indians, so much clearer and fresher, as Henry said, than the desiccated theologies of the paleface, and Shakespeare and Carlyle, Ebenezer Hubbard's pears and the architecture of Palladio, while Ellery's dog Peter, with his cheerful tail, capered through hedge and bush. Nor was the day complete till they had stripped and had their swim, now on the leafy little beach at Fairhaven Bay, now from some willowy ledge at Walden.

For a longer journey, to Sudbury, for instance, they could set out in Emerson's Jersey wagon, stopping wherever they chose: the good mare Dolly could be trusted to stand patiently for half a day at a tree while they roamed about in the woods and pastures. There was nothing like Sudbury meadows on a sunny morning to remind one of Izaak Walton's gentle Lea. The mere sight of Sam Haynes, fishing at the mouth of the Pantry Brook, was enough to set the rhymes running in one's head,

Maine, and once to New York, where she saw Lafayette. But she had the world within her when at last she came to Concord, and her books and Nature were joys that never grew stale. At the Manse she rose at half-past five to get breakfast for her daughter, who went off to Boston to school. Then she passed the morning in the garden, gathering and preparing the vegetables and making clothes, learning Spanish in the meantime, reading Darwin, or sitting with a friend in her little sunny parlour, darning and talking of the flowers. She spent every Sunday evening at Emerson's, with Elizabeth Hoar and Alcott, perhaps, or Henry; and she was charming then, so buoyant and responsive, with her quick movements and her constant play of expression, as she glanced from speaker to speaker.

Margaret was dead, but Concord had secrets of self-renewal. And Henry and Ellery Channing were fountains of life. A perfect companion, Ellery, for a ramble to White Pond, that pretty little Indian basin where Emerson could almost see the sachem canoeing in a shadowy cove; or to Flint's Pond, perhaps, or Nine Acre Corner. Sometimes Henry joined them, and then the blue-bird's warble and the murmur of the brook would be drowned in the play of their talk: strokes of wit, tags of rhyme, and the Latin names of the flowers, for Linnæus too was one of the gods of Concord. They thought of those "herborizations" at Upsala, when the master summoned his class for an excursion into the country and they gathered plants

and insects, birds and eggs, and returned in the evening, marching through the streets of the town with flowers in their hats, to the sound of drums and trumpets. Less pomp attended their own perambulations, but they were not less joyous. They lingered over every pool by the roadside, stopped to examine the buds of the marsh-marigold, tossed stones into the river and watched the circles and dimples and lovely gleaming motions of the water, for time meant as little to them as it meant to old weather-beaten Goodwin, fishing from sun-up to dusk on the bank. They discussed the labours of the farmers whose fields they passed, and the religion of the Indians, so much clearer and fresher, as Henry said, than the desiccated theologies of the paleface, and Shakespeare and Carlyle, Ebenezer Hubbard's pears and the architecture of Palladio, while Ellery's dog Peter, with his cheerful tail, capered through hedge and bush. Nor was the day complete till they had stripped and had their swim, now on the leafy little beach at Fairhaven Bay, now from some willowy ledge at Walden.

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rhymes as sweet as Carew's or Suckling's, sweet as the notes of the redwings and bobolinks that flitted over the fragrant marsh. From afar came the faint sound of the bells of Framingham. They pushed on to the hill for a glimpse of Marlboro. What a spectacle of rustic plenty and comfort, what ample farms, what mountains of pumpkins, what spacious houses, with squashes ripening between their Grecian columns! Gates's, where Dr. Channing used to retreat, was no longer an inn; but they could picnic in the chestnut grove.

Now their goal was the Three Friends' Hill overlooking Concord, when the odour of grapes filled the breeze and the freedom of an orchard was dearer far than the freedom of all the Romes. Now it was the Goose-shore swimming-place on the Assabet, or Baker's Farm, that sumptuous park—if only its owner had known his wealth!—with lawns and slopes and terraces like another Lord Breadalbane's; or Conantum, named by Ellery from its ancient master, Eben Conant, a noble seignior fit for some Yankee Montaigne. Shakespeare himself had not sung a lovelier prospect, and what bard was to save this present beauty from oblivion? If Ellery could only have written as he talked, if, writing, he had not been so shamelessly indolent and slovenly, New England would have had its Virgil, for his mere presence turned the day into the most melodious of eclogues.

An art, walking, like any other, with strict qualifications: endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for Nature, good humour, curiosity, good speech,

good silence and nothing too much. No loud singing, no story-telling, no vain words (Emerson said to himself) profaning the river and the forest. With a loved and honoured companion his sentiments appeared as new and astonishing as the lightning out of the sky: every thought rushed to light, rushed to body, and society was already revolutionized. With Alcott alone he never got very far, for Alcott would stop at the first fence and soon propose to sit down or stroll home again. He believed the world existed for talk alone, though he listened as well as he talked: he was always ready to stretch out on the bank at Walden while Emerson read aloud from the proofs of his new book. With Henry walking was another matter. No graceful idling then, but a strenuous chase, for walking was Henry's work. One stepped along more quickly, submitting to one's guide; and the tempo of one's talk, so often languid, soon grew as brisk as the biting autumn air. Even when Henry stopped to study some plant by the pathside one felt the relentless ticking of his brain. Always in action, that brain, hard, precise, clear as a clock.

Ellery too was hard, hard and cool, and Emerson liked him for it, he who liked dry light and hard clouds, hard manners and hard expressions. But Ellery could melt as well and waken to the most genial mirth. He was full of amusing notions. He suggested setting up in every village a magnified dollar as big as a barrel-head, made of silver or gold. Let Colonel Shattuck, he said, or some other priest be appointed to guard it; they would then

have a local deity and could bring it baked beans and other offerings and perform rites before it. "If a girl is mad to marry," he remarked again, "let her take a ride of ten miles and see meadows and mountains she never saw before, two villages and an old mansion-house, and the odds are it will change all her resolutions. The world is full of fools who get a-going and never stop: set them off on another tack, and they are half cured." He was always laughing at the villagers and their stodgy ways, the passengers on the train squeezing their bundles and the member of the Legislature hastening to drain the last drop of gossip from the trumpy newspaper before he left the car to fodder and milk his kine. And he railed at Concord, he said he would rather have settled on the icy peak of Mount Ararat: it was absolutely the worst spot in the world. ("Think of the climate of Venice," he lamented, "of Cuba, the Azores, Malaga"—there was scarcely a field in Concord he had not watered with his tears.) Then he talked about landscape painting, the only art that was worth a moment's attention. He had much to say of the abundance of lemon-yellow in Nature, in the cistus, the potentilla, the yellow star of Bethlehem. (And what chemist was it?—M. Bouvières—who had spent his whole life producing a yellow pigment.)

So Ellery sauntered along, squandering his jewels as if they were so many icicles, sometimes not comprehended, sometimes not even heard. He was airy and capricious as the spring breeze.

Henry was bleak beside him, bleak as frosty November. (But what a tonic! Even his captious paradoxes kept Emerson's wits in motion. Was he rather inclined to dream and drift? Henry, with a volley of facts, brought him back to the earth.) As they lingered beside some spring, Henry would take out his notebook and scribble away, with a mind fixed upon what he called the particular and the definite. Then Ellery followed suit and tried to recall his impressions, but all in vain. He soon slipped the notebook into his pocket, or scrawled some sketch on the broken page, or contented himself with a few "ideal remarks."

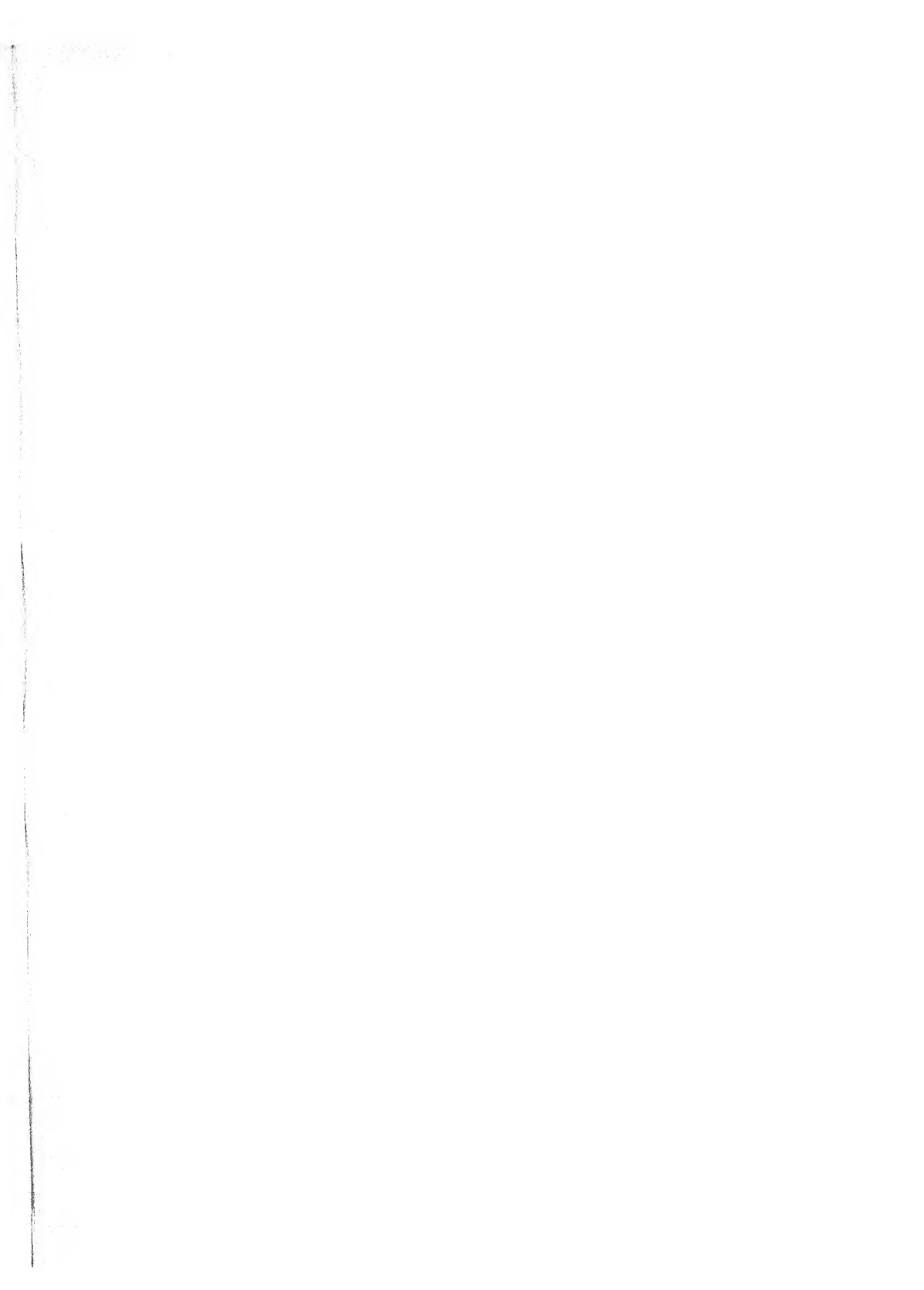
He complained that Emerson was never in the least contented. "When am I going to be perfect? When is the really good rhyme going to be written?" That was the Emerson colic, the terrible Gorgon-face of the future that turned the present into a "thousand belly-aches." (Henry, he said, suffered from a like disease.) It was only because Emerson tried to induce him to work over his poetry. (Come, Ellery, it's not a question of French correctness. Hans Sachs and Chaucer, rather. No occasional delicacy of expression or music of rhythm can atone for stupidities. You bring me lame verses, false rhymes, absurd images. You are simply indulging yourself. Collins would have cut his hand off rather than leave, from a weak self-esteem, a shabby line in his ode.)

Think of a man with such lordly self-repose, such tenderness and fine perceptions, yes, and such

greatness of meaning, think of a poet capable of a line like this—

If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea—

satisfied with warbling like a vireo that whistles all day long in the elm and never sounds a tune! Urgent, fiery glances, poetry like an exquisite nerve communicating by thrills, but nothing finished—threads of gold in a mass of the merest ore. But Ellery despised art; he even sneered at Goethe, thought him dubious, thought Sam Ward was not quite in his senses because he seemed to value his prints from Giotto. ("These idle gentlemen," said Ellery.) In vain Emerson replied that Michael Angelo, Ribera, Phidias, the sculptors of the Parthenon reliefs, had a drastic style that was starker than a blacksmith's. In vain he said there was a pleasure from works of art which nothing else could yield. In vain, that Goethe was the pivotal man of the old and the new times, that those who had not read Goethe were old fogies and belonged with the antediluvians. Even Henry talked this way: when any one spoke of art he would blot a paper with ink, then double it over and defy the greatest artist to surpass his effect. (The least said about art was too much for him and the Hottentots!) But one easily forgave Henry: he wrote, at least, like a Trojan. Ellery was obdurate. "I am sorry, but it stands so written."—"But you can alter it."—"Not one letter," replied the hardened bard.



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 That unveiled the soul of a

man, austere, calm and happy, for whom life was a long revelation of occult harmonies? They burned here and there with an inward ecstasy—with lines too that flashed across the mind like meteors in space.

For Saadi sat in the sun in the joy of an endless present. And for him the front of heaven was filled with fiery shapes.



CHAPTER XVII

CHANG TSOO and Kee Neih retired from the State to the fields because of misrule, and they showed their displeasure at Confucius who remained in the world. Confucius sighed and said, "I can not associate with birds and beasts. If I follow not man, whom shall I follow? If the world were in possession of right principles, I should not seek to change it."

How else could Emerson reply—in the privacy of his journal—when Thoreau and Ellery Channing, not to mention Alcott, took him to task for gadding about the country? He might have remarked that Pythagoras wandered, too; he might have added, with Hobbes, that in the country "one's understanding and invention contract a moss on them, like an old paling in an orchard." Instead, he spoke of his debts. "Look in my pocket, Ellery," he said on one occasion. "Three cents and a counterfeit half-dollar."

To the road, the Lyceums again! He had no alternative. So off he went, whisked away by the stormy wing of Fate and whirled like a dry leaf across the continent.

It was none too pleasant, this junketing, this wading, riding, running and suffering all manner of bumps and bruises. None too pleasant, for a decor-

ous New Englander, dragged out of house and position for this juvenile career, carted about the country at the tail of a discourse, to read it over and over. (Sleeping in railroad stations and hotels where the very air was buttered and the whole atmosphere a volatilized beefsteak.) None too pleasant, for the "Celebrated Metaphysician," as one of the papers called him, this tumbling about in close, dirty cars, this getting to bed at midnight in a freezing room, getting up at five and breakfasting off half-washed crockery, on cold fried fish and potatoes swimming in fat. . . . "I'll bet you fifty dollars a day you will never leave your library and put up with all these miseries!" . . . "I'll bet I will, and win the nine hundred dollars!"

A ridiculous vice of men, forever consulting their dignity! They couldn't go into the quarrel, they couldn't go into the tavern, because they were old; or into the Abolition meeting and attempt to make a speech—it would never do if they failed! For himself, he looked at the wise and saw he was very young; he looked at the stars, he thought of the myriads of aspirant souls, and he saw he was a stranger and a youth and had yet his spurs to win. Absurd, these airs of age! *Ancora imparo*. He carried his satchel still.

Like a poet, yes—no dainty, protected person, apart and odd. A traveller on the common highway, a frequenter of taverns, very naturally and heartily there. A student of botany who had learned that a tree draws only one-twentieth of its nourishment from the ground, that it drinks in the rest

through its leaves from the outer air. A merchant of the simples and herbs of wisdom, of the laws of Plato and Buddha, who had found that if he mixed them with a little Boston water he could sell them in New York and Ohio. An economist who had discovered that the more he spent the more he had to spend, that when he communicated all the results of his thinking he was full of new thoughts. He raked the bright atoms of perception faster together by quitting his fireside and sallying out in pursuit of them. Besides, it was always an incentive to be obliged to prove his quality all over again with every stranger he met.

He learned the resources of the country. He encountered the revolutionary force in the most unlikely corners. Very young in their education were those who required distinguished men in order to see grand traits: he found them in porters and sweeps. All sorts of surprising souls turned up at his lectures: that poor Platonist Taylor, for instance, at Amesbury, and the shoemaker at Berwick, Maine, and Tufts at Lima, New York. And Thomas Truesdale, the Wall Street cotton-broker, and Rebecca Black, the seamstress, Hermann who made the toys and Edward Stubler, the druggist in Alexandria. What natural clearness of insight these people had and how they confirmed his faith in human nature! (Was that old Quaker surprised that he thought her worthy of notice? But if she had said Yea, and the world had thundered Nay, she would still have said her Yea!) It was true that man was an angel in disguise, a god playing the

fool, that he wanted to be awakened, to get his soul out of bed, to be stirred from his deep habitual sleep to a sense of his own power to shake the world. He wanted to be awakened, that prosy, selfish sensualist, and who was able to do it better than Emerson himself? As a magnet separates the particles of steel in a heap of filings and rubbish, so in the minds of his listeners he separated all that was active, creative and fine from the slothful remainder. Life, at the sound of his voice, sprang out of apathy, and faith out of unbelief.

Who could resist that voice, with its wild, strange melody, with its intonations and cadences as of some Hungarian dance? Or that speaker, motionless on the platform, save for an occasional thrust of his right hand, clenched with the fingers upward? (Straight and thin as a birch-tree in winter, with his hatchet face, half Indian, half the face of an eagle, peering, peering.) His voice, one listener observed, seemed to have no connection with the physical man. It had shoulders in it which he had not, lungs far larger than his, a walk the public never saw, a fist for which his own hand never gave him the model.

He was travelling westward now, each year farther and farther. St. Louis, Springfield, Milwaukee. He was going to school to the prairies, where it rained and thawed incessantly and he stepped off the newly paved streets and was up to his shoulders in mud. Well he knew the bitter evenings, the "singers," of Illinois, when the mercury stood at 28 below zero and the landlord merrily said they had



no cold weather in those regions, only Indian summer occasionally and coolish nights. He slept on the floors of canal-boats, wrapped in a buffalo-robe, in a wreath of legs, and drove in buggies across the plains fifty miles in the icy wind. And many a time he saw the waves of Lake Michigan tossing in a bleak snowstorm.

The world out there, as the settler said, was "done up in larger lots." The talk was all of sections and quarter-sections (of swamp and forest); there were placards in the hotels pleading against the fury of expectoration and saying that no gentleman could come to the public table without his coat; and he didn't need to discover that in all he called cultivation these kindly, sinewy farmers were only ten years old. How could he be surprised when the stout Illinoisan, after giving him a ten-minutes' trial, stamped out of the hall? He was more the student than the teacher in this land of wonders, where the prairie grass at La Salle was higher than the top of his carriage, higher than the head of a man riding on horseback. He had always delighted in men who could "do" things, men of the drastic class, and the Western farmers had drawn from their local necessities what stores of heroic energy! They lived on venison and quails like children of Homer.

He encountered again those men who were natural founders of cities, sensible, steady, wise and prompt in action. And towns and towns, solid and stately squares turned out as if by machinery, like cloth and hardware. And countless other marvels,

inanimate marvels, unfused as yet with the electric will of man. Interminable silent forests, the raw bullion of Nature. Miles of acres at Pittsburgh, each with three or four bottoms, rich soil, bituminous coal, iron, salt (almost as many bottoms as the human soul). And the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where he lost the light of day, where he walked under mimic stars and sailed on Stygian streams, eighteen miles in the darkness. And relics of a fathomless past. A mass of copper, unearthed near Lake Superior (six tons? or twenty-three?), standing on end, on wedges, with a wooden bowl beside it, and axes and chisels of stone (and trees that had grown above it since it was lifted, with three hundred and ninety rings). And what strange confirmations of his reading! He happened to be glancing through Tacitus' *De Germaniis*, in Missouri and Illinois, and he noted all sorts of resemblances between the Germans of the Hercynian forest and these Hoosiers, Suckers and Badgers of the American woods.

He always enjoyed his adventures in Horace Greeley's country. (For Horace was the spiritual father of all these regions. What bales of *Tribunes* were dispersed there every day! Horace did everyone's thinking for two dollars a year.) He liked to get away from the Eastern seaboard, from Boston, Cambridge, New York, where the current of American life was so superficial. The nervous, rocky West was intruding a new and continental element into the national mind: out there the passion for Europe had yielded to the passion for

America, and he seemed to discern the dawn of a native genius. It was true that he saw little more than a certain maniacal activity—no intellectual power; true that the mass of the people had only arrived at a kind of slovenly plenty, an unbuttoned comfort, not clean, not greatly thoughtful, without dignity in its repose. Yet he couldn't but feel that all these buffalo-hunters, these rough-riders, these legislators in shirt-sleeves, were better than the Whigs at home. Wild liberty in the end bred iron conscience; and sooner or later the managing of the public lands and all the gigantic tasks that lay before them would bestow on the pioneers promptness, address and reason, authority, the majesty of manners.

For the rest, what strange people he was always meeting, each with a new horizon! That old sharper, for instance, who said his conscience was as good as ever it was: he had "never used it any." And Bassnett in Illinois who gave him his book, *Outlines of a Mechanical Theory of Storms*. (Not sound, of course, but it seemed to break a new path in science.) And Sylvester Judd, of Yale, the author of *Margaret*, who had drifted away from home and was living on "sunsets." (He said he was a minister and talked with the sick and dying. All very well, replied Emerson, if people were sick and died to any purpose; but, as far as he had observed, they were quite as frivolous as the rest, and a man peremptorily needed other companions.)

He signalized each journey by putting in his bag some Latin, French or Italian book he had al-

ways wanted to read, Martial, the *Vita Nuova*, Beaumarchais; for classics, dull at home as they often seemed, had a singular charm on the train. (What genial, miraculous force he had known to proceed from a book! When all things seemed most sterile he would take up Plutarch or Augustine, and read a few pages, and lo! the air swam again with life. Homer, Plutarch, Plato, Shakespeare, Jonson. These mighty painters of grand and heroic behaviour were his friends and daily companions. Was the real world about him painfully trivial, were his actual friends so congenial to his emptiest moods that their influence was noxious? Then he passed in fancy into this world of words and found himself expanding to his proper dimensions. They were two-lived, these heroes: they lived again in the fact that he felt their life. Books: were they grand and tonic, did they speak of happy leisure, of courage, vigour, cheer? Books: were they spermatic? In books he traversed the universe with Vishnu, planting his foot three times—and the whole world was collected in the dust of his footstep. He mounted the tripod over the cave at Delphi. He rode on the horse of the Cid, who had never been conquered.)

And the railroad pleased him too. Highly poetic, this strong shuttle, shooting through forest, swamp, river and arms of the sea, binding city to city!

CHAPTER XVIII

1850. The Fugitive Slave Law had passed both houses of Congress. Emerson awoke each morning with a painful sensation. He carried it about all day. It robbed the landscape of its beauty and took the sunshine out of every hour.

He had lived all his life in Massachusetts and had never had to submit to any check on his free speech and action. But now, at any moment he might be summoned to report and return to bondage a fugitive slave. *He* might be summoned, a citizen of Massachusetts! Then one thing was certain: everything he had, everything he could do would be given and done to defy the will of the State.

Odious news in each morning's paper. A crime to harbour a slave! Then Henry Thoreau was a criminal, and Mrs. Thoreau, and Edwin Bigelow, the blacksmith—criminals for breaking a law that no man could obey without loss of self-respect! He longed for nine lives to spend them all in breaking it himself. Boston, spoiled by prosperity, had bowed its ancient honour in the dust. The city and the suburbs were all involved in one hot haste of terror—presidents of colleges, professors, ministers, brokers: not a liberal recollection, not so much as a snatch of an old song for freedom, intruded on their

passive obedience. Webster himself had fallen—the life and soul of the Law—and carried New England with him.

It was time for Emerson to throw himself into the cause, this cause of anti-slavery. He had often awakened at night and reproached himself for not having done so earlier. But then, he had said to himself, he had very different slaves to free than the negroes—imprisoned spirits, imprisoned thoughts, far back in the brain of man, that had no defender but himself. Had not John Randolph said, and wasn't it true?—"We do not govern the people of the North by our black slaves but by their own white slaves." These white slaves, yes—they were his proper concern: ignorance, barbarity, prejudice. The one thing not to be condoned in intellectual men was not to know their own task, or to take their ideas from others: and how easily their minds were destroyed by a dissipated philanthropy! From this want of rest in their own and rash acceptance of other people's watchwords came the imbecility and fatigue of their conversation. For they could not affirm these watchwords from any original experience, from the natural movement and strength of their own souls.

This question had often recurred in his dealings with the reformers. As often the answer had come: his business was to insist on central soundness, not superficial applications. "Go love thy infant, love thy woodchopper," he had felt like saying to the Abolition bigots, "and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tender-

ness for black folk a thousand miles off." But often his faith had been shaken: often he had broken his rule, on the impulse of the moment, or on some occasion of unusual provocation. There had never been any doubt where his sympathies lay. As a minister, in the old days, he had admitted a speaker against slavery into his pulpit. In a lecture in Boston he had spoken of the heroism of Lovejoy, the anti-slavery martyr of Illinois, while a "cold shudder," as one listener said, "ran through the audience at this braving of the current opinion." Then in 1837 he had spoken on slavery in Concord, to protest against the attempts to stifle freedom of speech. Every church in Boston but one, and almost every hall, was closed to the Abolitionists: and even in Concord he could not find room till the Second Church allowed him the use of its vestry. When all said, Hush! he could only say, Proclaim! He could only insist on the sacred duty of New England to maintain free discussion of every question involving the rights of man.

But slavery had never aroused him half so much as President Van Buren's removal of the Cherokees. In 1838 this whole nation of eighteen thousand souls was driven away from its lands in Georgia, put into carts and boats and dragged over mountains and rivers to a wilderness beyond the Mississippi—dragged from its fields and villages, thanks to a sham treaty signed by a handful of traitors. All but a few had protested, "This is not our act." And yet the Government had ratified the error. Emerson had always loved the Indians; he

had heard of the worth and civility of the Cherokees; he knew their social arts. And the truth was out that the whites had broken faith with their allies and wards, a crime that simply confounded his understanding. Could he pass unnoticed this outrage on human nature? (Would the American Government lie? Would it steal? Would it kill?) He had written a letter to the President, for his days and nights were blackened by the news.

So far as the negroes were concerned, he had never accepted the complacent view of Boston that slavery was a part of the natural order of the world. He had never forgotten how, as a young theological student, he had visited a meeting of the Bible Society of St. Augustine while a slave auction was going on outside. The cry of "Going, gentlemen, going!" had come through the windows and mingled with the pious exhortations of the chairman: and with one breath he might have bidden for "four children without the mother" and aided in sending the Scriptures to the continent from which they had been kidnapped. He had not forgotten the manners of the Southern negroes. How much richer their nature was than that of the Yankees!—a wild cedar swamp, luxuriant with all vegetation of grass and moss and ferns, with rains and sunshine, mists and moonlight, birds and insects filling its wilderness with life and promise. Gentle and joyous themselves, they seemed to make the greatest amount of happiness out of the smallest capital. The negro's hour was coming, and the Abolitionist was logically right. But his own quar-

rel was not with the state of affairs. No: with the state of man.

But his feelings had gradually changed. The mind of the country was poisoned. Choate was publicly saying that "the stern old Puritans of 1620 would have spurned the rose-pink sentimentalism of resisting the Fugitive Slave Law." Seward's "Higher Law than the Constitution" had become a national joke; and a Western man in Congress spoke of the opponents of the Texan and Mexican plunder as "every light character in the House." Scholars, writers, leaders of opinion, terrified by the thought of disrupting the Union, were ready to accept any demand of the South; and New England had become the vassal of South Carolina. The refugee, whom the fame of Boston had reached in the depths of some Southern swamp, arrived there only to find that all the force of the State was employed to catch him: the famous town of Boston was his master's hound. More intolerable still, free negroes of Massachusetts were enslaved at Southern ports; and Samuel Hoar, who had gone to Charleston to protest against this infamy, had been driven out by a mob. If Massachusetts could no longer protect its own, then, Emerson said to himself, let the Governor break the broad seal of the State.

What turned the tide in his mind was the defection of Webster. Could he ever undo the mischief this leader he had so revered had wrought in the minds of his countrymen? Webster had gathered up in himself the opinions and wishes of the peo-

ple. He turned this way or that, and the nation followed him; and now he had renounced, Emerson thought, all the great passages of his career. His speeches denouncing slavery, his speech against Hayne and Southern aggression, his eulogy of Adams for resisting the encroachments of the South, his speeches and writings in behalf of Hungarian liberty—what were they worth on the day when he surrendered the natural rights of every American? He had gone over in an hour to the party of force. He had made the country a jail for the slaves of the Southern planters. The fairest American fame had ended in this filthy Law.

The "solid portion of the community," in Emerson's eyes, had begun to look like sharpers and beasts of prey. He could understand at last Garrison's reply when some one urged him to keep cool, saying he was all on fire: "I have need to be all on fire, for I have mountains of ice about me to melt." He set to work to prepare for a campaign. He had a den built in his attic for any fugitive slave who happened to be passing through Concord. His mare and his covered wagon were always ready to drive a slave to South Acton to meet the train for Canada. He began to collect material for a History of Liberty. He pored over Cicero, Grotius, Coke and Blackstone to be able to quote the masters of jurisprudence as affirming that no law had any validity that was contrary to the law of Nature. Moncure Conway, a young Virginian minister, was visiting Concord at the time. He had left the South and his own inheritance of slaves and had lost pul-

pits in Washington and Cincinnati through his anti-slavery opinions; and he gave Emerson a number of practical arguments on the effect that emancipation would have in the South. Never before had Emerson resorted to argument, but all his mental habits were changing now. He was going to fire a gun for every one of the hundred that Boston had fired to celebrate the passing of the Law.

So Emerson "came out" in 1851. He spoke in Boston, Cambridge, at the country Lyceums. Volleys of hisses and catcalls drowned his words, but he stood quietly and waited for the noise to cease, then continued with perfect composure. He quoted Blackstone to the judges; he attacked the tameness of Boston. Of Webster he said: "He must learn that those who make fame accuse him with one voice, that he who was their pride in the woods and mountains of New England is now their mortification,—they have torn down his picture from the wall, they have thrust his speeches into the chimney. No roars of New York mobs can drown this voice in Mr. Webster's ear. It will outwhisper all the salvos of the Union Committee's cannon. . . . All the drops of his blood have eyes that look downward."

The Law itself, he said, was one that every man should break at every hazard. It was contravened by the sentiment of duty, by the sentiments of pity and charity, by the written laws themselves, for the sentiments wrote the statutes. And Massachusetts would have to take the lead. "Massachusetts is a little state: countries have been great by ideas.

Europe is little compared with Asia and Africa: yet Asia and Africa are its ox and its ass. Europe, the least of all the continents, has almost monopolized for twenty centuries the genius and power of them all. Greece was the least part of Europe, Attica a little part of that—one-tenth of the size of Massachusetts. Yet that district still rules the intellect of men. Judea was a petty country. Yet these two, Greece and Judea, furnished the mind and heart by which the rest of the world is sustained: and Massachusetts is little, but, if true to itself, can be the brain which turns about the behemoth."

During the ten years that followed, till the Civil War broke out, Emerson constantly spoke on subjects connected with slavery. His proposal was to free the slaves by purchase, the method the British had followed in the West Indies. He spoke of the assault on Sumner—"that noble head, so comely and so wise, the target for a pair of bullies to beat with clubs." Then in 1856, in a speech on "Affairs in Kansas," he prophesied the outcome of all these calamities. "The hour is coming when the strongest will not be strong enough. A harder task will the new revolution of the Nineteenth Century be, than was the revolution of the Eighteenth Century. I think the American Revolution bought its glory cheap. If the problem was new, it was simple. . . . But now vast property, gigantic interests, family connections, webs of party, cover the land with a network that immensely multiplies the dangers of war. . . . I wish we could send the sergeant-at-

arms to stop every American who is about to leave the country. Send home every one who is abroad, lest they should find no country to return to. Come home and stay at home while there is a country to save. When it is lost it will be time enough then for any who are luckless enough to remain alive to gather up their clothes and depart to some land where freedom exists."

Three years later, in 1859, John Brown was hanged in Virginia. It was a sultry day in Concord, with heavy clouds and a wind blowing from the South. At noon, at the hour of the old man's death, his friends gathered at the Town Hall. Alcott was there, and Ellery Channing, who read aloud Raleigh's "The Soul's Errand." Emerson read a poem by William Allingham and made a little speech. Then the company sang a funeral hymn composed by the new schoolmaster, Frank Sanborn.

For John Brown had many lovers in Concord. He had twice visited the town as Frank Sanborn's guest: the last time, in fact, he had set out directly thence for Harper's Ferry. Twice he had spoken at the Town Hall. Standing on the platform, he had shaken the very chain worn by one of his sons who had been taken prisoner and tortured by the champions of slavery. And he slept, the last night, with a big knife by his side and a pistol under his pillow.

He spent an evening at Emerson's house and told again the story of his adventures. A Western Cid, Emerson thought him, a border hero whom Scott

would have loved to paint, with his weather-beaten face, his wild eyes and the black leather stock that he wore about his neck. He said that as a boy of twelve he had conducted alone a drove of cattle one hundred miles across the plains of Ohio. He could instantly detect a strange sheep in his flock of three thousand; he could read the signals by which animals communicate with one another; he slept on his horse as readily as in his bed. He had the senses of an Indian and the faith of a Hebrew prophet; and to Emerson he seemed a figure out of some primitive epic.

Emerson knew nothing in advance of the Harper's Ferry project; but for him it was enough, when Brown was finally condemned, that no motive of spite or revenge had determined the undertaking. Brown was a lion to the last. "There is somewhat not philosophical in heroism; there is somewhat not holy in it," he had written once. "It seems not to know that other souls are of one texture with it; it has pride; it is the extreme of individual nature. Nevertheless, we must profoundly revere it. There is somewhat in great actions, which does not allow us to go behind them. Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right. . . . For the hero that thing he does is the highest deed, and it is not open to the censure of philosophers or divines." John Brown was another witness to the truth of Emerson's thought.

CHAPTER XIX

TO-DAY the carpets had to be cleaned. Yesterday came the cousins. The day before was the funeral of poor S——. And every day Emerson remembered the rope of work he had to spin. He tried to listen to the hymn of the gods and he heard this perpetual *cock-a-doodle-doo*, right under the library windows. The gods, he said to himself, should respect a life whose objects were their own. And they rolled him in the dust and jumped upon him!

Still they came, the visitors. Pale, withered people with gold-filled teeth and minds in the same dilapidated condition, drugged with books for want of wisdom. Exaggerating people who talked of "moments when their brain seemed bursting with the multitude of thoughts." (As if there were any danger!) People like those boys who watch for a sleigh-ride and mount on the first sleigh that passes, then swing to another and ride in another direction, not caring where they go so long as there is snow and company. Ladies who said that they were going to die, when all they meant was that they wanted a nap. Insane people who bit you and made you run mad also. Familiar people, with no deference, no pleasure in keeping the island of the

man inviolate. And everybody, old men, young women, boys, played the doctor with Emerson and prescribed for him.

Those unfortunate days of August and September! When the two cows were due from New Hampshire and he learned that they had strayed on the way and were lost. When the annual muster approached, bringing alarms to all housekeepers and orchard-owners. When he had sprained his ankle and his hands were palsied from the crutches. When a strong southwest wind blew all day, stripping every loaded pear-tree of its fruit, just six weeks too early. (And this year he had really hoped to win the prize at the Cattle Show!) When a letter arrived saying that his publishers were about to fail. These were the happy days for Mr. Crump! The Monumentals came, in landaus and barouches, wishing his large aid in behalf of Mount Vernon, or of Ball's statue of Webster, or President Quincy in marble: and the agent-lady from the Cape who had three blind sisters (and several dumb ones) and had been advised to put them in the poorhouse. (Never!—so long as she could peddle books and demand praise and tears for her resolution.)

Visitors. Buna, for instance. It could not be said of Buna that she lived entirely for her dinner, patiently absorbed as she was in this capital event of the day. No, for she was not less dedicated to her supper, nor less to her breakfast. You had studied her character imperfectly if you thought she lived in these. No, she wished to keep her feet warm, and

she liked a soft seat, and expended a skill and generalship on securing the red chair and a corner *out* of the draught and *in* the air that was worthy of a seat in heaven. In a frivolous age, Buna was earnest. She groaned, she watched at night, she waited by day for her omelette and her lamp with the smooth handle, and when she went out of the house it was a *row* for half an hour.

Visitors. Mulchinock, the poetaster. The poet sent a copy of his verses to the printer. Thenceforward he was relieved, the human race took charge of it, and it flew from land to land, from language to language. He was even forced to prove, perhaps, like Campbell, that he had written the lines, so entirely had they become the property of the race. But poor little Mulchinock, having made what he called verses, went about and read them to all who could be made to listen, begged you to befriend them and quote them and sign a certificate that they *were* verses; and, in short, devoted himself to the business of nurse or attendant to these poor rhymes, which, God knew, needed all this backing and would go to the devil in spite of it. (Alas, Emerson thought, a dim, venerable public decides upon every work. It takes its place, by no effort, friendly or hostile, but by its real importance to the constant mind of man. And this in a way that no individual can affect by praise or blame.)

Imperfect persons, these visitors, with some partial thought or local culture. Emerson could have counted on his fingers all the sane men that ever came to him. How many were degraded in their

sympathies!—with native aims high enough but a relation all too tender to the gross people about them. There were women who looked at his carpet, at his cook and waitress, conventionally, to see how close they squared with the customary cut in Boston. And the heavy souls who insisted on pounding. (In vain he tried to choke them off, to avoid the slaughter-house details: straightway they began at the beginning, and thrice they slew the slain. Society *must* be distressing, and there was an end of it.) And the flatterers—as if Cathmore did not dwell in the wood to avoid the voice of praise! And the busy-minded. (Men ran away from the smallpox. Why had they no fear of the smallpox of small society, the vermin, the tapeworm of politics, of trifling city life, that was eating their vitals?) And the followers, the would-be disciples—dangerous, these. The more eagerly his school crowded about him, the more difficult it was for him to forget their love, to compromise his influence by advancing further. Was he to stop where they wanted him to stop, at the phase where they apprehended him? Was his that “hour so fair” that Faust besought to linger—linger, yes, and fester? (Flow onward, life, and leave these heights behind!) They wished him not to take another step lest they should be left in the dark. Away with this egoism, theirs and his together! A man should stand among his fellows as one coal lies in the fire it has lighted, radiating heat but lost in the general flame. For the rest, what was the value of insight that did not create independence? And the best wisdom could

never be communicated; it had to be acquired by every soul for itself.

(Go back to Plymouth, my friends, to Providence, to Worcester, and mind your business too! I shall give you no categorical answers, but look beside you and speak the thought that suggests itself—"listen behind you for your wit," as Thoreau says; so perhaps I can throw your problem into a fresh perspective and start you thinking anew. In good society—say, among the angels—everything is spoken by indirection and nothing quite straight as it befalls. Who wishes to dwell in the region of two-plus-two, as if Euclid were not one's next-door neighbour?)

How different, Emerson reflected, how different one man could be in two hours! Whilst he sat alone in his study and opened not his mouth he was God manifest, in flesh. In a parlour with unfit company he talked like a fool. But at least, if those sought him whom he did not seek, he would hold them stiffly to their rightful claims. Give them cake and lemons, give them his ripest pear, if that was what they came for; give them his conversation, but admit them never into any infringement of his hours. For the rest, all praise to the farmer's scale of living: plain plenty, without luxury or show, that drew no wasteful company and escaped an army of cares. Hospitality, yes—a little fire, a little food, but enough, and quiet, quiet, quiet.

Visitors! But this was the penalty of living in Concord. *En France, tout arrive*. (Living anywhere, in fact. How rich the poorest place when

sensibility arrived! How magical was poor Walden under Ellery's eyes!) It was just as Mrs. Sedgwick said of Lenox: you could go to New York or London, but sitting still, year after year, she had found that all the people she had heard of and wished to see came by, sooner or later. The cranks and bores came, but the great men came, too. And how many obscure persons who excited Emerson's wonder, speculation, delight! Poor and mean the world looked when he thought only of the great; but when he recollected the charm of certain women, the poems of many private lives he knew, when he thought of the millions he knew not, he felt how rich he was, set down in such a world, gifted with the power to communicate with such an accomplished company.

Those young Harvard philosophers, for instance, Renouf and Washburn, who walked out from Cambridge and told him such fine things of their mates in the senior class. And Eustis, with another tale of heroes. And that boy from Andover Academy, John Albee, who had so many doubts about his education, doubts about going to college—though they taught "all the branches." ("Yes, indeed," said Henry, who happened to be in the room, "the branches and none of the roots.") He was much amused when Emerson mimicked Carlyle and was glad to take the copy of Herbert's poems and keep it for a year. One could freely say, in Albee's presence, that there seemed to be a good crop of poets in this new generation.

One event never lost its romance for Emerson, the

alighting of provocative persons at his gate. Aunt Mary, first of all, breathing fire. "The wittiest and most vivacious person I know, the most profitable to meet," as Henry said. "She is singular in being really and perseveringly interested to know what thinkers think. In spite of all her biases, she can entertain a large thought with hospitality."

She had entertained all the thoughts of Concord. She distrusted Alcott's theories: the superstructure, she said, was "gilded and golden," but the foundations were "in the depths of"—she couldn't quite say what. But Henry's "extensive mentality" had broken down her defenses, and he always enjoyed crossing swords with her. One evening when the sibyl had just arrived, he hastened in to read his manuscript to her. In some passage the word "god" was used in a purely heathenish sense, and Aunt Mary inquired, in a tone of dignified anxiety, "Is that god spelt with a little g?" Fortunately for Henry, it was. Then Mrs. Thoreau called on her, wearing, as usual, a cap with long yellow ribbons and still longer bonnet-ribbons. "Mrs. Thoreau," she presently remarked, "you may have noticed that while we were speaking of your admirable son I kept my eyes shut."—"Yes, Madam, I have noticed it."—"It was because I did not wish to look upon those ribbons of yours, so unsuitable at your time of life, and to a person of your serious character."

To reprove was Aunt Mary's vocation. Once Henry James was spending the night in Concord. (An enchanting guest, this Saul among the

prophets, who had come to Boston to live—miscast again.) Alcott and Henry were there: Alcott had the floor indeed, for one of his Conversations. He was launching out, the cloud-compeller, and all Concord kept silence before him; he was spreading his wings for a flight over the void when the irrepressible James called for a definition.—Surely, Mr. Alcott, in a conversation you won't mind a few words from your spellbound listeners? . . . But Alcott did mind. A definition? To *define* was to *confine*—so he said, and great airships are not like tugs and catboats: they must have plenty of time to get under way. . . . Another thrust from James, and the airship was on the rocks. Pythagoras said no more and Saul had the ear of the company. What a laughing rigmarole! What gusts of earnest love of humankind! Society was to blame, said James, for all the crime that was committed. Let the criminal shout from the gallows that he had never been treated kindly by a single mortal! And then he pitched into the "moral law"—by which he meant self-conscious moral judgment. Aunt Mary rose in her shroud. She did not stir from her place, but she stood upright; and, raising her hands, she clasped them above her head and anathematized this pagan.

Beaming James rocked in his seat; for when she said these things one liked oneself the better. "The finest wits," she also said, "have their sediment," and there was still hope for a sinner. "Hope lives and travels on with the speed of suns and stars."

How much women taught one! Emerson thought. You wished to please them and say something they would like to hear, and by meeting them often you gained skill in this. There was Henry, the ever-intractable, so certain that whatever pleased an audience must be bad. He loathed soapy sympathy. What daggers he looked when poor Mr. Lovejoy, the preacher, tapped his book and said, "Here's the chap who camped in the wood." Alas for Mr. Lovejoy! "Here's the chap who camps in the pulpit," said Henry. What scorn he felt for Emerson when the latter said he would like to write something like *Robinson Crusoe* that would please young and old! The fewer persons you reached, he said, the better you wrote and lectured. But who liked to please Aunt Mary more than Henry? Who liked to please the children? One evening, at supper, before one of his Lyceum lectures, Edith asked him pointedly whether his lecture would be a nice interesting story, such as she wanted to hear, or whether it was one of those old philosophical things she did not care about. Henry turned to her, taken aback: he was plainly trying to believe that he had something to say that would fit Edith and Edward.

Visitors! Delia Bacon, so shy, so proud, with her mad theory of the key to Shakespeare—a Lady Quixote not to be dismissed with any shrug of the shoulders. No mythical family pride had led her to believe that Bacon and a company of wits had written the plays. That question, with her, was subordinate, though she well said that the idea of the

authorship largely controlled one's appreciation of the works themselves. ("What new worlds such an authorship would enable us to see in them!") Bacon, she thought, cringing and truckling in his life, had yet preserved a mental reservation, "perpetually set down by shining Ariels on margins that will yet give out their colours. . . . Something still sat within, in purple, crowned, unbending, that never stooped or wavered, smiling to see its 'high charms work.' " But her main concern was the clue, yet to be discovered—in Shakespeare's coffin, she thought—to the poet's inner sense, the true knowledge of all things, which the plays were written to reveal and which, through the key she had found, the world was about to learn. Sadly dubious, it all seemed to Emerson, and yet with a plausibility! And how courtly, how merely courtly she made her Shakespeare; she would not allow for the tinker element and experience that belonged to the greatest poets. But she had read much in the plays that the critics of the Athenæum would never read, much that only a noble soul could find.

She came in 1852, and Emerson placed in her hand what letters he could muster, for Miss Bacon was going to England. (Carlyle would be sympathetic.) He wished her a prosperous voyage. (With what misgivings! Could he not almost foresee the anguish that awaited her? The silent devotion, the loneliness, the poverty, that strange midnight hour in the Stratford church, with the willing vicar waiting, the terrible doubt rising by the unopened grave? And the madhouse? But even

now he knew what he would say at the end, say with his Latin poet: "Had she not been mistaken she would have accomplished less.")

Then who was this at the door? Horatio Greenough, his old Florentine friend, just returned from Italy. (His professor of sculpture in Concord University.) The same Greenough shining in his study, magnanimous as ever, with his courage and cheer and depth. How old? "Forty-seven years of joy I have lived." He had made the model of the Bunker Hill Monument. ("An obelisk says but one word, *Here!* but it speaks very loud.") And he made Emerson think of the Italian heroes—Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Alfieri.

What clear light, what rare elevation of thought! The grandest of democrats, Greenough. Emerson would never have refused to fife in his regiment. What a lie, said Greenough, this theory of culture was, this drawing on helpless humanity for the sake of a single class! Wasn't everything generative and everything connected? "The rowdy eyes that glare on you from the mob say plainly that they feel you are doing them to death; you, you have got the chain somewhere round their limbs; your six-per-cent is as deadly as the old tomahawk, and war, war to the knife, is between you and us." What could any one see in the old Egyptian architecture, in the architecture of the Middle Ages, but "cost to the constituency," the toil of prostrate millions?

Emerson's notebook yawned for some of his phrases. (He would have to digest them later.)

Beauty for beauty's sake, he said, was embellishment, non-functional embellishment, and false, childless, moribund. Look at the Greeks! (How Greenough loved austerity!) The adherence of the Greeks to the osseous fabric and to all the geometric necessities enabled them, as soon as plastic ornament was to be attempted, to carry into that, also, geometric truth. No surface finish, no deviations for the sake of a luxurious variety. Had Emerson really looked at the Elgin marbles? In that procession of horsemen, though every part was fixed, yet all the attitudes of the horse were given, and one figure supplied the defects of another. Thus you observed a horse put through all his motions, so that movement was enjoyed and you almost saw the dust.

Greenough was full of sense and almost free from crotchets. He wanted to stop commerce, to insulate the Americans, and put an end to the foreign influence that denationalized them. And he spoke again of the old artists and how they taught one another, the importance of a school, of an atelier. (These lonesome New Englanders!) What abounding discourse! There were three Horatii now in Emerson's Rome: Horace Greeley, Horace Mann, Horatio Greenough. No one had so charmed and invigorated him for months.

Visitors! They were streaming to Concord from all the corners of the earth. Englishmen, Germans, Hungarians, Swedes. Representative men meet for the conduct of life! Emmanuel Scherb had been settled for a year in the town, a German exile, a

grave, stately professor who had fought against the Jesuits in Switzerland. He was lecturing on Hegel in the little Orthodox vestry, and he addressed his twelve listeners and the empty benches with as much elegance and finish as if his audience had been one of lords and duchesses. Then in 1852 Louis Kossuth came, that man truly in love with the greatest future. He wanted to see the bridge where a handful of farmers had opened a Revolution; and Emerson couldn't but tell him, in his speech of welcome, that Concord reserved its honour for actions of the noblest strain. An angel of freedom, Kossuth, crossing sea and land, crossing parties, nationalities, private interests, dividing populations wherever he went and drawing to him only the good. He had got his story told in every palace and log-hut and prairie camp on the continent. He was growing popular, in fact! But Kossuth's temper had long been tried in the fire. He was not a man to forget that everything great in the world is in minorities.

Then, one winter day, Frederica Bremer arrived. (Concord in the snow, she said, was just like Sweden.) A cordial, gracious, observant little lady, delighted with the New World and its "Homes." She said that Emerson frightened her a little, that she only talked well when she could expand. (How familiar to him, that feeling!) But she argued warmly enough for her personal God, and she took him to task for his "disintegrated views," all the more deplorable in a man of such power. Lidian's brother, Dr. Jackson, happened to be

staying in the house and it pleased her to see the medal his discoveries in ether had won from her own King Oscar. Emerson carried her off to call at the Manse. (There was a "home" for a traveller!) And she gave him, when she left, a *History of Sweden*.

But most of his foreign guests were Englishmen, and Emerson always liked their cheerful voices, their pride, veracity, directness. Often enough they were models of classical virtue. Thomas Cholmondeley, for instance, that tall, fair, fresh young Roman, with his full brown beard, Bishop Heber's nephew and Clough's friend at Oxford, who had spent several years ranching in New Zealand. He fell in love with Henry's nonchalant manners; they struck up a warm friendship on the spot, and Cholmondeley went off to board with Mrs. Thoreau. He asked Henry to teach him botany and take a walk to Wachusett, and Henry actually consented. A frank, happy, curious man, this Cholmondeley, delighted with New England: everything interested him, Alcott's Conversations, the preaching of Theodore Parker, the whalers at New Bedford. And what a gift he sent the following year, in return for "so much kindness"!—a gift to Henry from England. Forty-four volumes of the sacred books of India—the *Rig-Veda*, Sankara Acharya, the *Upanishads*, the *Vishnu Purana*,—in English, French, Latin, Greek and Sanskrit. A great day for Henry!—for scarcely one of these books could be bought in America. A great day for Concord. There had never been any seed-sowing to compare

with it since Lane's library of the Mystics was scattered in the neighbourhood.

Clough had appeared before Cholmondeley—in 1853—the patient Clough, “secret as an oyster” (as Allingham had written to Emerson)—“opens a little at certain times of the tide, but snaps to again in a jiffy if touched, and maybe bites your finger.” Patient Clough, so puzzled and yet so placid, still lost in the wilderness where Carlyle had left him, still stout, solid, reliable, discouraged with England, anxious for work, anxious to marry, anxious to find a home—perhaps in America. He had settled in Cambridge, in lodgings, and thought of opening a school there; he had gathered a few pupils and was toiling away, revising Langhorne's Plutarch. He was homesick, missed the English gardens, thought they made too many puns in Cambridge, and the wretched climate had given him a sore throat. But he felt he was “wanted” here at least, and Boston was “tolerably English,” and he liked to see his book on drawing-room tables and hear himself described as “the celebrated author of *The Bothie*.” (They had bought up a whole edition, these astonishing Yankees.) Emerson gave him a dinner at the Tremont House, with Longfellow, Hawthorne, Greenough, Lowell and others; and he had him out for a Sunday once a fortnight. (He thought Walden a “prettyish pool,” and altogether Concord was not so bad, a small sort of village, rather bare, with elms of a weeping kind, the woods somewhat scrubby.) Emerson would have liked to keep him longer, but he had

too good a chance to return to England. Patient Clough, driving his furrow in the sluggish soil! To pain and strife, he was certain, the earth would bear golden harvests. And he said that Emerson had reconciled him to "mere subsistence."

CHAPTER XX

EMERSON had often wished that Boston had a coffee-room, a reading-room, a club where a man might go in the afternoon and find a few congenial souls ready for a chat. The Old Corner Bookstore was a cheerful centre, when he dropped in for a moment and heard Fields's resounding laugh behind the green curtain. But a club, a club for poets and men of letters—what a pleasure that would be! Theology, law, medicine, politics, trade, all had their meetings and assembly-rooms. But literature had none. As Ellery Channing said, there were two hundred thousand souls in Boston and not a chair in the whole town for him.

With clubs in the past he had had little success. He had belonged to several, set them going, cherished them. The Transcendental Club, and the Town and Country Club, which he had started with Alcott "for the study and diffusion of the ideas and tendencies proper to the Nineteenth Century." They were protests against the muteness of Boston, but they had soon died of the disease against which they were fighting. They were pitched in too high a key—associations of voices, not of persons. The accumulated rust of solitude had creaked as it were in the joints of every member.

How insulated they had been, those seekers of wisdom in the old days, sitting on their chairs like images in some temple of Memnon—till the spirit

moved their tongues! Margaret Fuller alone had been able to fuse them into some semblance of a company, and Emerson could still feel the cold sense of defeat with which they had bidden one another good-night. Often, after such an evening, he had found himself repeating Kant's remark, "Detestable is the society of mere literary men!"

But with time a warmer, softer, more genial season had awakened in the heart of Boston. That bleak intellectual spring had ripened into summer. One day, in the train, he saw across the aisle a broad-faced, unctuous man, fat as a priest, with large, gentle eyes and easy, unconscious gestures. Agassiz, of course!—the new foreign professor of whom every one was talking. There was something symbolic in this figure. The influence of Agassiz, the laughing, talking, exciting, commanding professor, so eager, so expansive, so responsive, had begun to work like yeast in the University. Wherever he moved and spoke, a warm breeze, laden as it were with rain, stirred people's minds, and the old provincial reticences and rigidities, the ice and the cobwebs, melted under his voice. Agassiz was a symbol; for a tolerant, skeptical, secular, sympathetic atmosphere, a certain spontaneity and enthusiasm had spread through Boston. Poets and historians had appeared, scientists, essayists, travellers. The renaissance, faintly prefigured in the days of Channing and Everett, was at last in full tide.

Just so; then why not use the power of the tide? Emerson was hungry for so many facts, natural and human facts, discoveries, hypotheses, inventions,

and he wanted to hear ideas that differed from his own. How fast the right company kindled one another's interest in their own studies! One had no thoughts at home; then easily and at once—with a few genial companions—the old motion began again in one's brain. The cloud lifted, the horizon broadened, fancy and humour flowed, and life seemed once more of an infinite opulence. Any skill, for Emerson, success, mastery, conquest in any form over men or matter, was a spur, a delight, an incentive. And Boston was full of these conquerors now, waiting for a chance to meet.

A young man named Woodman, Horatio Woodman, a lawyer and lover of lions, was the impresario. He had often dined with Emerson at the Albion, and in 1856 he proposed a monthly dining club that would bring together the best minds in Boston. Longfellow and Lowell were ready to join, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Agassiz and R. H. Dana. So the Saturday Club was born. There were soon a score of members: beaming Henry James, Tom Appleton, "prince of rattlers," with a steamer-ticket for Europe always in his pocket, giant Felton, the Harvard Porson, E. P. Whipple, the essayist, Samuel Gridley Howe, the teacher of the blind, Whittier, Sumner, Prescott, John Lothrop Motley, who had just returned from Holland, with his high animal spirits and the face of another Byron; and Dwight (editor now of *The Journal of Music*) and Frederic Hedge, who had settled down as professor of German at Harvard, survivors of the old Transcendental circle. They

chose the Parker House as the best place for their meetings, the large front room on the second floor overlooking the statue of Franklin in the grounds of the City Hall.

Emerson had little luck in persuading the Concord authors to come to the club as his guests. Alcott complained of the want of simplicity in Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes and would not be drawn away from his rural affairs. Ellery appeared once, wretched and full of contempt for these genial worldlings. Henry Thoreau looked in, after one of the meetings, and said it was all cigar-smoke—"no salt, Attic or other"; but then, as Henry remarked, the only room in Boston where he ever felt at home was the waiting-room at the station. But Hawthorne became a member, a silent member, who kept his eyes steadily fixed on his plate ("sprawling Concord owl," as Henry James described him, "brought blindfold into the brilliant daylight and expected to wink and be lively like any little dapper Tommy Titmouse or Jenny Wren"); and Rockwood Hoar, the judge, Elizabeth's brother. Judge Hoar valued the Book of Common Prayer for the special distinction it gave his native town: "O God who art the author of peace and lover of Concord"; and many were the happy talks that he and Emerson had on the subject of Scott. (That poet who played ever a manly part.) When the Concord members found it difficult to get home again in the evening, he had his big, black horse and carryall driven over to Waltham to meet the last train. Then they all

drove home the ten miles on the starlit country road, and Hawthorne, once in the darkness, would begin to talk.

Longfellow and Agassiz, at either end of the table, were the two poles of the club, Longfellow with his soft voice, his glints of humour and his flavour of books and travel, and the irrepressible Agassiz, lounging in his chair, laughing and crying at once, eagerly turning to right and left, unconscious as an infant, with a lighted cigar in each hand, smiling and forcing the attention of all about him. One could easily understand how Agassiz, in Brazil, had upset the customs of the country. He had asked the Emperor to allow ladies to be present at his lectures, against all the laws of etiquette, and had opened the study of science to the women of South America. In just the same way he had secularized Puritan Harvard. He came to Concord often, examined turtles with Henry, lectured at the Lyceum and always stayed with Emerson. He attracted the whole village when he spoke there, and for weeks every head bubbled with Natural History.

Emerson himself talked little at the club, but he listened, as Holmes remembered, "with a look never to be forgotten, his head stretched forward, his shoulders raised like the wings of an eagle, and his eye watching the flight of the thought which had attracted his attention, as if it were his prey, to be seized in mid-air and carried up to his eyry." But Holmes and the lusty Lowell, with his brown and bushy beard, whimsical, boyish, were in their

element. What wit, what amusing topics! Some question of Yankee phrases, perhaps, always a happy theme for the author of the *Biglow Papers*. Or a story of the prize-ring, the deeds of Yankee Sullivan, Heenan and Sayers. Holmes, busy as a wren (with a queer little smiling face which he said he considered a convenience rather than an ornament), was a great lover of sport. He knew all the points and styles of the winning horses. He liked to chat with the giants at the circus. He joked with the prize-fighters, measured and studied their muscles, like a good professor of anatomy who was also a poet; for he loved a symmetrical growth in horse, man or tree. "My nature," he said, "is to snatch at all the fruits of knowledge and take a good bite out of the sunny side. After that, let in the pigs." Emerson delighted in Holmes's wit, so sprightly, sparkling, finished, and he made a little speech on the Doctor's fiftieth birthday. *The Atlantic Monthly* had just been launched, with Lowell as its first editor, and several of the members contributed to every number. (They told a story of a meeting when the copies of the new issue were brought in, and each one seized a copy and sat down to read his own article.) Emerson wished to pay his tribute to the Autocrat, who flung his wit about like sea-sand and gave each month such a staggering blow to the Dunce-power of the world. He spoke of the Doctor's correction of popular errors in taste, behaviour, science. A man of healthy perception whose thoughts left only cheerful and perfumed memories.

In the twenty years that followed, Emerson seldom missed a dinner of the club. In this large, discursive talk, truths, he found, detached themselves as thoughts, like spars flaking off from the eternal wall. He heard the news of the universe from his fellow-members—news of astronomy, botany, art, politics, of a dozen different realms—each from the lips of a master. And his theories and observations were put to the severest test in this atmosphere of sharp, critical discussion. His style was growing more and more concrete. The practical wisdom of the man who had dealt with men had gradually taken the place of the cloudy dreams of old. The Franklin in Emerson's nature had come to the front, and the Saturday Club certainly had something to do with it. His face had changed, too. The brooding smile remained, but an air of sagacity and authority had settled on his features. A steely force had passed into his chin. He looked like an eagle now, with those eyes and that beak-like nose and the deep lines that swept across his cheeks.

In the summer of 1858, he and several of the members joined in forming the Adirondack Club—the "Philosophers' Camp," as people called it later. Never before had he entered the primitive wilderness; never had he seen at close range the guides and trappers of the northern forest. Lowell and Agassiz and Rockwood Hoar and Professor Jeffries Wyman, the zoölogist, were among the party; Holmes had no taste for the woods, and Longfellow refused to go when he heard that Emerson

was taking a gun. "Somebody will be shot," he said. They camped on Follanbee Lake, in a shelter of bark, and slept on hemlock boughs, while the wolves prowled about and they heard the cry of the loon. Agassiz was busy as ever, with inexhaustible spirits, studying the plants and animals. He found a fresh-water sponge that had never been classified, and every day, while the others gathered around him, he lectured on the elements of Nature and dissected a fish or a deer. The dinner-hour was a frolic, with Lowell's humour playing over all, puns and wit and learning and tags of poetry, and John Holmes and Judge Hoar and Agassiz to fill the forest with the echoes of their laughter. They dined on venison and trout and foaming mugs of ale, while the owls gathered to listen.

To Emerson it was very strange at first; but he soon grew into the camp-life. He had refused to hunt or fish; then, as the days went by, the primitive man awoke in him and he, too, wanted to shoot his deer. (He could see only a "square mist" when the time came.) The ways of the guides absorbed him. They put on their coats to sleep and took them off in the morning; they paddled on the lake bare-headed and wore their hats in camp. They reversed all the habits of civilization. A new species of men, these doctors of the wilderness, self-sufficient, serving and served by no one. They built their own shelters, killed and caught their food, cooked for themselves and could even make their clothes. Their lives were complete and rounded, independent, the perfect circle of means and ends of which

Emerson had always dreamed as the life of Nature.

The Civil War put an end to these holidays in the woods. On the subject of war Emerson had often reflected. War had this great value, he couldn't but feel: it shook society until every atom fell into the place its specific gravity assigned to it. Good sense and foresight came to the top, and Ulysses at once took rank next to Achilles. In a lecture given in 1838, he had suggested two means of establishing peace that were going to be heard of later. First, a Congress of Nations. And secondly he said, "The manhood that has been in war must be transferred to the cause of peace before war can lose its charm and peace be venerable to men." (The germ of a famous essay by Henry James's son a generation later.) But war as a situation was a new experience to Emerson. He almost welcomed it in 1861 as restoring the nation to reality. "We have been very homeless for some years past," he said, "but now we have a country again. We have forced the conspiracy out of doors . . . It was war then and it is war now; but declared war is vastly safer than undeclared war."

He had entered the political arena with his anti-slavery speeches. No use attempting to keep out of politics now! He had followed as long as he could the advice of Pythagoras, eschewed the political bean, confined his thoughts wholly to the "state of man"; but the "state of affairs" had grown too all-engrossing. In January, 1862, he made a speech in Washington and proposed the policy of "Eman-cipation as a platform," with compensation to the

owners who remained loyal. Sumner carried him off to see the President, and Lincoln's first remark was: "Oh, Mr. Emerson, I once heard you say in a lecture that a Kentuckian seems to say by his air and manners, 'Here I am; if you don't like me, the worse for you.'" A native, aboriginal man, this Lincoln, Emerson thought, as an acorn from an oak, with a face and manners that disarmed suspicion, with a fund of fables and proverbs, too, which in an earlier age would have earned him the fame of an Æsop.

One of Emerson's Concord neighbours, Cyrus Stow the butcher, had come to Washington a few years before to realize an old desire. He had retired from his business in comfort, and he wished to see the great men of the country making the laws. He returned a few days later, disillusioned. He had entered the Capitol with awe and reverence, and in those marble halls, he said, with a lowered voice, were members of Congress "drinking and swearing *right before me*." Emerson himself had never had any illusions in regard to politicians, but the war had straightened their backs. The members of Lincoln's cabinet whom he met impressed him with their sincerity—Chase and Seward and Stanton. He spent four days in Washington on this occasion. He called upon Seward in his dingy State Department, and Seward took him to church the following morning (Emerson marvelling much at the Egyptian stationariness of the Episcopalians). Then he went to see Lincoln again and found his two little boys, seven and eight years

old, having their hair "whiskeyed" by the barber. He talked with Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, and with Senators Sherman and Colfax, and the Senate Chamber delighted him with its noble proportions. He had seldom had such a bath in the world of public affairs. He had never believed very heartily in government. "That nation is best," he had said, "which is governed least." But the war had altered his feeling, at least in a measure. "The country is cheerful and jocund," he wrote in his journal, "in the belief that it has a government at last." Government to win the war, government to establish freedom: in this Emerson believed with all his soul.

And then the President made him a member of the Board of Visitors at West Point. Here was a new opportunity to examine at close range a new species of men, and Emerson set out at once on his visit of inspection. John Burroughs, who saw him there, took him for an "eager, alert, inquisitive farmer," for he had a "kind of rustic curiosity and simplicity. . . . When the rest of the board looked dull or fatigued or perfunctory, he was all eagerness and attention." And indeed he was greatly drawn by the Spartan ways of these young military monks, their exercises in riding, drawing, shooting, in geology and engineering. Like the guides in the Adirondacks, they, too, were masters of the art of self-reliance!

CHAPTER XXI

AFTER the storm came perfect days, a warm October. What colour in these heaps of apples, more lively and varied than the orange, with its greenest leaves—balls of scarlet fire! And what gaiety and depth they gave to russet Massachusetts! The social fruit in which Nature deposited every possible flavour: whole zones and climates concentrated in apples.

What a harvest in wartime! Pears, perfect for once, and in what profusion! Passe Colmars, Seckels, enough to fill three barrels, and four barrels of Gloutmorceaux. Had Emerson ever doubted his law of compensation—he who had written to William the other day that the first of the year found him in as poor a plight as the rest of the Americans? Not a penny from his books since last June, no dividends from the banks, no lecture-engagements. But a hundred barrels of apples for the Quincy market!

What splendour in this humble town!—a step from his door: the Lincoln hills dressed in their coloured forest. And what reserves and resources! Had he ever had cause to doubt them in the long, mottled years? He thought of some of his neighbours: Cyrus Stow (“a spoonful of wit,” as Ellery said, “and ten thousand feet of sandstone”), and

that solid village worthy who, reading his paper in the grocery, always read a passage through three times before venting his opinion, and the loyal Concord carpenter, with his comment on the price of lots in rising Chicago: "Can't hardly believe that any lands can be worth so much money, so far away." Had he ever done justice to the common farmer and labourer? A hundred times he had felt their superiority, and yet he continued the parrot echoes of the names of literary notabilities who, if he had brought them into the presence of these Norsemen, would have shrivelled into shadows. He saw the young farmers in their Sunday clothes. What power, what utilities they had, and how meekly worn! The cold, gloomy day, the rough, rocky pastures were opportunities for them. And yet there was no arrogance in their bearing. A perfect gentleness, rather.

The war was already won, he couldn't but feel. The success of the North was sure, rooted in the poverty of New England, its schools, its thrifty industry, in the snow, the east wind, the life of the farm and the sea. A nursery of obstinate vigour, and how gracious, too, in this royal revel of October! He remembered Henry Thoreau's oaken strength, that unhesitating hand of the labourer accosting his task, whenever he walked or worked. And Henry had loved apples, too, loved them as Plutarch loved them, and praised them as well.

He could scarcely believe that Henry was dead. Six months ago, and "enjoying existence as much as ever" at the last. It was only the other day he

had made his snow-house, crept in with his lamp and shouted to Henry to join him. (Playing his favourite game, proving that every kind of life could be lived in Concord. Was he not an Eskimo for an hour?) It was only the other day he had gone with Henry to call on Perez Blood. Perez was sitting alone in the dark, in his woodshed, in his astronomical chair. They looked through the famous telescope, saw Saturn's rings and the sunlight on the mountains of the moon. (Who but a Concord farmer would have spent his inheritance on globes and books of astronomy?) Then Perez died, and they drove in a wagon to the auction, and Henry pointed out the English hawthorn abloom on the neighbouring hill—and the sweetgale blossoming, and the swamp-pinks by the river—to the *pee-pee-pee* of the kingbirds. The woods and the fields, said Alcott, were sorrowing for Henry. "There has been none such since Pliny," as Alcott said again, "and it will be long before there comes his like. The most sagacious and wonderful worthy of his time, and a marvel to coming times."

A marvel, as it seemed, only to coming times. Concord had scarcely known him, far less Boston. Longfellow and Lowell had misprized him, and Rockwood Hoar had confirmed them in their skepticism. No matter, he had thriven, as he said, on solitude and poverty. He had found all his human hopes confirmed in the smell of the water-lily, and the future would understand him. One had only to print his journals, Emerson thought, as he turned those copious leaves, to create a plentiful crop of

little Henrys. Young men of sensibility would fall an easy prey to the charming of Pan's pipe.

The Concord oaks were falling. Aunt Mary, Henry's Cassandra, was the next to go—in far-off Williamsburg, eighty-eight years old, and still a boarder, with a face unwrinkled still, pink as of old, and the blue flash in her eye, and the yellow hair cut close under the mobcap! She had loved death all her days, and often her friends had wished her "joy of the worm"; and when they laid her away in Sleepy Hollow the event had such a comic tinge in their eyes that they feared to look at one another across the grave.

The ancestral oaks were falling; oaks never to be replaced, Emerson felt again, re-reading Aunt Mary's letters. What force between these lines! "After all, some of the old Christians were more delivered from external things than the modern speculatives, who are anxious for society, books, ideas, and become sensitive to all that affects the organs of thought. A few single grand ideas, which become objects, pursuits, and all in all!"

But the new growth was forming under the old. Alcott, the phoenix, had re-risen from his ashes and plumed himself afresh; and Concord was a picnic now with all the children. Indomitable Alcott, despised and rejected! He was aqueous, vaporous, yes—another Indra, destined to seven incarnations. He had taught; they stopped his mouth. He dug in the earth and emerged again, a philosopher. Again they scorned him, and Alcott emerged as a poet. He had carried his wares to the West, at fifty-

five (a peddler once more, with a carpetbag and a new assortment of "notions")—come home, knocked on the door again at midnight, half-frozen, hungry, still smiling and serene. He had a queerish look in his face and a dollar in his pocket. His overcoat had been stolen; he had had to buy a shawl. But at least he had "opened the way," and next year things would be better.

They had made him Superintendent of the Public Schools in Concord. No great vindication now. He had grown a little too vapourish perhaps, and these matters of organization could scarcely interest him. But how much he might have accomplished, once, with a chance like this! The salary was not to be mentioned; but "Hope and keep busy" was Mrs. Alcott's motto, and Louisa had made a "battering-ram" of her head and was driving a way for them all through the rough-and-tumble world. She had earned four dollars first for a pile of sewing, then five for a story, taught school in the barn, bought paper for her father (so that he might keep on with his diaries though the heavens fell); and the publishers thought she could write a book for children that would carry the world by storm. Did Emerson know that years before he had been Louisa's Goethe? She had found in his library one day the *Correspondence with a Child* and had instantly thought of herself as another Bettina. She had written letters to her father's friend, letters she had never sent, left wild flowers on his doorstep and sung Mignon's song under his window.

The young people in Concord were very gay, with dances, festivities, plays, and the Alcott girls to lead them. It was always a lark for Emerson when he piled them into the haycart, bedecked with flowers, and carried them off for a swim and a picnic at Walden. (For he was the master of revels, now that Henry was gone.) The school was going well, with the new young master, Frank Sanborn, a senior at Harvard when Emerson met him first at one of his lectures and offered him the position. He had made his mark already—had defied the bailiffs who had come to Concord to seize him, at midnight, on suspicion, as a friend of John Brown. He had not appeared when they summoned him, for some part he had never taken in the Harper's Ferry raid. (Did they think they could simply kidnap a citizen of Concord? The whole town assembled and drove the bailiffs away.) The school was flourishing now, with Sanborn's Prussian assistant, Reinhold Solger, who lectured on history and geography so well that Emerson was going to school again himself. And what boys and girls they had!—if parents counted for anything: Emerson's and Rockwood Hoar's, two sons of Henry James (Robertson and Wilky), three sons of Horace Mann, three daughters of John Brown, and Julian Hawthorne.

The Emersons gave tea-parties every year so that all the boys and girls might come to the house, and Mrs. Emerson took them into the garden and gave them bouquets of flowers. "Did you speak to her?" Emerson asked his son, when he heard of some new

pupil. "I hadn't anything to say." "Speak, speak, if you haven't anything to say. Ask her, 'Don't you admire my shoe-strings?'" On Sunday afternoons he came to the front entry at four o'clock and whistled for the children, and they all went out for a walk to Walden, the Cliffs, or Peter's Field—some spot he had found perhaps during the week. He liked to make it a mystery.

The Hawthornes had returned to Concord after their years of exile, and Hawthorne, who had always wanted a tower to write in, had built one at Wayside, like Hilda's tower in Rome. He was doing his best to work; he locked himself in, pulled down the blinds, scarcely stirred from the house. But something had happened; what was it? Had Europe broken the spell of his old New England? Had the war unsettled him? He had no opinions, but who had more vehement "views"? He rejoiced in the shattering of the Union. He had felt in the Consulate at Liverpool that the Southerners were not his compatriots. They were better apart, he said, and "I hope we shall give them a terrible thrashing and kick them out." He was changed; he had lost that radiant spring and vigour; he had wasted away; he tottered as he walked.

Was it really Hawthorne, that phantom on the road, so white and still? He would turn away and hide in the woods to avoid you. Passing his house, you saw him painfully dragging down the hill the logs he had cut on the ridge. Such embarrassed motions! And his hollow eyes besought you not to approach. He had put himself into a dungeon, he

said, and could not find the key to let himself out. You passed again, and there he was aloft, moving slowly along the top of the ridge, on the path his feet had beaten as he composed his stories; pacing back and forth, his dark frame cut clear against the sky, in the spaces of the mingled branches. Once Emerson met him there, face to face on the ridge—brooding, brooding, trying to think out his tragedy, *Septimius Felton*. He couldn't seem to get it, and he said, as Emerson paced along beside him: "This path is the only remembrance of me that will remain." Then the news came from New Hampshire: he had wandered away and died in a village inn.

They buried him in Sleepy Hollow, in the splendour of May. Longfellow and Lowell were there, and Holmes and Agassiz and Alcott, and the meadowlarks and the bluebirds. How noble he looked at the last, with that calm and powerful head! These mute green banks, Emerson thought, were already full of history; heroes and poets were leaving their names and virtues on the trees. They would sleep well in this quiet valley where the beautiful night and the beautiful day came in turn to sit upon the grass.

Emerson had besieged Hawthorne; he had never lost hope of surmounting his caprice and one day conquering a friendship. He had bathed in Hawthorne's moonlight, and not long before, in New York, he had found another sun. Walt Whitman, a journeyman printer, had sent him a strange book called *Leaves of Grass*, a shaft from the void of

Brooklyn. He had felt a sudden thrill as he turned the pages, that unmistakable thrill he had felt when he found Carlyle, and Coleridge and Landor. There was nothing sterile or stingy here, no sign of excessive handiwork, none of the lymph in temperament that was making American wits fat and mean. It was free and brave, this book, with the courage of treatment that delighted him, and the large perception. He wanted to see his benefactor, and he felt like striking his tasks and running to Brooklyn. And he wrote, with fullest heart, to the unknown author, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career."

Emerson found him at last, in his wilderness of Brooklyn. They walked together to the ferry, three miles from Portland Avenue, where Walt lived with his mother, and dined that first evening at the Astor House. Emerson was strangely drawn to this great ruddy animal, with his buffalo strength and his rich emotional nature, calm like his own but so different in other ways. He felt over-trained at times, too intellectual, and Walt refreshed him, gave him something he needed, put something into his tissue that he never found in Concord. And Walt glowed with pleasure in his company. They shared the same belief in the Inner Light; as Walt said, they were like two Quakers together. Walt had absorbed Emerson in his carpentering days, and that message of "Man Thinking," of an individual correlative with the cosmos, had expressed, in a form that excited him, the idea that was taking shape in his own poems. Emerson, for him (he had

said in an open letter), had discovered a new continent, the continent of "interior America." And for Emerson, Walt was in many ways the new man he had prophesied—a Taliessin, a true American bard, with the largeness and optimism he loved in the primitive epics.

They met a dozen times or so, usually in New York, and once or twice in Boston, when Walt came up to direct the printing of a new edition of his poems. Walt was a curious monster. He liked to dine at the hotel without his coat, and once he refused to drink out of his glass and called for a tin cup. Emerson was a little repelled by this too much "fellowship"; he liked a statelier manner, a manner that seemed to say, "I am I and you are you." And some of the poems in the second edition of *Leaves of Grass* offended him. He could not see the significance of *Children of Adam*; and for three hours, one clear February day, he walked up and down with Walt under the elms of the Common, begging him to suppress it—to give the book a chance to be read, give the people themselves a chance to read it. (For this, Walt said later, was the sole burden of Emerson's argument.) Walt had had doubts himself, but as Emerson pushed the point he became finally convinced of his own rightness. He never wavered again. Emerson, in spite of his own words, had given Walt his lesson in self-reliance.

Was Emerson annoyed when the new edition appeared, with his phrase and his name blazoned on the back of the cover? (It seemed that he alone of

the critics of America had really fathomed the book.) A storm broke over his head. Once more letters appeared in the papers saying he had lost his mind; and the "trippers and askers" came, demanding to know how *he* could possibly defend a passage like this, or this. Emerson held his peace. To the end he was grateful to Walt for the Apalachian largeness of his outline and treatment.

He wanted to introduce Walt to the Boston men of letters. He suggested inviting him to the Saturday Club, but Longfellow and Holmes said, No. (A "rowdy," Lowell called him, "a New York tough, a frequenter of low places.") Concord and Boston were at variance again, for Alcott and Henry had liked him as much as Emerson, and together they had proposed to invite him to visit the town. But Mrs. Alcott said, No; Sophia Thoreau said, No; Mrs. Emerson said, No. Walt and New England were plainly incompatible. He would certainly not have been happy in such a hostile atmosphere, and Emerson did not insist. Besides, Walt positively refused to come. He loved Emerson; he had liked Henry; he thought well of Alcott. But one literary man at a time was enough for him. So Emerson continued to see him in New York.

CHAPTER XXII

ONE day in 1866, when Emerson was lecturing in New York, he met his son by chance at the Hotel Saint Denis. They spent the evening together, and Emerson read aloud some poems he had been writing. One of them was called "Terminus." "It is time to be old," the poem said:

"The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds
And said: "No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad, ambitious branches and thy root."

He smiled as he read the lines; and indeed why had he written them? He was just setting out on his usual Western tour, vigorous as ever in appearance, fresh and young at heart. It was only a premonition. He had sixteen years of life before him and six years of work. But he felt within him a legacy of ebbing veins.

His curiosity, his enterprise were as keen as ever. His Western lectures took him to Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul—across the Mississippi in a skiff in the dead of winter. Minneapolis strongly attracted him, as a place for a young man, and "Fond du Lac," he noted, "is a wonderful growth, and shines like a dream, seen this morning from the

top of Amory Hall." At home he liked to talk with drivers and stable-men, and he went with delight to Magner's horse-training lectures in the stable of the Middlesex Hotel. At Rarey's exhibition of horses in Boston he was also an eager spectator, and he said that Rarey, the trainer, should have been made a doctor of laws for his personal influence. (What control this man had over his horses!) Feats of any kind had never lost their charm for the lover of heroes. Then once an unknown mechanic named George Tufts, who was crippled by some disease, sent him two or three letters, one containing the line, "Life is a flame whose splendour hides its base." Emerson was stirred by these letters, which criticized his own point of view, and while staying at Saratoga he set off on a journey of several days in a fruitless effort to find the man, who had moved away from the village from which he had written.

His curiosity, in fact, seemed to grow with the years. He dreamed of all the worlds he would have liked to conquer. What a pleasure it would have been to go with Agassiz to Canada, with Asa Gray to study the trans-Mississippi flora, with Jeffries Wyman to share in his excavations! Three thousand years of life would never have sufficed to satisfy all his interests. Egyptian history, for instance, and Sanscrit literature, and the riddle of the Chaldean Oracles. And algebra, astronomy, chemistry. He could have his days with Agassiz, at least, examining the marine life on the rocks at Nahant. And he took his turn at the telescope at Williams-

town, observed the four double stars in Lyra, the two hundred stars of the Pleiades. There, for a moment, he left the world behind him and lost himself in the sense of the sublime.

For visiting he had never greatly cared. "The strength of the Egyptians," he said, when some visit was proposed, "is to sit still." But at John Murray Forbes's island of Naushon he always felt at home. He had met Forbes first about 1848, on the steamboat from Detroit, and the latter had persuaded him to stop over and see Niagara Falls. Forbes was building his railroad to Chicago: a shrewd, humorous, open-hearted man, a Highland chief in the guise of a Boston magnate, with a great love of poetry, Scottish ballads, and a large impersonal interest in the welfare of the country. He had broken with the Cotton Whigs, helped the Free State men in Kansas, and entertained at his house, on two successive nights, John Brown and the proslavery Governor of Missouri. In the Civil War he had gone to England on a largely successful mission to enlist support for the North and had acted as counsellor to the Secretaries of the Treasury and the Navy. On his island in Buzzard's Bay, with its rolling sheep-downs, he kept open house, with his yacht and his horses; and Grant, Sherman and Stanton mingled there with poets, painters and writers. Forbes was the life of the company, in his unassuming way, the Highland chief at home, now toiling away at his papers, drawing up bills for Congress, now calling for a song, "Bonny Dundee," for instance, or "MacGregor's Gathering."

Emerson loved this Naushon. Its dells, ponds and groves always refreshed him. The pebbles, too, on the beach, the jostled rainbow of pebbles that stirred him to add some lines to his poem "Seashore." And the hawks and the herons that hovered over the waters, and the gliding ships beyond. There was always the best of conversation in the house of this Yankee nobleman, who shot and rode and sailed so well and controlled with such practical wisdom such a multitude of facts. And great was Emerson's joy when his daughter Edith became engaged to the eldest son of his friend, a young man who had been taken prisoner in the war and escaped and rejoined his regiment and had finally been present at Lee's surrender. The marriage took place in the following autumn, and presently Colonel Forbes came to the rescue of Emerson's business affairs. For Emerson, who had figured and fought like a merchant to make money for Carlyle, had a very vague idea of his own accounts. The contracts for his books were unjustly unremunerative; he had never received from them more than six hundred a year, and an agent who had given him every quarter a masterly statement (he thought) of his other investments was found to have defrauded him. He was on the point of defaulting when Colonel Forbes intervened. The returns from the publisher's sales were soon doubled.

In the summer he often took an excursion to some corner of New England. He camped on Monadnoc in 1866, with his son Edward and his daughter Ellen and a party of their friends, and

surveyed from this Olympus the vast champaign, forty ponds and a hundred farms and farmhouses and the circle of distant mountains, with the clear songs of the thrushes rising from the green belts below. Two years later he climbed Mount Mansfield and found George Bradford there in the Mountain House. They scrambled up together to the "Chin" and saw Lake Champlain lying below them, like a piece of yellow sky. They peeped into some caves where bears and panthers had been seen that summer and rose the following morning in time for the dawn.

At Marston Watson's, too, Emerson occasionally visited—that beautiful park "Hillside" on the slope above Plymouth which Henry Thoreau had surveyed in 1856. Alcott and Watson himself had carried the surveyor's chain, and Ellery and Alcott had both written poems describing this friendly villa where the Transcendentalists of old had gathered. And he still enjoyed his visits to the country colleges, Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth, where, after making a speech, he would sometimes stay for several days talking with the students. At Dartmouth the President disapproved of emulation and forbade the literary societies to elect members by merit. Even the parts at Commencement were assigned by lot: it "removed disagreeable excitement from the societies." It would remove still more, said Emerson, were there no college at all. He advised them to take morphine at the college commons.

At Dartmouth in 1863 he had given his address

on the "Man of Letters." His old subject, but inexhaustibly precious; and he wished to say that if the army was badly led, as the country complained in those dark days of the war, it was because the population was badly led, because the scholars, the seers had been false to their trust. They had not stood by their order but had deferred to the men of this world. He wished to say again that scholars are bound to stand for all the liberties, against slavery, arbitrary government, monopoly, oppression—to express his hope that some of these listening students would become men of letters, critics, philosophers. The material prosperity of America had beaten down the hope of youth, the piety of learning; and was it not true that all vigorous nations had balanced their labour by the power of the imagination? The scholar was the carrier of ideas that were to fashion the mind and the history of this breathing world, the imparter of pulses of light and shocks of electricity.

Did Emerson know what excitement filled the souls of his hearers, what possibilities seemed to rise before them, what visions of past and future? He had so plainly never doubted the truth of what he said; he took it so for granted that every one must see it! All the mythology of Arabia spoke in his voice, the tree of Paradise, the adventures of the Indian gods, of the gods of the North, Thor, Odin, Balder. A whole Valhalla of happy inspirations, upon which he himself had fed, with which he had lived, breathed in the words that floated through the chapel. A current of exal-

tation ran from soul to soul, for this was the note of the bugle calling every man to the battle of thought.

He was making many speeches now, aside from his regular lectures. He had spoken in 1860 at the Music Hall in Boston in memory of Theodore Parker, who had just died in Florence, his old friend of the Transcendental circle whose history could never be omitted from the annals of Boston, a speaker of bitter truth, strong, eager, inquisitive of knowledge, with a flaming heart, valour and independence, whose place, Emerson said, could never be supplied. He spoke, too, on the centenary of Robert Burns, of Humboldt and his favourite Walter Scott. The delight of generous boys, he called the latter—could he ever forget his own joy in *Marmion* and *The Lord of the Isles*?—a wise, great-hearted man. In Burns he found a joyful common-sense, aggressive, irresistible, musical arrows of satire that yet sing through the air and the secret of taking from fairs and gypsies the speech of the market and the street and clothing it with melody. And there was the wonderful Humboldt, with his solid centre and expanded wings, marching like an army. "As we know," he said, "a man's natural powers are often a sort of committee that slowly, one at a time, give their attention and action; but Humboldt's were all united, one electric chain, so that a university, a whole French Academy, travelled in his shoes."

He spoke, too, at a banquet in Boston in honour of the Chinese Embassy. He had always admired

China. Its etiquette, he had said, was as great in its way as the prophecy of the Hebrews; and the wisdom of the Chinese sages was part of his book of life. Then Froude arrived from England, and he welcomed him at a public dinner in Boston. And he tried to speak again on the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare. He had prepared elaborate notes—(all criticism, he had written, is only a making of rules out of Shakespeare's beauties)—and then he had left them at home. He had never been able to speak extemporaneously. Once at an anti-slavery meeting at Worcester he had risen at the request of the chairman and stammered and halted through a five minutes' speech, so that all the people were astonished at his awkwardness. And on this occasion he rose, calmly looked about him for a moment and then sat down serenely; he could not think of a word to say on the poet of all poets he had loved from his earliest youth.

He gave readings in Chickering Hall to a class that his publisher Fields had organized for him. He went through his favourite authors and selected poems and passages of prose: examples of courage, examples of the "dire," lay sermons, bits of history, from Gibbon, Plato, Wordsworth, *The Cid*, Carlyle; and he had the pleasure of hearing, after one of these afternoons, that Herbert's *Poems* had been sold out in Boston. On Mondays at three o'clock he lectured at Mechanics' Hall, with a red curtain behind him and, for audience, the grey-haired faithful who had heard his earliest lectures and whose grandchildren sat beside them now. Then

in 1870, with a class of thirty students, he began a course at Harvard. His subject was the "Natural History of Intellect," and what he hoped to do was to make a supreme effort and methodize his thoughts. But method was not for him. The beautiful phrases rolled out with as little connection as ever, and in the end he confessed that he had failed.

"I write," he said, "anecdotes of the intellect, a sort of Farmer's Almanac of mental moods." He had written nothing else, he had spoken nothing else for half a century. And who cared now, as his hands fumbled with the manuscript, as he turned over a dozen pages, turned back another dozen, skipped, let the pages fall upon the floor—who cared for order and system in these thoughts? If you blew your nose, one listener said, you lost the drift of the lecture and were never able to pick it up again. But the lectures had no drift that was not the drift of the speaker; they were simply truth seen through Emerson's temperament. "His deferential entrance upon the scene," as the elder James recalled it, "his look of enquiry at the desk, and the chair, his resolute rummaging among his embarrassed papers, the air of sudden recollection with which he would plunge into his pockets for what he must have known had never been put there, his uncertainty and irresolution as he rose to speak, his deep, relieved inspiration as he got well from under the burning-glass of his auditors' eyes and addressed himself at length to their docile ears instead: no maiden ever appealed more potently to your enamoured and admiring sympathy." And

what he said was always the same thing, that spiritual is greater than any material force, that thoughts rule the world. He had written much of the scholar. "We paid you," he had conceived men saying, "that you might not be a merchant. We bought and sold that you might not buy and sell, but reveal the reason of trade. We did not want apes of us, but guides and commanders." And he was the incarnation of his own idea. He had reinstated, alone in the nineteenth century, the ancient figure of the sage, the giver of laws. He had lived always in the mountain, seeing all the details in their place and tendency. He had had a new census and calendar; for a long September day between sun and sun had held centuries for him in its rosy and yellow deeps, and his calendar had been thoughts and his action *as thou ought*. He had been greeted by omens that were prosperity and filled him with light. He had been an opener of doors for those who were to come after him. And every man had been to him for all men, the universe in a mask. Wherever snow fell or water flowed, wherever day and night met in twilight, wherever the blue heaven was hung with clouds, wherever were outlets into celestial space, wherever was danger and awe and love and truth, there Beauty, plenteous as rain, had been shed for him.

And well could honouring Persia learn
What Saadi wished to say:
For Saadi's nightly stars did burn
Brighter than Jami's day.

CHAPTER XXIII

TWO long journeys marked these later years, one to the Far West, the seat of the youngest of civilizations, and one to the seat of the oldest, Egypt and the Nile. Long flights for the old eagle who preferred now to sit at home in his eyry. But there was a touch of Fate in these last two pilgrimages. Emerson had always combined in his nature the Western pioneer and the Eastern sage. He was setting out to survey the extremities of his empire.

In the spring of 1871, he was much fatigued after his lectures at Harvard. So Forbes, the master of railroads, suggested a trip to California in a private car. Edith and Colonel Forbes and Wilkinson James and one or two other young people formed the party. Emerson was going to see the Golden Gate!

At Chicago, the great Pullman himself, a grey little bearded man, saw them off. The car and the outfit, he said, were the best that he could do; if they took the trouble to order it, they could have as good a dinner on the train as they could ever get at Parker's. Emerson was in high spirits; it seemed to one of the party that he had "a certain great amplitude of time and leisure." George Bancroft had sent him a gift of Goethe's *Sprüche in Prosa*,

and he worked away at his German. He worked a little, too, on the manuscript sheets of *Parnassus*, the anthology he was editing of his favourite poems. He told one of the ladies a story about a friend of his son's in the West. This young man had a vineyard, but he fell off a bridge into the water and was eaten by a crocodile. "This may not be exact," he added, "but nowadays one must finish a story well."

At Salt Lake City, with the other men of the party, he hastened to the theatre. *Marriage by Moonlight* was the play, or *The Wildcat's Revenge*. (Emerson had travelled very far from Concord.) Then he called on Brigham Young. A stout, red-faced customer, dressed in a long cloak, ready for his drive, who remarked that "the one-man-power really meant all-men's power." Young seemed not to know who his principal visitor was, but his secretary asked: "Is this the justly celebrated Ralph Waldo Emerson?" Quietly self-sufficient, Emerson thought this emperor of the Mormons, with plenty of homespun sense, more of a man than he had ever supposed.

The alkali deserts of Nevada reminded Emerson of Asia and the Bible. Then in San Francisco he went to a miners' theatre, he visited the opium dens, he gave two or three lectures. "All left the church," the newspaper said, "feeling that an elegant tribute had been paid to the Creative Genius of the First Cause." He was sorry to miss the "skatorial queen," a Concord girl, famous as a skater, who was giving a public performance. She sent

him a ticket, saying that if he came late she would gladly repeat her act. But one of his lectures occurred on the same evening.

Then came the great adventure, the visit to the Yosemite. The pine-trees there, the sequoias, the curves of the Royal Arches, the foam of the Vernal Fall, soft as carded wool, filled him with astonishment; and climbing the trails, he let the reins drop on the neck of his mustang and gave himself up to the wonder of the wilderness. And the joys of another friendship! A young Scotchman, John Muir, was tending a sawmill in the valley. Emerson had heard of this botanist who had explored the whole country to the Gulf of Mexico, who had slept now and then in a wrinkle of the bark of a redwood, who loved the mountains and lived in absolute solitude, sometimes watching sheep; and he rode over to see him. Muir was entranced at this unexpected encounter, for he had read Emerson's *Essays* with passionate enthusiasm and was only too happy to show him the sketches he had made, the collection of dried plants which he kept in the loft of the mill. He quoted, in a voice trembling with excitement, lines from Emerson's poems; he said Emerson was the first visitor to the valley who had ever admired the pine-trees warmly enough. He was learning to write himself and remarked that he preferred Alice Cary to Byron. ("A great mistake," said Emerson. "There is a certain scenic and general luck about Byron.") Then he tried to persuade his poet to run away for "an immeasurable camping trip back in the heart of the moun-

tains." He was disgusted with these indoor Boston people, with their notions of propriety, who had somehow got hold of this great man and refused to let him sleep out in the woods. "You are yourself a sequoia," he said at last. Emerson had planted a tree at Mariposa, to commemorate his visit; but in Muir he had planted thoughts of an even hardier life. Through this tall, raw Scotchman, this Thoreau of the Sierras, he had taken possession of the West.

At home again, in the summer of the following year, he awoke one morning early, at half-past five, and saw a light in his closet. The house was on fire! The children were all away, so Emerson ran to the gate and called for help. The neighbours quickly assembled and moved the books and furniture out on the grass. In three hours the fire was out; the walls were standing but the roof was gone, and the whole interior of the house was wet and charred.

For a week Emerson seemed to have suffered no harm. He went with his wife to the Manse, and a room in the courthouse was fitted up as a study for him. An English publishing house had threatened to print a volume of his scattered writings which he did not wish to preserve, and had only agreed to desist on the understanding that he would give them soon a volume of essays. He tried to work; then two weeks after the fire he fell into a fever; and, although he rallied soon, his memory began to fail. His friends, meanwhile, had collected contributions of more than sixteen thousand dollars to rebuild his house and send him on a vacation, and

late in October, 1872, with his eldest daughter Ellen, he sailed again for England.

Six months in London and Paris, Italy, Egypt. A hail and farewell to Carlyle: the bitterness of Carlyle's dissent in the Civil War was forgotten now, and the old men parted with all their first affection. Breakfasts with Gladstone and Browning. A visit to Oxford, where Emerson heard Ruskin lecture. He thought the lecture a model; but later, in Ruskin's rooms, the latter continued his lamentations on the state of modern society until Emerson could bear it no longer—he rebuked this bird of night. And in London he found Charles Newcomb, his old Brook Farmer friend of thirty years before, writing novels, of all things in the world, but not for the public to see, oh, no, not for the public to see. In Paris, Lowell was awaiting him, and he had a few words with Renan, Turgenev and Taine, who sent him the next day his *English Literature*. Then in Florence he met Hermann Grimm, with whom he had corresponded for many years. Grimm had sent him a letter which Alexander Thayer, who was writing the life of Beethoven, had brought to Concord. He had said that Joseph Joachim and himself were Emerson's first readers among the Germans, adding, "I have endeavoured to write my book about Michael Angelo so that it would stand the test if I read it aloud to you." Emerson had been touched by this friendship: it almost connected him with Goethe, for Frau Grimm was the daughter of Bettina von Arnim, and he had sent this German lover all his first editions. "I have

the same craving," he wrote, "and the same worship for a new thought as when my first intellectual friendships gave wings to my head and feet, and new heavens and earth." He had recommended to Grimm young William James, who had gone to Berlin as a student of medicine. And here they were at last, thrown together in Florence, where Grimm was now at work on his *Life of Raphael*.

From California to Florence, he had spun his web of relations. And now, before going home, he wished to see the tomb of "him that sleeps at Philæ." George Bancroft received him at Cairo, and they breakfasted with the Khedive; then, with a company of friends, he sailed up the Nile. Unbroken sunshine and the green ribbon of the river, and, sitting on the deck, he read again Goethe's "Conversations with Eckermann" and watched the peasants on the shore, erect as ancient philosophers of the School of Athens. Never had he seen such grace of forms and motion. Egypt for him was the land of eternal composure, the opposite of America, and he quoted again the proverb, "The strength of the Egyptians is to sit still."

In Concord, on his return, the whole town had gathered to meet him at the station. The church bells tolled, and a cheer went up from the crowd as the train drew in and stopped and Emerson appeared on the platform. A band of music preceded his carriage through the streets and the school-children escorted him. An arch of triumph, covered with leaves and flowers, had been erected at his house; and the house had been restored. All the

books, the pictures, the loved familiar objects stood again in their places. Emerson was overwhelmed. He crossed the threshold, looked about in astonishment, then returned again to the gate and made a little speech to his fellow-villagers.

The journey had revived him. His thick black hair was gone forever. He had been almost bald indeed when he went to Egypt, but those forty days of rest in the sun had covered his head with a new crop, downy and snowy white. He stood more erect than ever, and the sternness, the occasional scowl, that had marked his face had given place to a look of ineffable calm. You met him on the road, so tall and slender, wrapped in his black cloak, with his peering, questioning glance and that smile, as some one described it, "slowly, very slowly growing until it lit up his whole countenance with a refulgent beam (the whole performance dominated by a deliberation as great and brilliant as the dawn.)" You met him on the road, you saw him coming, you wondered if you would ever survive the onset. Then up your spirits went, soaring aloft, in the light of that quiet glory.

Within he felt no change: no wrinkles, no used heart, but unspent youth. He had drawn, he felt, the white lot in life. And age could never alter his own happy temper: had he not been born cheerful and well-adapted to the tone of the human race? The forest awoke in him still the feeling he had had as a boy. He could always find something there he had never seen before, and he thought that, to Nero, longing for new pleasures, a walk in the

woods ought to have been suggested. His eyes, so old and wary, still gathered their hourly harvest. Yes, life for him was still absurdly sweet.

He carried a compass in his pocket. "I like to hold the god in my hands," he said. The needle of life, for him, had always pointed north. But he knew that his working days were almost over. One lived and learned and acquired skill in writing, as an old carpenter acquires skill in wood. What a pity that now one's organs should betray one, that one's eyes, health, fire and zeal of work grew weaker every day! He found himself nervously vigilant, until writing became a terror and only at rare moments could be attain the intellectual *élan* that once was a daily gift. "The strong hours conquer us," he had written to Carlyle, "and I am the victim of miscellany—miscellany of designs, vast debility and procrastination." The weeks ran by as a web out of a loom, a bright stripe for day, a dark stripe for night, and these ran together into an endless grey. He thought of proposing an indignation meeting.

Honours were raining upon him, degrees from universities, the nomination as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow (Disraeli won the election), his appointment as Overseer at Harvard by President Eliot. His mind was quiescent now and his radical feelings had vanished. He had become once more the child of seven generations of ministers, and his vote alone prevented the abolition of compulsory chapel at Harvard. Books came by every post, with flattering dedications, and visitors

poured into Concord: Lord Morley, Leslie Stephen, James Bryce, Lord Camperdown, Goldwin Smith, Bret Harte—the flower of two generations of Europe and America. He sat for his portrait, again and again, protesting. He was “not a subject for art.” Meanwhile, “Emerson days” were celebrated in the schools throughout the country. He had said in a speech at Concord that the town had no seaport, no water-power, no cotton, oil or marble; the granite was better in Fitchburg and even the Concord ice had bubbles in it. The town, then, was reduced to manufacturing school-teachers for the Southern and Western market. Let it stick to that staple, he said, and make it the best in the world; let it turn out the best possible article. Concord had followed his advice, and his fame had spread West and South in the wake of the teachers. As Oliver Wendell Holmes remarked, “They are doing us up in spices like so many dead Pharaohs.” Emerson had become a classic.

He took little pleasure in this incense of adulation. He had often mocked at Goethe for spending so many hours counting his medals. That velvet life had seemed to him incongruous with genius; poverty and reproach and danger were its true adornments. There were greater pleasures in old age than this. Thinking, for instance, of the stories about his contemporaries that he wished he might have told. Counting over and over the tale of his friends: Carlyle, Thoreau, Agassiz, Rockwood Hoar, Alcott and Greenough and Muir, Newcomb and Margaret Fuller and Father Taylor. Carlyle,

in memory of their friendship, had bequeathed to Harvard College the books he had used in writing his *Cromwell* and *Frederick*. They had ceased to write to each other since their last meeting in England, but the tie that had weathered forty years could never be broken now. Why should Emerson read those works, he had often said to himself, when he had the man himself, one who could sit under the trees of Paradise and tell him a hundred histories deeper, truer? Those pages that looked to others so rich and alluring to him had a marrowless air: it was the warm hand and heart he had an estate in, and the living eye he would never cease to discern across the sparkling sea.

Many were the pleasures of age. Watching his dreams, for one, those quasi-optical shows that suggested in one's structure what magazines of talent and invention! What dialogues they carried on, those different personalities one harboured in one's soul! What a rush, when the mind awoke, came from some hidden quarter to break the drama into a chaos of parts, then particles, then ether, like smoke dissolving in a wind, as if the gods were jealous! A pleasure to think of the dangers he had escaped, a pleasure to realize, too, that any failures in future signified nothing. He had found expression, he had set his house in order. He had noticed years before that when summer opened he feared it would be short, but that after the heats of August he was reconciled, like one who has had his swing, to the cool of autumn. So it would be, he felt, with the coming of death.

For some time now his memory had been hiding itself. He forgot names, he forgot the commonest words. "After a while," he said on one occasion, "the—the—the—how do you call what stores up water till it is suddenly—suddenly—what shall I say?—not squeezed out?" "A sponge?" "No, no." "The clouds, perhaps?" "Yes, the clouds began to roll up and threaten rain." He wanted an umbrella, and he said, "I can't tell its name, but I can tell its history. Strangers take it away." His perception, his humour, his vivid interest remained, but in lecturing he confused the sheets of his manuscript, reread sheets he had read a moment before and then stopped bewildered.

But he still persisted in working—writing, travelling, lecturing. Lecturing, for instance, at the University of Virginia, where the war was not forgotten and they wished to insult this Yankee, and the students laughed and talked, and Emerson was obliged to stop at the end of half an hour. ("They are very brave down there," was his only comment. "They say just what they think.") A prodigious force, he said to himself, that native bias of character whose impulsion reached through all the years and kept the old man constant to the same pursuits as in youth. For twenty years he had worked at his *Parnassus*. He kept the poems in his "Black Anthology," so called from its leather covers. He read them over with his daughter and included his newest favourites along with the loves of his childhood. The book contained, among recent American poems, several by Bret Harte that Emer-

son found in the newspapers, and one by Forceythe Willson of Wisconsin, whose whereabouts Lowell had tried to discover until at last he found him living in the house next to his own on Mount Auburn Street in Cambridge. He had written not long before an essay on Plutarch to be used as an introduction for a new edition of the *Morals* by Professor Goodwin, and he had compared the old version with the Greek original. But composition was beyond him now. The English publishers were pressing him for the new volume of *Letters and Social Aims*, and he could scarcely put two sentences together. His family appealed to Elliot Cabot of Boston, an old friend, half-monk, half-dilettante, a lecturer on Kant at Harvard. Cabot was only too happy to help the old man with his scattered papers. He came out to Concord and went over the journals and selected and prepared the essays as Emerson himself had prepared them in the past.

In Concord, meanwhile, a generation had appeared in whom the soil made fertile by Emerson's presence had burst into happy bloom. The Hawthornes had vanished; of the family of Henry Thoreau one aunt alone was left to bear the name in America. But the Alcotts had stood their ground, and the world had swung their way. Louisa was famous now, and May was beginning to make her name as a painter. The station-master's son was a musical genius, Judge French's son was a sculptor. Goodwin, who had studied with Clough, was already a famous scholar. And in Frank Sanborn the village had its Boswell. It was curious, too, that

in several notable cases the voice, the manners, the very smile of Emerson could be recognized moving about in persons to whom he bore no blood-relationship.

Ellery Channing still made rhymes, still aired his crotchets, and Alcott walked the woods, looking for odd coils of roots and branches and building rustic temples to the geometry of beauty. The gay and tireless Alcott, with his long silvery locks and his courtly manners, winding along the wood-paths in his wide straw hat, his arms filled with the treasures of the brush. He was still lecturing in the West, still faithfully keeping his diary (a whole library now of bound manuscripts, fifty volumes or more) and writing sonnets in honour of his friends; and at last, in 1878, his old dream and Emerson's of a Concord University was partially realized. The School of Philosophy was opened for summer sessions. The Hegelians from Saint Louis invaded the town. Under the huge elms on Alcott's lawn they built their tabernacle, with walls of pine shakes and Gothic windows, and a strange new jargon began to be heard in the woods and fields of Concord. They were very Prussian, these strangers, with their "categories" and "totalities." A new generation assembled in this twilight of the old Concord gods. Eager young men and women from every corner of the country came to drink at the spring of the poetry of Nature. There were garden parties and boating parties on the river, and the wood-paths rustled with muslin dresses, and Walden Pond rang with the voices of youth. It might

have been forty years before, in the days when the Brook Farmers came to consult the oracle, and some of the old circle assembled, too. Elizabeth Peabody, the "grandmother of Boston," as people called her now, the champion of lost causes for half a century, drowsed in her chair on the platform. Alcott often spoke, and Emerson read a lecture on aristocracy. And then one summer day Walt Whitman came to Concord. He, too, was a patriarch now, serenely wise, stamped by those long years in the Civil War; and the old scores were forgotten. He came to visit Sanborn, and he drove out to Walden and placed his stone on the cairn that marked the spot by the pond where Henry's cabin had stood. Then he dined and spent an evening at Emerson's house. Emerson said very little but sat in his chair, smiling, and under the play of the lamplight Walt watched with all his old love the face of the Mystic Trumpeter of his youth. (A just man, poised on himself, he thought, all-loving, all-enclosing, and sane and clear as the sun.)

Seventy-eight! with a heart as light as ever—and a twelvemonth still to live. Emerson was not too old to enjoy his swim at Walden, where he still scorned a towel—(spring still made spring in his mind, and he was never old!)—not too old to receive a party of Methodist ministers who came to pay their respects. He seemed a little doubtful at first, as though he thought they might put him through his catechism, but, once reassured, became affable and charming. He had forgotten what he had written: he glanced through *Representative Men* and said

it seemed as if something had been omitted, "here—and here—and here" (touching the table as he spoke). And once he took his writings from the shelf, and, glancing through them, smiled, as he said to his daughter, "Why, these things are really very good." Did he know that the Emperor of Brazil had read him from end to end, that he had his disciples in India, for whom he shone serene as the evening star? That the Prime Minister of Russia kept the *Essays* at his bedside, that a student in Siberia had been imprisoned for having in his possession a copy of *Self-Reliance*? His fame had spread through the world, in spite of the *Saturday Review*, which ridiculed his "occasional jets of nonsense." ("His works," this friendly journal still maintained, "are nothing, mean nothing, say nothing.") But what was fame? he had said to himself. He had thought of the fossil snails and leaves and ferns that had come down safe from antiquity, surviving all the shocks, upheavals, deluges, wherein everything noble in art and humanity had perished. They had come down, staring and perfect, into our daylight. What was fame, he had said to himself—immortal life before the eyes of mortals, if every snail and fern and dead leaf shared it?

He had written once of a certain country where, when threescore years had passed, a mist or dimness, a sort of autumnal haze, settled on the figure, veiling all decays. It was Emerson's country now. He was living in a dream when he went to Longfellow's funeral in Cambridge, when he wandered

up to the coffin and gazed at the face of the dead. "I cannot remember his name," he said, "but he was a good man." When he looked up at the portrait of Carlyle that hung on his study wall and said, "That is my man!" When his wife sat beside him, and he contrived to express with a smile how long and happily they had lived together. When he spent that last evening in his study, and his son read aloud to him "Paul Revere's Ride"; and he took apart as usual the brands in the fireplace and swept the hearth for the night. When Alcott came to say good-bye to his friend, and Emerson held his hand and said, with smiling affection, "You are very well—keep so, keep so." And when Alcott turned to go and he called him back once more and grasped his hand again: "Good-bye, my friend!"

Gradually, year by year, the outline had grown indistinct and the halo gayer and brighter, till at last there was left only a sense of presence. And the strong gods pined for his abode; for the universe had become his house in which to live.

GRANT & LEE

A Study in Personality and Generalship

MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER

Author of "India in Revolt," "The Dragon's Teeth:
A Study of Peace and War," and "War and
Western Civilization, 1832-1932."



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PREFACE

THE object of this study is to examine the influence of personality upon generalship. It is not primarily a history of the American Civil War, nor is it a detailed account of the campaigns fought by Grant and *Lee*.* In place it is an analysis of two personalities, in which the outline of the war as set forth is no more than the background, and the campaigns and battles described are no more than illustrations of the influence of these personalities upon events.

I have adopted this course because in nearly all the histories I have read on this war the writers have concentrated almost entirely upon events, overlooking the fact that the supreme value of military history is to be sought in the personalities of the generals who shaped them. At base, seven-eighths of the history of war is psychological. Material conditions change, yet the heart of man changes but little, if at all, and as Marshal Saxe once said: "The human heart is the starting-point in all matters pertaining to war." Strategy is important; administration is important; tactics are important; yet what is of greater importance to the soldier is to discover what does and what does not constitute generalship, because the general is called upon to use these three branches of the military art as a workman uses his tools.

Until a few years ago I accepted the conventional point of view that Grant was a butcher and *Lee* one of the greatest generals this world has ever seen.

* The names of Confederate soldiers are throughout this book printed in italics.

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I accepted this because I had been taught that this was so. Then, after the close of the World War, it occurred to me that a study of the American Civil War might have taught us, not only how better to have waged the European Civil War, but even how to have altogether avoided it. From school history I turned to the sources of history—the records, the memoirs, the letters, and soon discovered that much I had been taught as fact was little short of fiction.

Like most British officers, I had been fed upon Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson*; but historical research soon revealed to me that this justly popular book was almost as romantic as Xenophon's *Cyropædia*. Interesting and instructive both these works are, but neither can be considered as wells of historic truth. Cyrus of the *Cyropædia*, is Xenophon's ideal of a soldier, and so is *Jackson* of Henderson's only less famous book. What was my astonishment when I discovered that *Jackson*, though he possessed certain remarkable qualities, was possessed by so many equally remarkable idiosyncrasies as to leave one in doubt as to his sanity. Then I turned to Grant, and found him to be nothing like the Grant I had been led to picture; lastly to *Lee*, to discover that in several respects he was one of the most incapable Generals-in-Chief in history—so much for school education.

I did not arrive at these conclusions hastily, but after having read over two hundred books and articles on the Civil War and consulted as many more. That certain of my conclusions are erroneous is more than likely, for an American correspondent once informed me that he had collected a library of over twenty-three thousand volumes and items on the Civil War period; consequently, my reading, though considerable, has in no way been exhaustive.

I have kept this book as short as possible, and yet

P R E F A C E

I think I have included sufficient background to enable a reader not well acquainted with the history of this war, to look at the whole of it as if through a diminishing glass. In some cases it may be considered that I might have said more, and in others less. For example: I have dismissed *Jackson's* vital Valley campaign in a few words, and have devoted a page or two to Buell's campaign in East Tennessee, which was only distantly related to Grant's operations at the time. I have done so because the details of *Jackson's* campaign are unnecessary in order to understand *Lee's* plans, whilst Grant's Chattanooga campaign is difficult to grasp unless its origins are outlined.

In this book I have given chapter and verse for practically every statement of importance relating to Grant and *Lee*, and I have made use of so large a number of references in comparison to the length of the book, that style, such as I may possess, has undoubtedly suffered. But as my object is not to write a romance, and as my opinions on Grant and *Lee* run counter to many of those held by former writers, I have considered it only just to marshal my evidence, and if the reader will trouble to glance through the references he will find that most of my witnesses were men and women personally acquainted with Grant and *Lee*. I have paid particular attention to the opinions of staff officers—men such as Porter, Badeau, *Long*, *Taylor* and *Marshall*, because these men are likely to have gained a better insight into the personalities of their chiefs than others. I have also placed considerable reliance on the opinions of foreign witnesses of the war, for their outside observations enable one to check inside estimates.

Finally, this book, though a short one, includes so many of the major operations of the Civil War that to the general reader it should, I think, provide a

PREFACE

fairly clear sketch of what this war was like. To the military student it may be looked upon as an introduction, *based on facts*, to a more extended study which is to be found in no single book; for, curious to relate, though an individual can collect twenty-three thousand volumes and articles on this period, a full and unprejudiced military history of the American Civil War has still to be written.

J. F. C. F.

November 20, 1932.

GRANT & LEE

A Study in Personality and Generalship.



CHAPTER I

THE TWO CAUSES

The Two Orders

THE Wars of the Roses in England and the Civil War in America were both intestinal conflicts arising out of similar ideas. In the first the clash was between feudalism and the new economic order; in the second, between an agricultural society and a new industrial one. Both led to similar ends; the first to the founding of the English nation, and the second to the founding of the American. Both were strangely interlinked; for it was men of the old military and not of the new economic mind—men, such as Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh—who founded the English colonies in America, and it was men of this type who settled in Virginia.

The ending of the Hundred Years' War with France, in 1453, by consolidating the attention of the English on home affairs at once led to the Wars of the Roses; so also did the ending of the Seven Years' War with France, in 1763, by removing the fear of French hegemony in America, consolidate the colonists on their own affairs, and led directly to the War of the Rebellion. Though this rebellion liberated the colonists and enabled them to establish a nation in being, a greater revolution, namely, the industrial, was at this moment emerging from its cradle, and no sooner had independence been gained than the new-born nation was split into two hostile factions,

or orders of society—the agricultural on the one side and the industrial on the other. These halves were ultimately fused into one whole by the Civil War of 1861-1865.

This may clearly be seen to-day, as clearly as the poet Stephen Vincent Benét saw it when he wrote that this war was:

“The pastoral rebellion of the earth
Against machines, against the Age of Steam,
The Hamiltonian extremes against the Franklin mean”;¹

but, from 1789 onwards, it was not seen clearly, and not at all by Jefferson Davis who, as late as 1881, explained how though the substitution of the Constitution for the Articles of Confederation amended the form of government, “no new PEOPLE was created. . . . The people, in whom alone sovereignty inheres remained just as they had been before.” Then he adds: “No doubt, the States—the people of the States—if they had been so disposed, might have merged themselves into one great consolidated State, retaining their geographical boundaries merely as matters of convenience. But such a merger must have been distinctly and formally stated, not left to deduction or implication.”² From the purely legal point of view this is correct; consequently, when in 1861 the Southern States seceded they had the law on their side. But what Jefferson Davis did not see was that the industrial revolution was rapidly merging the individual States into “one great consolidated State,” and that force of circumstances had in fact replaced law. “The monstrous conception of the creation of a new people, invested with the whole or a great part of the sovereignty which had previously belonged to the people of each State, has not a syllable to sustain it in the Constitution,”³ is true in theory,

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yet in fact it is not true; for, between 1789 and 1861, a new people was unconsciously created by changes in environment.

It was the unconsciousness of this fact which led to the war. The economically-minded North felt that prosperity depended upon the maintenance of the Union; the agriculturally-minded South felt otherwise; not that Southerners did not realise the value of the Union, but that they scorned to place prosperity above individual freedom. It was the South which had led in the rebellion for freedom, and to the aristocracy of the South freedom was beyond all price. Here on the one side is presented to us an economic ideal, on the other an ethical one. To the Southern gentleman the Yankees were a despised "race," inferior in courage and honour. General *Magruder* "spoke of the Puritans with intense disgust, and of the first importation of them as '*that pestiferous crew of the Mayflower*'"⁴; and when the war was declared, Mrs. Clay, a woman of high intelligence and wife of Senator Clay, of Alabama, laid the blame upon the shoulders of the Northern capitalists.⁵

For years the South had dominated the North, and though the Constitution of 1789 had made of the United States a nation, it was nationality of a limited order; for a fundamental principle of this Constitution was the right of each State to secede if it so willed, and form a separate government.

The first serious difficulty arose in 1794, when the Federal Government laid an excise on distilled spirit; this gave rise to the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania, which Washington suppressed not only by using the militia of this State, but the militias of New Jersey, Virginia and Maryland. As Bryce says: "This was the first assertion by arms of the supreme authority of the Union, and produced an enormous effect upon

opinion."⁶ The next arose out of the 1812 war with Great Britain; this, in 1820, led to the "Missouri Compromise," which was in reality a truce between antagonistic revenue systems. The trouble throughout was at bottom economic. The South was paying the largest share of the national expenses; in the third decade of the nineteenth century, out of a total revenue of \$23,000,000, the Southern States furnished \$16,500,000; and, depending upon agriculture, their policy of free trade clashed with the rising industrial interests of the North, which demanded protection. The tariff laws passed between the years 1824-1828 threw the main burden of taxation upon the Southern people, "who were consumers and not manufacturers, not only by the enhanced price of imports, but indirectly by the consequent depreciation in the value of exports, which were chiefly the products of Southern States."⁷ For instance, as one Southerner writes: "Only the other day I got a consignment of hardware from England, it had come through a Northern agency, and the charges over and above the freight and duties amounted to about 30 per cent on the invoice."⁸

The friction which arose from these contending economic interests led to a definite split in 1832, when South Carolina entered a protest against the tariffs in the form of an Ordinance of Nullification. Then, this same year, into the controversy was thrust the question of slavery which, like a fog, distorted and magnified the economic differences.

The first negroes were brought to America by the Dutch in 1619, and the first opposition to slavery originated among the Quakers. In 1772 Chief Justice Mansfield's historic judgment rendered slavery illegal in England. In 1790 two petitions to abolish slavery were presented to the first Congress convened under

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the Constitution, and might, within a decade or so, have secured their object, had not Eli Whitney's saw-gin, invented in 1793, given an enormous impetus to the production of cotton, and, as always, though in the end morality triumphs, economic necessity for the time being won through. In 1829 slavery was abolished in Mexico, and five years later in the British West Indies. In fact the morality of the day was against its continuance; for, on account of the increasing power of machinery, it was found not to pay. This morality, reduced to an emotional vapour under the white heat of political argument, poisoned all reason. Thus it happened that economic issues became blurred by hysterical emotionalism, and as Edward Lee Child says: "Like the Trojan horse, it [slavery] offered a very convenient vehicle by means of which to introduce discord and confusion into the heart of the edifice of the Constitution."⁹

Though, in 1787, Madison had recognised that slavery divided the country into two economic interests,¹⁰ it was in fact a dying institution. In 1776 it existed in all the thirteen States, and was first abandoned by Massachusetts. By 1861, when the Civil War broke out, it had also been abolished in Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and was about to be abolished in Delaware and Maryland. It would have died a natural death had it not been used as a moral fulcrum upon which to move the political lever. As the States are equally represented in the Senate, between 1832 and 1860 the slave-holding interests were eager to extend the area of slavery, "in order that by creating new Slave States, they might maintain at least an equality in the Senate and thereby prevent any legislation hostile to slavery."¹¹

The Abolitionist movement, which took form under

Garrison's leadership in 1831, soon gained strength. Before the Senate, in 1839, Henry Clay said: "Civil war, a dissolution of the Union . . . are nothing [with the Abolitionists]. . . . In all their leading prints and publications the alleged horrors of slavery are depicted in the most glowing and exaggerated colors, to excite the imaginations and stimulate the rage of the people in the free States against the people in the slave States."¹² In 1842-1843 a petition was presented to Congress by citizens of Massachusetts and Ohio, asking that steps should be taken toward "the peaceable dissolution of the Union." Already, in 1840, the slave question assumed such importance as to bring about the formation of a political party, securing 7,059 votes for its President and Vice-President. In 1844 these votes were increased to 62,300, and the Anti-Slavery Society rejected the Constitution as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." In 1848 the anti-slave party nominated for the Presidency Martin Van Buren, and for the Vice-Presidency Charles Francis Adams, these two receiving 300,000 votes. In 1856 this party became known as the Republican Party, and John C. Frémont was nominated and received 1,341,264 votes. So the contest swept onwards, until Thomas Carlyle in England cynically exclaimed: "God bless you and be a slave. . . . God damn you and be a freeman."

Behind all this turmoil what do we find? That in order to preserve its economic order the South was forced by the anti-slave attacks of the North to fall back on the Constitution for *legal* support. The State was sovereign, and the Union, as founded by the Constitution, was nothing more than an alliance between sovereigns. The original Confederacy was a loose-jointed league, and the Union was only a better articulated one. There had been constant threats of

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secession from 1786 onwards. In 1804 the New England Federalists threatened to establish a Northern Confederacy. The same happened in 1812, and again in 1814; and now the Abolitionists demanded it in the North; in fact, the idea of breaking away from the less progressive South was endemic in the Northern half of the community.

On December 20, 1860, South Carolina passed an ordinance dissolving the Union, and early in the following year the Southern Confederacy was established. "Technically, the seceding States had an arguable case; and if the point had been one to be decided on the construction of the Constitution as a court decides on the construction of a commercial contract, they were possibly entitled to judgment. Practically, the defenders of the Union stood on firmer ground, because circumstances had so changed since 1789 as to make the nation more completely one nation than it then was, and had so involved the fortunes of the majority which held to the Union with those of the minority seeking to depart that the majority might feel justified in forbidding their departure. Stripped of legal technicalities, the dispute resolved itself into the problem often proposed but capable of no general solution: When is a majority entitled to use force for the sake of retaining a minority in the same political body with itself? To this question, when it appears in a concrete shape, as to the similar question when an insurrection is justifiable, an answer can seldom be given beforehand. The result decides. When treason prospers none dare call it treason.

"The Constitution, which had rendered many services to the American people, did them an inevitable disservice when it fixed their minds on the legal aspect of the question. Law was meant to be the

servant of politics, and must not be suffered to become the master. A case had arisen which its formulæ were unfit to deal with, a case which was fit to be settled on large moral and historical grounds. It was not merely the superior physical force of the North that prevailed; it was the moral forces which rule the world, forces which had for long worked against slavery and were ordained to save North America from the curse of hostile nations established side by side."¹³

Legal rights are founded on physical force, political rights on moral force; by insisting on the former and not the latter the South challenged the North to combat.

The Two Peoples

Behind these two orders, the agricultural and static and the industrial and mobile, lived two peoples—the men of the field-lands and the men of the cities. The one an aristocracy, for no true peasantry existed, and slavery demanded mastership; the other an emerging democracy, crude, determined and self-seeking, a mixture of many nations and, consequently, a latently anarchic people. In the South the military, religious and artistic spirits preponderated; in the North, the commercial, matter-of-fact and practical. The South was eighteenth century, the North nineteenth century; the one looking backwards to Cavalier and King's man, the other forwards to the Roundheads and Cromwells of an all-conquering mechanical age.

In the South there were three classes of society—the slave-owners, the poor whites and the negroes; also, in the North were there three classes—the men who had made money, were making money, and

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those who had failed to do so. To the autocrats patriotism was founded on blood, to the plutocrats on gold. Power thus gazed upon power: the power of the past defiantly glowering into the eyes of the power of the future.

Life, interest and outlook, in both North and South, were strangely different; occupation and climate separated them into two peoples, almost into two nations. In the North the blizzard and the sea-wind had beaten Puritanism into men's bones, and to survive the rigours of the climate and the barrenness of the soil, of necessity the liberty of the individual was merged into the self-preservation of the mass; further still, the mixed nature of the population demanded amalgamation. In the South it was otherwise. In Virginia the greater part of the population was of English and Scottish stock, field-men, Cavaliers "wearing wide-brimmed felt sombreros, riding-boots, and gloves with beaver-skin backs." Men of legend and tradition, men of the romances of Sir Walter Scott. Men of a proud age and a gallant, an age of luxury and refinement; when women were worshipped as women, and the point of honour lurked in the point of every sword. When "cracked ice rattled refreshingly in the goblet; sprigs of fragrant mint peered above its broad brim; a mass of white sugar, too sweetly indolent to melt, rested on the mint; and, like rose-buds on a snow bank, luscious strawberries crowned the sugar."¹⁴ Such was Virginia before the blast of war swept over her hills and down her dales—a mint-julep stirred with a sword-blade.

"The girls were always beautiful. The men
Wore varnished boots, raced horses and played cards
And drank mint-juleps till the time came round
For fighting duels with their second cousins
Or tar-and-feathering some God-damn Yankee. . . .

GRANT AND LEE

The South . . . the honeysuckle . . . the hot sun . . .
The taste of ripe persimmons and sugar-cane. . . .
The cloyed and waxy sweetness of magnolias. . . .
White cotton, blowing like a fallen cloud,
And foxhounds belling the Virginia hills. . . ."¹⁵

Nothing in modern times has quite resembled the social life of the South; it was feudalism, but of a refined order, in which chivalry and above all the spirit of gallantry endowed the ruling aristocracy with an exalted pride in itself and its cause. Behind the Southern soldier stood the Southern woman—mother, wife, daughter, sister and sweetheart:

"The gentleman killed and the gentleman died,
But she was the South's incarnate pride
That mended the broken gentlemen
And sent them out to the war again,
That kept the house with the men away
And baked the bricks where there was no clay,
Made courage from terror and bread from bran
And propped the South on a swansdown fan
Through four long years of ruin and stress,
The pride—and the deadly bitterness."¹⁶

These words of the poet are no exaggeration, for General *Lee* writes, in a letter to Mrs. Lee, how, in November 1863, he met a soldier's wife who was on a visit to her husband. "She was from Abbeville district, S.C. She had not seen her husband for more than two years and, as he had written to her for clothes, she herself thought she would bring them on. It was the first time she had travelled by railroad, but she had got along very well by herself. She brought an entire suit of her own manufacture for her husband. She spun the yarn and made the clothes herself. She clad her three children in the same way, and had on a beautiful pair of gloves she had made for herself. . . . Her greatest difficulty was to procure shoes. She sat with me about ten minutes, and took her leave—

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another mark of sense—and made no request for herself or husband.”¹⁷

The heroism of the South must not blind us to the fact that behind it and within it lay much ignorance and selfishness—the backwash of autocracy. The contempt for the North was profound, so profound as to obscure the fact that in modern wars industries are as necessary as courage, and that the strength of the North lay not in her prowess but in her manufactures, her engineers and her mercantile marine. In the South these essentials were almost entirely lacking; the art of organizing and of creating was unknown, the saddle horse was the common means of locomotion, for roads were little better than tracks. Of his journey through Texas Colonel Fremantle writes: “Two of my companions served through the late severe campaign in New Mexico, but they considered forty-eight hours in a closely-packed stage a greater hardship than any of their military experiences.”¹⁸ It was a country and a people totally unprepared for war and, consequently, a country difficult to fight in, and a people difficult to subdue, for courage which scorns preparation is apt to defy defeat.

The Two Presidents

To turn from the two peoples to their political leaders, Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, it would be difficult to discover two men so different in appearance and character. Lincoln was the son of the soil, Davis the artificial product of the study. One had breathed into his soul the freedom of Nature, and like primitive man, could best express his inner feelings through parables. The other had breathed the air of the cloister, and his soul had grown stiff

as the parchment it had fed upon. "Lincoln," as Edward Lee Childe describes him, was "a true Cherokee white, with straight hair, high cheekbone, unfathomable aspect, with a stony nature in the large hands, destined to manual labour, a nature withdrawing from intellectual work as much as possible. A mind of mediocrity, honourable and upright through the absence of passions; vulgar, but by no means wicked, loving allegory in the manner of common people; full of self-confidence, a believer in his own mission, a true representative of the most recent form of American democracy."¹⁹ Davis, artificial, autocratic, and for ever standing upon the pedestal of his own conceit. A man of little humour, who could dictate but who would not argue or listen, who could read but who could not penetrate deeply. Logical, inflexible, inhuman, a man who scorned advice, for he could not tolerate either assistance or opposition. When *Lee* suggested that General *Whiting* should be sent south, Davis endorsed the recommendation: "Let General *Lee* order General *Whiting* to report here, and it may then be decided whether he will be sent south or not."²⁰ A man who, as Mrs. Davis relates of their first meeting, "has a way of taking for granted that everybody agrees with him"²¹; who was for ever suspicious of ability, and whose "cabinet was made up in great part of feeble and incapable men."²² "He [*Toombs*]," says Mrs. Chesnut, "rides too high a horse for so despotic a person as Jefferson Davis."²³ Yet withal a man of invincible will and courage, as indomitable as the last proclamation he issued to his countrymen on April 5, 1865—to rely on God, and "meet the foe with fresh defiance and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts."²⁴

In the hands of these two men was the destiny of

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a divided people thrust. Davis, relying upon European intervention to scuttle the war, had no foreign policy outside establishing cotton as king. Early in the war the Hon. James Mason, Confederate Commissioner in Europe, had proclaimed that all cotton in Europe would be exhausted by February, 1862, "and that . . . intervention would be inevitable";²⁵ yet before the end of 1861 Europe was learning to do without it. Davis, however, could not believe that he was wrong; he staked the fortunes of his government and his people on this commodity, and lost. On the other hand Lincoln pinned his faith on what he believed to be the common right of humanity. In spite of division he saw one people, and in spite of climate and occupation—one nation. To him the Union was older than any State, for it was the Union that had created the States *as* States. He saw that whatever happened, the nation could not permanently remain divided. His supreme difficulty was to maintain the unity of the North so that he might enforce unity upon the South; whilst Jefferson Davis's ship of state was wrecked on the fundamental principle of his policy that each individual State had the right to control its own destiny, a policy which was not only antagonistic to his nature, but which was incapable of establishing united effort.

From the military point of view both men were incapable in the extreme. Davis thought he understood war, Lincoln acted as if no one could understand it. Davis himself says: "At the commencement of the year 1862 it was the purpose of the United States Government to assail us in every manner and at every point and with every engine of destruction which could be devised. The usual methods of civilized warfare consist in the destruction of an enemy's military power and the capture of his capital.

These, however, formed only a small portion of the purposes of *our* enemy."²⁶ This shows his ignorance of the nature of modern warfare. Lincoln, though he possessed military insight of a kind, such as when he suggested to Hooker "not to take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence,"²⁷ relied on a military Junta, consisting of himself, the irascible Stanton and the egregious Halleck. He leant upon councils of war and, in consequence, ruined the initiative of his generals. For instance, as the Comte de Paris informs us: "After ordering the preparations which McClellan had so long solicited, Mr. Lincoln relapsed into hesitancy, and insisted that the general-in-chief should submit his project to the examination of a council of war. Twelve generals assembled on the 8th of March, not to receive the instructions of their chief, but to constitute a tribunal for passing judgment on his plans."²⁸ Not until he discovered Grant did he cease to interfere, but Jefferson Davis was too self-centred to attain to such wisdom; from beginning to end he was *de facto* the Southern Commander-in-Chief, and though his admiration for *Lee* was unstinted and sincere, he treated him little better than a clerk.

The Two Problems

The secession of South Carolina and the other States did not in itself precipitate the war, for it was not until Fort Sumter was bombarded on April 12, 1861, that the emotionalism of the North swept through all argument, and though both sides were totally unprepared for the impending struggle, this insult to the national flag demanded immediate retribution.

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What were the problems which now faced the contending parties? In themselves they were exceedingly simple: to re-establish the Union the North must conquer the South; and to maintain the Confederacy, and all that the Confederacy stood for, the South must resist invasion. On the one side the problem was offensive, on the other defensive. To conquer the North was out of the question, consequently the Southern problem resolved itself into inducing Europe to intervene and stop the war, and in tiring the North out and so compel the Union Government to abandon the contest. As it was uncertain what Europe would do, this second half of the problem was the more important; consequently, what was equally important was: how long could the Southern resources stand the strain?

The Northern problem of conquest meant not only defeating the enemy's armed forces and occupying his capital, but subduing the will of an entire people and occupying the whole of their country. This subjection could only be carried out by force of arms, for solely to rely upon blockade would not necessarily have led to this result. Blockade was important, but only as a strategic attack on the Confederate lines of supply with Europe. The main problem was tactical—the disarming of the enemy and the occupation of his country. The political object of the war was so clear, namely, union or disunion, that no other course could be adopted.

Jefferson Davis, as I have shown, totally misunderstood the nature of the war. He looked upon it as a war between two governments, when in fact it was a war between two peoples not quarrelling over some territorial or economic question, but a question so firmly established in the heart of every man and woman that it took upon itself a religious form. Both

sides were fighting for something dearer than life, consequently this civil war and most other civil wars find their nearest comparison in the wars of religion.

Lincoln dimly saw it thus: On April 19, 1861, he proclaimed a blockade of the Southern ports, but called for the enrolment of only 75,000 volunteers. Grant, then a clerk in his brother's leather store, considered it would be a ninety days' affair. *Lee* believed that it would prove a long war; but the only man who appears to have seen it in its true perspective was the Federal Commander-in-Chief, Lieut.-General Winfield Scott, who considered that "300,000 men under an able general might carry the business through in two or three years."²⁹ This seems a moderate enough estimate, seeing that the problem, simple though it was to realize, entailed the occupation of the entire South.

I will now turn to the theatre of the war, the area in which the two problems were to be resolved.

As the defensive, by force of policy and circumstances, was thrust upon the South, Jefferson Davis should have at once recognised that the strategic frontier of the Confederacy ran from the Potomac, by Washington, along the Alleghany Mountains to Chattanooga, thence along the Tennessee River to about Savannah, across to the Mississippi at Fulton, and from there to Little Rock on the Arkansas River. Had he done so, and had he realised that the States of Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri could only be looked upon as advanced positions, or tactical outworks, to the main strategic line of defence, then his strategy would have taken on a concrete form. South of this strategic frontier ran two main lateral railroads, the first from Richmond via Chattanooga to Memphis, and the second, from Richmond via Branchville and Atlanta to Vicksburg. Both were intersected by railroads

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running from the seaports of Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola, Mobile and New Orleans. The maintenance of these railways and the security of these seaports were vital to the Confederacy: the first in order to carry out troop movements from east to west and west to east, and the second to maintain communication with Europe. In place, what do we see? "With every month of the war the railroads of the Southern States become worse and worse, until a long journey by rail—say from Montgomery to Richmond—was as hazardous as picket duty on the Potomac,"³⁰ so says *Heros von Borcke*, who was chief-of-staff to General *J. E. B. Stuart*. And though it was of infinite importance to keep the Southern ports open, which could only be done by strengthening their land defences and adequately garrisoning them, in place "the Confederate Government wanted ships to cruise and to destroy the enemy's mercantile marine."³¹ To attack Federal shipping was a direct violation of the defensive problem, because, though it might damage the supplies of the enemy, it could not enhance the supplies of the South. Strategically it was a wasteful diversion of force, particularly so as the Confederacy had few ships.

The question of supplies, which from the start to the finish of the war was a question of daily anxiety, was never adequately tackled, and eventually, more so than Federal pressure, lack of supplies wrecked the Confederate armies. Not only, by May, 1862, were the ports of Newbern, Beaufort, Savannah, Brunswick, Pensacola and New Orleans occupied by Federal troops, but no proper steps were taken to control, economize and amass supplies at strategic centres. Though totally unprepared for the war, throughout 1861 the apathy of the South was astounding.³² As *Heros von Borcke* says: "Had the Confederate

authorities, following Napoleon's example, established at the beginning of the war (when it might easily have been done) large depots of army-supplies at points not exposed, like Richmond, to raids of cavalry, I am convinced that it would have had a material influence on the final issue of the great conflict. The difficulties that were experienced during the last two years of the war in supporting the army, and the terrible privations to which men and animals were subjected in consequence of early maladministration and neglect, can be known only to those who were eye-witnesses of the misfortune and participants in the suffering."³³ It was not that supplies were unobtainable; they were plentiful. In May, 1862, Mrs. Clay says: "We had sugar in abundance, and pyramids of the richest butter, bowls of thick cream, and a marvellous plenitude of incomparable 'clabber';" and then again, in March the following year: "The contrast between the comfort in this pretty city [Macon] of lower Georgia, a city of beautiful homes and plentiful tables, and our poverty-stricken capital [Richmond] and meagre, starving camps, was terrible to picture. I wrote impulsively (and alas! impotently) in reply to my husband's letter:

" 'Why does not the President or some proper authority order on from here and other wealthy towns, and immediately at that, the thousands of provisions that fill the land? Monopolists and misers hold enough meat and grain in their clutches to feed our army and Lincoln's! Put down the screws and make them release it. Talk of disbanding an army at a time like this? No! empty the coffers and granaries and meat houses of every civilian in the land first!' "³⁴

Why did not Jefferson Davis do so? "Right, weakness, invasion!" had detonated the South. "Was it not the God-implemented instinct which impels a man to

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defend his own hearth. . . . Within me is Right, before me is Duty, behind me is Home."³⁵ This enthusiasm, through which he could have accomplished almost anything whilst it burnt fiercely, left him cold. Cotton was king, Europe would intervene; then behind these dim possibilities stood the spectre of State Rights. What right had the Confederate Government to lay hands on the supplies of individual States? Had not the Conscription Act of April, 1862, caused trouble enough; was not it in fact an infringement of the Constitution? At first there had been fear of a slave rising:³⁶ this had died down; then there had been the consoling thought that the credit of the North would be unable to support the war:³⁷ this also became more and more unlikely. Nevertheless, State Rights stood daily, hourly, at every minute of day and night at Davis's elbow. Supplies could not be seized, taxes could not be enforced. Colonel *Marshall* says: "Everyone remarked how the people clamoured to be taxed to save the country when a timid Congress was hesitating to impose taxes. This indisposition to exert its power so often manifested by the Confederate Government, was a natural consequence of the theory upon which that Government was formed. Recognizing no power to coerce a State, holding that any State might nullify a law of Congress, and that the league rested entirely in the consent of the parties composing it, the Confederate Government endeavoured to shape its policy so as to conciliate the States and secure their acquiescence in its measures."³⁸

The importance of State Rights as the controlling factor in Confederate strategy cannot be exaggerated. It was not only the cause of the war, but also the prime cause of the Confederate downfall. Though Jefferson Davis was hoisted by this constitutional

petard, after the war he never wearied of pointing out that according to the "Declaration of Independence each State retained its sovereignty and freedom." He acknowledges that "the Government thus constituted was found inadequate," and that "the first idea .of . . . reorganization³⁹ arose from the necessity of regulating the commercial intercourse of the States with one another and with foreign countries, and also of making some provision for payment of the debt contracted during the war for independence."³⁹ Further, that the "prohibition" to exercise certain functions of sovereignty, such as making treaties, declaring war, coining money, etc., was not imposed upon the States "from without, or from above, by any external or superior power, but is self-imposed by their free consent"; consequently, these prohibitory clauses "are not at all a denial of the full sovereignty of the States, but are merely an agreement among them to exercise certain powers of sovereignty in concert, and not separately and apart."⁴⁰

Though Jefferson Davis acknowledged that the General Government "had . . . the exclusive right and power of determining on peace and war,"⁴¹ and that, as I have just shown, he realized that federalism had originated through economic necessity, he could not see that economic necessity was a far stronger factor in 1861 than in 1789, or that State Rights were of little value unless each State could back its rights by military force. As the army was the common property of all the States, there did exist a union by force and compulsion as well as a union by agreement. And when his coadjutor, Vice-President Stephens, said that there was not such a thing as a citizen of the United States, but the citizen of a State, quoting Rawle in support of this contention, and that "the

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object in quitting the Union was not to destroy, but to save the principles of the Constitution,"⁴² what he, as well as Jefferson Davis, was doing was to foster and cherish the spirit of the first rebellion in place of eliminating it and so unifying the nation.

This pedagogic point of view and this scholastic reasoning were utterly antagonistic to unity within the Confederacy; whilst unity was the principle, though by no means a firmly established one, of its antagonist. No military dictator could be appointed, and "Instead of finishing the war, and then thinking how to establish a stable and definite government, the Confederate statesmen wished to do both at once."⁴³ Susceptibilities had to be considered, and though *Lee* and *Joseph E. Johnston* were of opinion that the more remote frontiers should be abandoned, and the scattered forces of the Confederacy concentrated, political reasons overruled their judgment. Further still, the general policy of defence, thrust upon the South by force of circumstances, magnified in the mind of each State the importance of local defence. As Colonel Henderson says: "Though all the States were willing to fight, each singly was unwilling to be left unprotected"⁴⁴; consequently to abandon, for instance, Kentucky or Tennessee, or to refuse to support any frontier State in strength, would have led to acute political friction; yet this problem could have been solved as I will show a little later on.

From the first, the incurable jealousy of the States, especially of those not immediately affected by the war, established a dry rot within the Confederacy. Thus, each State not only furnished units to the Confederate Army, but raised local and irregular troops as well, and as service in the home areas was safer and more congenial than at the front, the establishment of these units was one of the outstanding

causes of desertion. Also, as many of the irregular corps and guerilla forces were little better than bands of brigands leading a roisterer's life without a roisterer's expenses, the Federal Government was compelled to devastate vast tracks of the Confederacy in order to rid its armies of this pest.

These jealousies led to many serious absurdities. Thus Colonel *Marshall* tells us that when, largely through General *Lee's* efforts, conscription was enforced, in order to palliate the States, the Conscription Act "provided that the men of the existing commands retained in service should elect their field and company officers. . . . Thus by the provisions of this law the armies in the immediate presence of the enemy, like that of General *J. E. Johnston*, on the Peninsula, were authorized to change all their officers by a popular election." These elections "actually took place in the Yorktown trenches, and men had to come from the skirmish line to decide by their votes whether the officers who placed them there should continue to command them."⁴⁵

From the political aspect of the problem I will now turn to the strategic. The first point to note is that the Alleghany Mountains cut the main theatre of war, which lay between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, into two sub-theatres—the Eastern and the Western, which may better be called the political and strategical theatres; for in the first the security of the two capital cities and their governments was the predominating factor, whilst the second was largely influenced by the great river lines of approach, namely, the Mississippi, Tennessee, Cumberland and Ohio. Throughout the first three years of the war politics so completely obscured strategy that both sides committed one blunder after another. Both Washington and Richmond were important railway

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centres, but neither the one nor the other was vital to either cause. It is possible, as Henderson points out,⁴⁶ that a Confederate occupation of Washington might have led to the Southern independence being recognized by Europe; yet such an occupation could have been a temporary one only. General Gordon's opinion on this question is worth recording. He gives us it in a conversation between two Confederate soldiers.

"I say, Mac, what do you suppose we are going to do with the city of Washington when we take it?"

"That question reminds me," replied Mac, 'of old Simon's answer to Tony Towns when he asked Simon if he were not afraid he would lose his dog that was running after every train that came by. The old darkey replied that he was not thinking about losing his dog, but was just wonderin' what dat dorg was gwine to do wid dem kyars when he kitched 'em.'"⁴⁷

Though from the west Washington was easy to strike at, to have established the Federal capital elsewhere was out of the question; for the initiative being with the North, to have done so would at once have been proclaimed a moral defeat. In the Confederacy no such question arose; the first capital selected was at Montgomery in Alabama, and it was moved to Richmond early in 1861, mainly because of Virginian influence, which demanded that it should be situated in Virginia, which was considered to be the vital area in the theatre of war.⁴⁸

This was the initial strategical mistake made by Davis, for though Richmond was a good railroad centre, and was difficult to attack from the north, it possessed the disadvantage of being close to the sea coast. Further, the real strength of the Confederacy lay in the Mississippi region, and as the Federals would most certainly direct their operations against their enemy's political centre, the further it was away

from direct attack the better. In my own opinion the capital should have been removed to Atlanta, the geographical centre of the Confederacy, an important railroad junction not only connected to Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola, Mobile and New Orleans, but also with Memphis and Vicksburg on the Mississippi. Had Atlanta been selected, then, whilst a covering force, based on Richmond, was maintained in Virginia, its object being morally to threaten Washington, the main forces, based on Chattanooga, could have carried out a defensive-offensive campaign in Tennessee. Such a campaign, if pushed with vigour, would not only have protected the great supply States of Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, but would have kept open the vital crossings into Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana, as well as have stretched out a helping hand to Kentucky. It may be said that had this distribution been decided upon, Virginia would have been occupied by the Federals, and thence they would have pushed south through the Carolinas.

This is unlikely, even if Virginia had been overrun, not only because the Confederate operations in Tennessee would have drawn the bulk of the Federal forces westwards, but because the topographical conditions in the East would have proved as difficult to overcome as they did to the English in 1775-1783. What did General Nathaniel Greene do in North Carolina in 1781? He avoided pitched battles, and relied on rapidity of manoeuvre to strike at weakness and at his enemy's line of communications. Had the Federals penetrated into North Carolina they would have had to rely upon the Danville railroad; every mile of advance would have laid this line of supply open to more certain attack, consequently its protection would eventually have crippled their field army. In actuality, to protect this central line of

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supply, they would have been compelled to have advanced on an enormously extended front, their right on the Lynchburg-Knoxville railroad and their left on the Richmond-Weldon, consequently their progress would have been excessively slow. Had Jefferson Davis but remembered the words of Frederick the Great, "If I were mindful only of my own glory, I would choose always to make war in my own country, for there every man is a spy, and the enemy can make no movement of which I am not informed,"⁴⁹ he would have realized not only the value of a centrally placed capital, but the dangers a Federal advance from Washington into North Carolina would be subjected to. But State Rights once again interposed, and it is most unlikely that *Lee*, heart and soul a Virginian, would have looked with favour upon any weakening of the military forces in his native State.

The strategic strength of the Confederacy lay in its size and also in its lack of communications, for its conquest demanded its entire occupation, and how to effect this occupation was the outstanding military problem of the Federal Armies. For three years Lincoln, Stanton and Halleck were obsessed by conventional strategical considerations. They believed that the capture of Richmond would end the war; "how" and "why" does not seem to have entered their heads. Had McClellan occupied Richmond in 1862, the war would in fact have been indefinitely prolonged, for the Confederates would simply have established a capital elsewhere. Had they, however, restricted themselves to a limited offensive in the east; had they captured the sea ports, and particularly Wilmington, during the summer of 1862, as undoubtedly they could have done, then they would have been able to have launched a strong, well-

organized offensive in the West. To attack from Washington was to strike at the roof of the Confederacy and drive the Confederate forces *into* the Confederate house. To attack in the west from Tennessee on the line Vicksburg and Chattanooga was to crash through an outer wall and sever its ground floor from its upper storey; in fact, to drive the Confederate forces out of the greater part of their house, and so gain entrance and occupation. The Washington and the Richmond Governments read strategy according to rule, they struck at strength and political power, when they should have struck at weakness and the national spirit, because weakness accentuated undermines strength, and loss of national spirit undermines political power.

Until General Grant assumed command, as we shall later on see, the grand-strategy of the North was beneath contempt. The immensity of the problem which lay before Lincoln and his generals was totally unappreciated. He called for 75,000 volunteers, yet look at his problem! This is how Colonel Henderson sees it:

“The city of Atlanta, which may be considered as the heart of the Confederacy, was sixty days’ march from the Potomac, the same distance as Vienna from the English Channel, or Moscow from the Niemen. New Orleans, the commercial metropolis, was thirty-six days’ march from the Ohio, the same distance as Berlin from the Moselle. Thus space was all in favour of the South; even should the enemy over-run her borders, her principal cities, few in number, were far removed from the hostile bases, and the important railway junctions were perfectly secure from sudden attack. And space, especially where means of communication are scanty, and the country affords few supplies, is the greatest of all obstacles. The hostile territory must be subjugated piecemeal, state by state, province by province, as was Asia by Alexander; and after each victory a new base of supply must be provisioned and secured, no matter at what cost of time, before a further advance can be attempted. Had Napoleon in the campaign against Russia remained for the winter at Smolensko, and

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firmly established himself in Poland, Moscow might have been captured and held during the ensuing summer. But the occupation of Moscow would not have ended the war. Russia in many respects, was not unlike the Confederacy. She had given no hostages to fortune in the shape of rich commercial towns; she possessed no historic fortresses; and so offered but few objectives to an invader. If defeated or retreating, her armies could always find refuge in distant fastnesses. The climate was severe; the internal trade inconsiderable; to bring the burden of war home to the mass of the population was difficult, and to hold the country by force impracticable. Such were the difficulties which the genius of Napoleon was powerless to overcome, and Napoleon invaded Russia with half a million of seasoned soldiers."⁵⁰

The Two Tactics

This war was an epoch-making one, not only politically but tactically so; for besides uniting a nation, a nation which to-day is giving to the world the fullest expression of the Industrial Revolution, it initiated a new cycle in tactics.

The extraordinary thing about this initiation is that it sprouted from out of one tiny seed—the rifle bullet—which, like the Indian fakir's mango tree, during the four years of the war grew at such an astonishing speed, that on its conclusion the tree resulting could not be seen for the tactical wood; consequently the lessons of this war were lost to military thought, and are still far from being fully appreciated. The old tactical school learned nothing, the new died with the war; so it happened that the grim lessons of Malvern Hill, Shiloh, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and the Wilderness had to be relearned in every succeeding war right up to the World War of 1914-1918, when they appeared in their most tremendous form; yet soldiers still hesitate to accept them.

Lord Wolseley, an able and an educated officer,

though for a brief period he saw the war as it was, totally misread its meaning. In 1887, he wrote: "... from first to last the co-operation of even one army corps of regular troops would have given complete victory to whichever side it fought on,"⁵¹ and, in 1898, he repeated this statement, saying: "Had the United States been able, early in 1861, to put into the field, in addition to their volunteers, one Army Corps of regular troops the war would have ended in a few months."⁵² To-day such a contention appears far-fetched, for the regular soldier of 1861 was not vastly different from the regular soldier of 1815 or of 1755. In 1755, on the Monongahela, Braddock's Red Coats were worthless against Beaujeu's Red Skins; and, in 1815, what happened to Pakenham at New Orleans when he met Andrew Jackson's rough riflemen of Kentucky, Tennessee and Louisiana?

"There followed a horrible scene: the 44th Foot were literally mowed down by a storm of bullets; other regiments took their place and shared their fate. In fifteen minutes the first attack had been swept away. But Pakenham was brave, and so were his soldiers. The British general formed a new column of attack, and with his staff behind him, his hat raised in the air, rode at the head of the Sutherland Highlanders back into the fearful zone of fire. Only one thing could happen. Once more the rifles blazed. Pakenham went down, killed outright, and every one of the British staff went to earth at the same moment. The Highlanders were decimated, but heroically struggled on, a few getting within a hundred yards of the entrenchments—but no further. Placed on four ranks, constantly firing and stepping back to reload in rotation, Coffee's buck-hunters had too easy a target, and when General Gibbs, succeeding Pakenham in command, brought up the Scots Fusiliers and the 43rd Light Infantry, dealt out the same fate to him as to his predecessor. General Lambert followed, and he, too, with magnificent but senseless British courage, attempted to continue the attack; but it was no longer possible; even Wellington's veterans could not face such an ordeal, and there was nothing left but retreat."⁵³

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What was the result of this engagement? Out of 9,000 British troops, of which 7,000 took part in the attacks, 3,300 were killed and wounded, and 500 taken prisoners; the American losses were 8 killed and 13 wounded, out of a total of 4,500 men! Why this extraordinary disproportion in casualties? First, the American losses were exceptionally light because the British troops were armed with the Brown Bess musket, and the British abnormally heavy because the Americans were armed with the long Tennessee flintlock rifle. Yet, had the British also been armed with this weapon—and this is the point to note—their casualties would have been nearly as great, because their tactics would still have been of the Brown Bess order. Their formations were rigid and their discipline unintelligent, and such was also the case in all foreign armies of 1861. Even in 1866, 1870, 1878, 1904 and 1914 history tells us that Brown Bess tactics died an exceedingly slow death, and even to-day are still very much alive in several European armies.

The supreme tactical fact was: that the rifle had rendered the defence the stronger form of war. "My men," said *Stonewall Jackson*, "sometimes fail to drive the enemy from his position, but to hold one, never!"⁵⁴ and though Henderson, an astute student of war, notes this remark with approval, he nevertheless considered that "against troops which can manoeuvre earthworks are useless,"⁵⁵ failing, so I think, to see that the art of entrenching is to make trenches manoeuvre also, as Sherman and *Lee* so successfully did in 1864-65. The truth is, that because of the rifle and its mates, the axe and the spade, the defence had become at least three times as strong as the attack. This point is noted by two independent witnesses. Colonel Lyman says: "Put a man in a hole, and a good battery on a hill behind him, and

he will beat off three times his number, even if he is not a 'very good soldier,'"⁵⁶ and Frank Wilkeson writes: "Before we left North Anna I discovered that our infantry were tired of charging earthworks. The ordinary enlisted men assert that one good man behind an earthwork was equal to three good men outside of it."⁵⁷ The fact is that the whole practice of fighting had changed without it being realized. Here is a graphic description of a "1914" battle fought in 1863:

"I had taken part in two great battles, and heard the bullets whistle both days, and yet I had *scarcely seen a Rebel* save killed, wounded, or prisoners! I remember how even line officers, who were at the battle of Chancellorsville, said: 'Why, we never saw any Rebels where we were; only smoke and bushes, and lots of our men tumbling about'; and now I appreciate this most fully. The great art is to *conceal* men; for the moment they show, *bang, bang*, go a dozen cannon, the artillerists only too pleased to get a fair mark. Your typical 'great white plain,' with long lines advancing and manoeuvring, led on by generals in cocked hats and by bands of music, exist not for us. Here it *is*, as I said: 'Left face—prime—forward!'—and then *wrang, wr-rang*, for three or four hours, or for all day, and the poor, bleeding wounded streaming to the rear. That is a great battle in America."⁵⁸

During these four years the cavalry charge was rendered impotent. "Here, boys," shouted *Morgan*, "are those fools [Federal cavalry] coming again with their sabres, give it to them," and the saddles were emptied. The rifle-cannon came more and more to the fore; for instance, at Gettysburg: "The air was hideous with most discordant noise. The very earth shook beneath our feet, and the hills and rocks seemed to reel like a drunken man. For one hour and a half this most terrific fire was continued, during which the shrieking of shell, the crash of falling timber, the fragments of rocks flying through the air, shattered from the cliffs by solid shot, the heavy mutterings

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from the valley between the opposing armies, the splash of bursting shrapnel, and the fierce neighing of wounded artillery horses, made a picture terribly grand and sublime."⁵⁹ Even in forest fighting we find the gun used if not to hit, then to terrify and dismay. Early in the war in West Virginia, General *Wise* ordered a young artillery lieutenant to open fire. "A dense forest prevented the lieutenant from seeing any of the enemy, and he stated as much to General *Wise*, adding that if he opened fire he would 'do no execution.' The incessant fusilade of rifles and the whistling of minies seemed to emphasize the wisdom of the General's reply, 'D—n the execution, sir, it's the noise that we want.'"⁶⁰

It is in the dethronement of the bayonet, however, that the chief change in tactics is to be sought. Before the advent of the rifle the assault was sometimes a practical operation and, this being so, the bayonet, the successor of the pike, was the superior infantry weapon, the musket being little more than a smoke-producing machine to obscure the bayonet charge. To-day every modern army still thinks in terms of the assault; yet this war proved beyond all doubt that the bayonet was as obsolete as the pike. Here are a few examples: "I don't think a single man of them was bayoneted,"⁶¹ writes one eye-witness. Another, General *Gordon*, says: "I may say that very few bayonets of any kind were actually used in battle, so far as my observation extended. The one line or the other usually gave way under the galling fire of small arms, grape, and canister, before the bayonet could be brought into requisition. The bristling points and the glitter of the bayonets were fearful to look upon as they were levelled in front of a charging line; but they were rarely reddened with blood. The day of the bayonet is passed. . . . It may still serve to

impress the soldier's imagination, as the loud-sounding and ludicrous gongs are supposed to stiffen the backs and steady the nerves of the grotesque soldiers of China."⁶² *Heros von Borcke* says much the same: "I carefully examined many of the corpses, and found only three or four with bayonet-wounds, and these had been received evidently after the bullets. These accounts of bayonet-fights are current after every general engagement, and are frequently embodied in subsequent 'histories,' so-called; but as far as my experience goes, recalling all the battles in which I have borne a part, bayonet-fights rarely occur, and exist only in the imagination." And again: "The bowie-knife occupied a somewhat conspicuous place in the earlier annals of the war, and we were often told of Louisianians, Mississippians, and Texans who threw away their muskets in the hottest of the fight, and fell upon the enemy with their favourite weapon; but I have always regarded these stories in the same fabulous light with the stories of . . . bayonet conflicts . . . and certainly I have never seen the bowie-knife put to any other than a purely pacific and innocent use."⁶³ Finally, I will quote Surgeon-Major Albert G. Hart, who writes that he saw few bayonet-wounds "except accidental ones. . . . I think half-a-dozen would include all the wounds of this nature that I ever dressed."⁶⁴

I have gone to this length on the subject of the bayonet, because it is so easy to criticize the tactical ability of Grant, *Lee*, and other generals of this war; yet they had no precedent to guide them, for to all intents and purposes the rifle was a new weapon. And when we do criticize them we might remember this: that to-day ninety out of every hundred professional soldiers still believe in the bayonet, a weapon which proved itself next to useless in this war and in every

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war since fought. It was because of this same lack of realization that between 1861 and 1865 hundreds of assaults were attempted and over eighty per cent of them failed.

The war which faced Grant and *Lee* was a novel war—the war of the rifle bullet. It was a war which closely resembles the World War of fifty-three years later, so closely that no other war, not even the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905, offers so exact a comparison. It was a war of rifle bullets and a war of trenches, of slashings and abattis, and even of wire entanglements; the Confederates calling this form of obstacle “a devilish contrivance which none but a Yankee could devise,” because at Drury’s Bluff they had fallen over it and had been “slaughtered like partridges.”⁶⁵ It was a war of astonishing modernity: of wooden wire-bound mortars, hand-grenades, winged grenades, rockets, and many forms of booby-traps. Magazine rifles were invented, and also Requa’s machine-gun.⁶⁶ Balloons were used by both sides, and though the Confederates did not think much of them⁶⁷ they manufactured one out of silk dresses. To the sorrow of many a Southern lady, it was speedily captured, “the meanest trick of the war,”⁶⁸ so says General *Taliaferro*. Explosive bullets are mentioned,⁶⁹ and in June, 1864, General *Pendleton* asked the Chief Ordnance Officer at Richmond whether he could supply him with stink-shell which would give off “offensive gases” and cause “suffocating effect.” The answer he got was: “. . . stink-balls, none on hand; don’t keep them; will make if ordered.”⁷⁰ Nor did modernity halt here: armoured ships and armoured trains, land mines and torpedoes⁷¹ were used, also lamp and flag signalling and the field telegraph. A submarine was built by Horace L. Huntley at Mobile—twenty feet long,

five deep, and three and a half wide, which was "propelled by a screw worked from the inside by seven or eight men."⁷² On February 17, 1864, she sank U.S.S. *Housatonic* off Charleston, and went down with her.

Colonel Lyman is as amusing when writing on war inventions as many a similar writer during the World War. On November 29, 1864, he jotted down in a letter:

"I did not have room to tell you of the ingenious inventions of General Butler for the destruction of the enemy. He never is happy unless he has half a dozen contrivances on hand. One man has brought a fire-engine, wherewith he proposes to squirt on earthworks and wash them all down! An idea that Benjamin [General Butler] considered highly practicable. Then, with his Greek fire, he proposed to hold a redoubt with only five men and a small garden engine [a flame-projector]. 'Certainly,' said General Meade, 'only your engine fires thirty feet, and a minie rifle 3,000 yards, and I am afraid your five men might be killed, before they had a chance to burn up their adversaries!' Also he is going to get a gun that shoots seven miles and, taking direction by compass, burn the city of Richmond with shells of Greek fire. If that don't do, he has an auger that bores a tunnel five feet in diameter, and he is going to bore to Richmond, and suddenly pop up in somebody's basement, while the family are at breakfast! So you see he is ingenious. It is really summer-warm to-day; there are swarms of flies, and I saw a bumble-bee and a grasshopper."⁷³

Life in camp and bivouac was equally modern, though a little rougher. Not only were newspaper boys seen behind, but on the battlefields; and certainly one regimental newspaper called *The Rapid Ann* was published.⁷⁴ Delousing was a frequent "operation of war," men "seated shirt in hand on the ground, endeavouring to pick the vermin off that garment. . . ."⁷⁵ This done, they would open tins of condensed milk⁷⁶ and brew their tea or coffee.

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The Two Armies

The two causes, the two political ideas and the two ways of living produced two very different kinds of soldiers, as different in many ways as were the soldiers of the French revolutionary armies from those of Austria and Prussia. The fact that the Federals had to fight in an enemy's country, whilst the Confederates mainly fought in their own country, compelled the former towards discipline and the latter towards laxity. Besides, sparsely populated countries always breed self-reliant people—men and women not over-given to obedience.

The Confederacy being immense in size, badly roaded and pre-eminently agricultural, its soldiers naturally took to guerilla warfare as their forefathers had done in the War of the Rebellion. To conquer such a people military operations had to be methodical, for individual valour and initiative are best overcome by discipline and solidarity. Unfortunately for the Federals they sought to establish these conditions on the conventional European pattern; they copied in place of creating, and possessing the army headquarters and the bulk of the small regular establishment, they expanded it not only bodily, but spiritually in the form they found it. General Fry says: "The army was weighed down by longevity, by venerated traditions, by prerogatives of service rendered in former wars, by the firmly tied red-tape of military bureauism, and by the deep-seated and well-founded fear of the auditors and comptrollers of the treasury." Then he says, because of this antiquated professionalism, "in the beginning of the war, the military advantage was on the side of the Confederates, notwithstanding the greater resources

of the North, which produced their effect only as the contest was prolonged."77 In other words, the less military side was the more soldierlike; free from shibboleths, the Confederate soldier could expand with expanding events, whilst the Federal sought to overcome difficulties by text-book rules.

The men themselves were also different; though in the western theatre of the war this difference was negligible, in the eastern it was marked. There the Federal troops were very mixed, large numbers of Irish, German and other foreign stock being enlisted. Though these men might have fought well enough in their own countries, many of them had little heart in the Federal cause; in fact, large numbers did not even understand what the war was about, whilst every Southern soldier realized that he was fighting for his home and freedom. Wilkeson, a private soldier in the Army of the Potomac, was probably unfortunate; anyhow his opinion is interesting. Of his batch of recruits he writes: "False history and dishonest Congressmen . . . say they were brave Northern youth going to the defence of their country. I, who know, say they were as arrant a gang of cowards, thieves, murderers and blacklegs as were ever gathered inside the walls of Newgate or Sing Sing."78 The opposing army was not altogether free of foreign influence. *Watson*, a private in the Confederate Army, mentions a German recruit who, given the countersign "Natches," shouted out to the first man who approached his post, "Halt! you can't pass here unless you say 'Natches'."79

Except for his lack of discipline, the Confederate soldier was probably the finest individual fighter the world has ever seen. It is important to realize this, for, unless we do so, we shall not fully appreciate the difficulties of the Federal generals; and to show what

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this exceptional man was like, I will quote the opinions of a Confederate, a Federal, and an Englishman. General D. H. Hill says:

"Self-reliant always, obedient when he chose to be, impatient of drill and discipline, he was unsurpassed as a scout or on the skirmish line. Of the shoulder-to-shoulder courage, bred of drill and discipline, he knew nothing and cared less. Hence, on the battle-field, he was more of a free lance than a machine. Who ever saw a Confederate line advancing that was not crooked as a ram's horn. Each ragged rebel yelling on his own hook and aligning on himself! But there is as much need of the machine-made soldier as of the self-reliant soldier, and the concentrated blow is always the most effective blow. The erratic effort of the Confederate, heroic though it was, yet failed to achieve the maximum result just because it was erratic. Moreover, two serious evils attended that excessive egotism and individuality which came to the Confederate through his training, association, and habits. He knew when a movement was false and a position untenable, and he was too little of a machine to give in such cases the whole-hearted service which might have redeemed the blunder. The other evil was an ever-growing one. His disregard of discipline and independence of character made him often a straggler, and by straggling the fruit of many a victory was lost."⁸⁰

As late as May, 1864, Colonel Lyman writes:

"These Rebels are not half-starved and ready to give up—a more sinewy, tawny, formidable-looking set of men could not be. In education they are certainly inferior to our native-born people; but they are usually very quick-witted within their own sphere of comprehension; and they know enough to handle weapons with terrible effect. Their great characteristic is their stoical manliness; they never beg or whimper, or complain; but look you straight in the face, with as little animosity as if they had never heard a gun."⁸¹

Colonel Fremantle says:

"But from what I have seen and heard as yet, it appears to me that the Confederates possess certain great qualities as soldiers, such as individual bravery and natural aptitude in the use of fire-arms, strong, determined patriotism and boundless confidence in their favourite generals and in themselves. They are sober of

necessity, as there is literally no liquor to be got. They have sufficient good sense to know that a certain amount of discipline is absolutely necessary; and I believe that instances of insubordination are extremely rare. They possess the great advantage of being led by men of talent and education as soldiers who thoroughly understand the people they have to lead, as well as those they have to beat. These generals, such as *Lee*, *Johnston*, *Beauregard*, or *Longstreet*, they would follow anywhere, and obey implicitly. But, on the other hand, many of their officers, looking forward to future political advancement, owing to their present military rank, will not punish their men, or are afraid of making themselves obnoxious by enforcing rigid discipline. The men are constantly in the habit of throwing away their knapsacks and blankets on a long march, if not carried for them, and though actuated by the strongest and purest patriotism, can often not be got to consider their obligations as soldiers. In the early part of the war they were often, when victorious, nearly as disordered as the beaten, and many would coolly walk off home, under the impression that they had performed their share.

"After having lived with the veterans of *Bragg* and *Lee*, I was able to form a still higher estimate of Confederate soldiers. Their obedience and forbearance in success, their discipline under disaster, their patience under suffering, under hardships, or when wounded, and their boundless devotion to their country under all circumstances, are beyond all praise."⁸²

The methods of fighting in the two armies were as different as the men composing them. The Southern soldier marched light, carrying from thirty to forty pounds weight,⁸³ a rifle, a cartridge-box, an old rug and a "tooth-brush stuck like a rose in his button-hole"; the Northern, more heavily laden, carrying about sixty pounds,⁸⁴ which made all the difference in marching, for the economic load is one-third of the body weight. The Federals, far more so than the Confederates, maintained shoulder-to-shoulder formations, which were fatal under rifle fire. "I was wonderfully impressed," writes Colonel *Taylor*, "... by the Southern soldier and his independent action in battle [Chancellorsville] as contrasted with the mechanical movement of the machine soldier. . . .

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First one man went forward, then another, then at intervals two or three; then there would be a wavering and falling back when the fire became hot; then there would be a repetition of this; one or two at a time, encouraging the others, then small parties advanced, the officers waved their swords and called the men 'forward,' and then with a yell the whole line rushed rapidly forward without precision or order, but irresistibly, sweeping everything before them."⁸⁵ *Watson*, as a private soldier, gives us much useful information. He says: "I have sometimes thought that one of the chief causes of the success of the Confederate troops was the alacrity with which they would form up into line, in a temporary rough-and-ready way after being driven into confusion by some sudden cause or movement in a rough or rugged country, and maintain the battle in that position, while as soon as opportunity offered, every man would fall into his place in the company, the company to its place in the battalion, and the battalion to its place in the brigade, and order regained in a short time."⁸⁶ Further, he says, as regards the Federal soldiers: "What told most against them was their strict adherence to military rigidity and form of discipline, by standing up close and maintaining their line in the open field, making themselves conspicuous marks for the fire of their opponents, who fought in open ranks and kneeled down, forming a less prominent mark." . . . "They [the Federals], knowing the superiority of their arms over ours, kept falling back to keep us at long shot, while we followed them up to keep at close range. This was a considerable advantage to us. Our advancing upon them kept us enveloped in the dense smoke, while their falling back kept them in the clear atmosphere where they could be easily seen. Our men squatted down

when loading, then advanced and squatted down again, and looking along under the smoke could take good aim; while the enemy, firing at random into the smoke, much of their shot passed over our heads."⁸⁷

I think I have now quoted sufficiently to show the main difference between the two armies. The one was semi-regular and the other semi-guerilla. The one strove after discipline, the other unleashed initiative. In battle the Confederate fought like a Berserker: out of battle he ceased to be a soldier. For instance, *Robert Stiles* tells us that on the way to Gettysburg he rode up to a house, asked for a drink of water, rested there, chatted, wrote a letter, and after wasting an hour or two, rejoined his unit.⁸⁸ In the Confederate Army straggling was in fact as inalienable a right as State Rights were in the Confederate Government.

CHAPTER II

THE PERSONALITY OF GRANT

Grant—the Enigma

IN all of us, however common-place we may be, there lurks an enigma, something which neither we nor others understand. We call it personality, a vague word meaning many things—courage, common sense, quick wit, frankness, determination, self-command, and many other qualities, none of which can openly express themselves unless occasion is propitious and circumstances are favourable. Most of us live and die in a dungeon, and the enigma dies with us; a few of us escape, mostly by chance, and then, if our personality is strong, we accomplish something worth accomplishing, and by doing so the enigma is more often than not transformed into a myth. We cease to be what we really were, and become something we never could be—something which flatters the common mind.

This was the fate of *Robert E. Lee*, as I will show in the next chapter, but not of *Ulysses S. Grant*. In the Pantheon of War he has remained uncanonized, and not only in the common opinion of his fellow-countrymen does *Lee* rank far above him, but not a few consider that *Sherman*, *Joseph E. Johnston*, *Jeb. Stuart* and *Stonewall Jackson* showed superior generalship. Yet what did he do? He won the Civil War for the North, and so re-established the Union which to-day has grown into the vastest consolidated power since

the fall of Rome. He fought some of the greatest campaigns in history; was never defeated, and after the war was twice chosen by his countrymen as their President. If there is not food for myth here, where shall we seek it? His story is as amazing as Napoleon's, and as startling as Lenin's; yet enigma he lived and enigma he died, and though occasion was propitious and circumstances were favourable, enigma he remains.

Why is this? There must be some reason for it? He was not a quick-witted charlatan who for a period bewildered the common folk and was then found out. Was he then a fortunate general, a nonentity, who grasping "the skirts of happy chance" was whirled on to the footboard of fame, to cling to greatness, to be rushed by events over battlefield and through White House, and then to be slued off into the dust of oblivion? No—he was one of those inscrutably simple men who from time to time appear in history, who manifest at some critical moment, and who being oblivious of their own greatness and desiring no renown, set fire to an epoch; not by spectacular volcano belchings, but like a grey ember which is red hot at the centre.

The popular idea of Grant has always been a depressing one, a leaden man of no great spirit, of no imagination and of little thought. A force which rolled forward, which crushed by weight of numbers; true, a man brave and determined, but utterly lacking in those qualities which give brilliance to human affairs. "During his whole connection with the regiment [the Fourth Infantry] he would have been considered, both by his brother officers and himself, about as likely to reach the position of Pope of Rome, as General-in-Chief, or President of the United States. . . . He was modest and unambitious—such

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a man as in our land of pretension and bluster could not be expected to go far."¹ Thus wrote a brother officer of him long after the Civil War as he appeared long before it, in 1852.

In 1858 he was a down-and-out, selling cord-wood in St. Louis; in 1859 a partner of one Henry Boggs, a real estate agent; in 1860 a clerk in his brothers' leather store in Galena, and there he was when the war broke out. Describing him as he appeared in 1858, Mrs. Boggs said: "He had no exalted opinion of himself at any time, but in those days he was almost in despair. He walked the streets looking for something to do. He was actually the most obscure man in St. Louis. Nobody took any notice of him."² In May, 1861, Grant said to a friend: "To tell you the truth, I would rather like a regiment, yet there are few men really competent to command a thousand soldiers, and I doubt whether I am one of them."³ A little after, Governor Yates of Illinois placed him in command of the 21st Illinois Regiment, and he appeared on his first parade almost in rags. About this time *Ewell*, in Richmond, discussing the merits of the officers of the old army with a friend, said: "There is one West Pointer, I think in Missouri, little known, and whom I hope the Northern people will not find out. I mean Sam Grant. I knew him well at the Academy and in Mexico. I should fear him more than any of their officers I have yet heard of. He is not a man of genius, but he is clear-headed, quick and daring."⁴ Then three years later, in March, 1864, the victor of Donelson, Vicksburg and Chattanooga came to Washington to take over command of the entire land forces of the United States; accompanied by his small son and carrying a portmanteau he entered Willard's Hotel, signing the register, "U. S. Grant and son, Galena, Ill."⁵ The

clerk, taking him for a captain or a major, showed him up to a fifth floor room, yet Grant saw nothing strange in this. Two months later, on May 10, "while the general-in-chief was out on the lines supervising the afternoon attack, he dismounted and sat down on a fallen tree to write a dispatch. While thus engaged a shell exploded directly in front of him. He looked up from his paper an instant, and then, without the slightest change of countenance, went on writing the message. Some of the Fifth Wisconsin wounded were being carried past him at the time, and Major E. R. Jones of that regiment, said . . . that one of his men made the remark: 'Ulysses don't scare worth a d—n.'"⁶

The ember was indeed a dull one, and though not one to catch the popular eye, or to fix the historian's gaze, yet one which glowed warm on close contact. Further still, whenever it flamed up it soon burnt low again. It glowed out of Galena into Donelson, a victory of immense importance, and then passed into eclipse. So it happened after Shiloh, after Corinth, during and after Vicksburg, once again after the Wilderness and Cold Harbor, and then finally, because of the rascality of Ferdinand Ward, Grant found himself at the very end of his life's journey once again on the high road of misfortune.

So it seems to me these successive eclipses have somehow or another in the popular mind shrouded the glowing periods, denying greatness to Grant by making him appear a lucky general, a general who, though he could weather storms, could never sail clear of them. Yet when we examine these glowing moments we find that under the clouds of gloom begotten by Halleck and his stupidities, a venal, sensation-loving Press, an uninstructed and eager popular opinion, and the ignorance of un-

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strategically-minded politicians, they are in fact one continuous blaze of genius seldom seen in military history. Donelson flames into Shiloh, Shiloh into Corinth and Iuka, these battles into Vicksburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, Petersburg, until the fire burns out at McLean's house on the Appomattox.

"How are you, Sheridan?" said Grant.

"First rate, thank you," answered Sheridan, "how are you?"

"Is General *Lee* up there?" asked Grant.

"Yes," replied Sheridan.

"Well, then, we will go up."

Thus ended the greatest of civil wars, as ends an everyday call on some small matter of business. Grant went up the wooden steps leading into the house, and there brought about the most magnanimous surrender in history: a capitulation which might well have been followed by an equal political magnanimity. Then he came down those wooden steps, and all were expectant to hear what he had to say. Turning to General Rufus Ingalls, he queried: "Ingalls, do you remember that old white mule that so-and-so used to ride when we were in the city of Mexico?"⁸

Was this a mere pose, a striving after effect? Not for a moment do I think so. The war was over, why bother about it; why not talk of something else? Why not let it pass into an eclipse out of which never again such a war would emerge. Some stray mule outside the house may have suggested its brother of Mexico, this was all, a perfectly common-sense solution; for, as I will show later on, Grant was nothing if not a common-sense man. The greatness of the event meant no more to him than the last page of a story, the greatness of which lived in its conception, in its writing, and not in its finished print.

Nevertheless Grant was not an unemotional man. It is true that he hid his emotions, most great men do; yet as General *Longstreet*, one of his old opponents, said, "the biggest part of him is his heart."⁹ He had received with joy *Lee's* letter proposing the meeting, for it meant the end of this fratricidal conflict; and then when he entered McLean's house he crept into his heroic adversary's shoes, and as he himself says: "What General *Lee's* feelings were I do not know. But my own, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and who had suffered so much for a cause."¹⁰ When General McPherson was killed he was so overcome with grief that he retired to his tent and wept for his departed friend. At McLean's house he considered it an unnecessary humiliation to demand of *Lee's* officers the surrender of their swords; then, at the very apex of his career, his mind wandered back to a long-forgotten mule.

This little incident, I think, shows that there was strangeness in this man; not a man easy to know or to be understood; a deep man who, like deep waters, appeared to run still. One of his biographers truly says: "He mounted to fame on a ladder of desperate situations."¹¹ Unromantic in outward appearance and behaviour, he was a man more rightly belonging to fiction than to fact, that type of man who is seldom met with, but is always here somewhere. The man who belongs to the earthquake and the storm, who is as steadfast as a mountain, as indolent as a desert, and as active as a volcano. Grant—and there are many like him, for the world is still inhabited by millions of Nature's children—belonged to the age of the Titans, those primeval forces, rather than to that

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of the peace-loving gods. He was a mass of contradictions: loved order, and yet could find no place in an orderly world. He hated war, and yet found his place there above all his fellows. No wonder he is difficult to understand, and no wonder he has not been more fully appreciated.

Sometimes he must have thought of himself, and even have analysed his own peculiarities. On one occasion he said: "One of my superstitions had always been when I started to go anywhere, to do anything, not to turn back, or stop until the thing intended was accomplished. I have frequently started to go out to places where I had never been and to which I did not know the way, depending upon making enquiries on the road, and if I got past the place without knowing it, instead of turning back, I would go on until a road was found turning in the right direction, take that, and come in by the other side."¹² Horace Porter, one of his most intimate staff officers, noticed this peculiarity; on one occasion during the Wilderness campaign, he says: "When he [Grant] found he was not travelling in the direction he intended to take, he would try all sorts of cross-cuts, ford streams, and jump any number of fences to reach another road rather than go back and take a fresh start."¹³

How true of him as a soldier, for Grant seldom turned back, and even when he did, as in his first move on Vicksburg, it was only to "come in by the other side." Yet how untrue of him as a citizen, for each road he took was a blind alley ending abruptly in misfortune.

A Master of Predicaments

To seek an answer to these many riddles of personality and character, to me it seems that the only sure course to take is to get back to his early days, for it is a very true saying that the child is father of the man.

Though his childhood was not a joyous one, yet in manhood he remained always a child at heart, gazing out innocently upon things and men, being seen and seldom heard; wearing a pair of thread gloves on the opening day of the Wilderness campaign, as a good child might on a Sunday, and then once again when *Lee* surrendered to him.

Grant's father, Jesse Grant, was a tanner; curiously enough he had been taught his trade by John Brown's father, John Brown—"A cold prayer hardened to a musket-ball," as Stephen Vincent Benét calls him—of Harper's Ferry fame; where also, curiously enough, Colonel *Robert E. Lee* arrested him on October 16, 1859. Ulysses, the son of Jesse, was in a way a sentimentalist; he loathed the tan-yard, its stench and its blood-clotted hides. Here we have the beginnings of his horror of war and of bloodshed. Throughout life the only meat he would eat was beef cooked to a cinder, for the sight of blood destroyed his appetite. He was certainly peculiar in his tastes, for at 4 a.m. on May 6, 1864, that is during the opening struggle in the Wilderness, at breakfast he "took a cucumber, sliced it, poured some vinegar over it, and partook of nothing else except a cup of strong coffee."¹⁴ A meal which may have refreshed the pacifist within him—the man who said, when accepting the nomination for the Presidency, "Let us have peace."¹⁵

The tan-yard drove him into the fields, into the farm lands, into the arms of Nature. Untouched by

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home affections, unspoilt by pedantry, shy by instinct, his early years were lived with his thoughts and his work. There his father's horses became his business partners, the only partners he ever really understood. He gave them his care, and in return they gave him courage and self-reliance, self-control and self-command. In the solitude of the fields, where no one was at hand to satisfy the "whys" and "wherefores" which every child delights in, he learned to reason things out in his own way, to solve problems on his own, and to interpret life in terms of material force, just as Nature seemed to do. Of his struggle amongst the bayous around Vicksburg, W. E. Woodward says of him: "There was not another general in the Union army—probably not one alive in any army—as well qualified as Grant for a military operation of this kind. As we watch him in this terribly arduous Vicksburg campaign we see behind him the shadows of his early years . . . the teamster boy of an Ohio settlement, bringing in the heavy logs from the woodcutter's camp . . . the young ploughman, with calloused hands, driving his plough through the tough black soil . . . the conqueror of horses . . . the sweating quartermaster, with his wagon-train of cantankerous mules on the hot plains of Mexico. If Destiny ever brought the man and the hour together, it was when Grant stood before Vicksburg."¹⁶

Then he went to West Point, not because he longed to be a soldier, but because he was determined to escape the life of a tanner, and West Point enabled him to escape it. There, outside clearing a jump of six feet three inches, he did only one thing of note, and that on the day of his arrival. His correct name was Hiram Ulysses Grant; he did not like it, and had transposed the names Hiram and Ulysses to avoid being called "Hug." Here we catch a glimpse

of his sensitiveness. Then on arriving he found that in error his name had been entered in the register as Ulysses Simpson Grant. A difficulty now arose, for Ulysses Simpson had been expected, and in his place had appeared Ulysses Hiram. As this knotty problem was beyond the powers of West Point to solve, it meant that his papers would have to be sent back to Washington. But to Grant the problem was simplicity itself; he dropped the name Hiram and assumed that of Simpson in its stead. Throughout life he never failed to look at every problem from the simplest point of view, and to answer it in the simplest possible manner.

In the composition of what we call "personality" simplicity is not exactly a flood-light, it does not flash and show up; for in the inner man it burns a tiny flame quite unseen by the outer world. It is not a quality which grips like boastfulness. It is not something which editors can catch on to like pugnacity, nor will it magnetize the popular mind like self-assertion. The quiet simple man is always a mystery, but of a kind which does not entice solution.

At West Point Grant spent his spare time in reading books of action—Cooper, Marryat, Scott, Washington Irving; he liked romances, but he was frankly indolent; life there was too complicated and artificial for him. In this there is nothing extraordinary, but to me it is somewhat curious, that when later on sitting in the leather store of Grant Bros., Galena—for to the tan-yard he returned, every other occupation having failed—though he had no liking for war he would study Napoleon III's campaign in Italy, which was being fought at this time—1859. He read the newspapers, pored over their maps, and would say: "This movement was a mistake. If I commanded the army, I would do thus and so."¹⁷ Even before this date,

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when stationed at Fort Vancouver in 1853, "his comrades did not fail to notice the singular vividness and comprehensiveness with which he narrated the stirring engagements of the [Mexican] War, and how accurately his memory, like an open book, reproduced not detached incidents, but the action of the whole army as a unit—what it tried to do, what it accomplished or failed in, and what errors weakened its plan. After one of these talks, they would remark: 'How clear-headed Sam Grant is in describing a battle! He seems to have the whole thing in his head.'"¹⁸ When in the spring of 1864 he came to the East to take over the supreme command, he turned to Horace Porter and said: "I have watched the progress of the Army of the Potomac ever since it was organized, and have been greatly interested in reading the accounts of the splendid fighting it has done."¹⁹ This is an illuminating remark, for few generals who had had to face his problems would have troubled to find the time to examine those of others hundreds of miles away. Long after the war, when he travelled round the world, John Russell Young, who accompanied him, tells us that one day, "walking up and down the deck, Grant went on to describe all of Napoleon's campaigns, from Marengo down to Leipsic, speaking of each battle in the most minute manner—the number of men engaged on either side, even the range of their guns and the tactics of both sides; why victory came and why defeat came—as thoroughly learned as a problem in mathematics. Then back to the battles of Frederick the Great; Leuthen, the campaigns of the Thirty Years' War; back to the campaigns of Caesar, and always illustrating as he talked the progress and change in the art of war, and how machinery, projectiles, and improvements in arms had made what would be a great victory for

Napoleon almost impossible now. . . . It is the only occasion on which I ever heard Grant speak of the art of war, because it was a subject to which he had an aversion. You might have known him for a year and never learned that he had fought a battle in his life."²⁰

These various quotations, even if some appear a little highly coloured, reveal the fact that though Grant disliked war, what he really loathed was its tactical side—the actual slaughter; but that the strategical side fascinated him. He loved pitting his will against seeming impossibilities—a buck-jumping circus pony, leaping over a battery of six guns in succession, fighting with the bayous round Vicksburg, creating cosmos out of chaos at Chattanooga, and pursuing Lee over bottomless road to Appomattox Court House.

It was the Titan within him which called forth this affection, the old pioneer spirit of his forefathers, of Matthew Grant and Priscilla his wife who set out from England, on March 20, 1630, in the good ship *Mary and John* to seek a new life in the New World. Those ancestors of his who moved westwards into Ohio, never to turn back but to fight onwards, never to falter but to dare. It was this spirit, the spirit which founded the United States and upon which it now stands, which made him the soldier he was, and which when a statesmen led him to dream dreams of world federation, of Anglo-Saxon unity, and of the final abolition of war. All great and simple visions of will, with none of that trickery in their composition which politics demand. He failed in the dodges of peace, in war he was not a great tactician, and in both cases it seems to me the reason was that he was in no sense of the word a crafty man.

Though few soldiers have shown such resolution as

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Grant, have accepted such risks, and have been faced by so many difficulties and disappointments, he was in no sense a pushing, self-assertive man. The reason for this is clear when his whole life is reviewed in panorama. He was the master of predicaments and the plaything of conventionalities. When everything was right and normal he shrank into his chrysalis of mediocrity; when all was in chaos, or when the occasion demanded desperate action, like the jinn in the *Arabian Nights*, he emerged from his bottle, and nothing would induce him to withdraw into it again until normality had been re-established.

We see this metamorphosis clearly during the first few months of the war. On May 30, 1861, he writes: "During the six days I have been at home I have felt all the time as if a duty was being neglected that was paramount to any other duty I ever owed." Yet he was doubtful whether he was competent to command a regiment, and when Governor Yates offered to recommend him to Washington for a brigadier-generalship, he answered saying, "he didn't want office till he had earned it."²¹ Most men would have jumped at such an offer, even had they felt themselves incompetent to fill it, but not so Grant, who on account of his innate honesty, failed to see that the question was not whether he would make an ideal brigadier, but would he be as efficient as any other man Yates might select? This honesty, which I think may be traced to his primitive nature, separated him from ordinary men and ordinary circumstances, making him suspicious of his own abilities; a moral lag he was never able to shake off voluntarily, but which was shaken off by outward circumstances directly these became abnormal. Then this honesty was replaced by a heroism which recognized no limit, which accepted risks, and by accepting them was not

restricted by their dangers. Throughout life Grant's enemy was his inner self, an enigma he could not solve, something which always held him back as long as conditions were such that he was unable to break away from its grasp. As long as he was conscious of himself he remained a child; but directly a turmoil arose which drowned this consciousness he became a Titan. For example, when working in his brothers' store at Galena he was a complete nonentity because his surroundings were normal and mediocre. Then one day a debtor of the firm locked himself up in his house and threatened to shoot the deputy-sheriff if he attempted to break in and serve a writ. Grant appeared on the scene, and at once the Grant of Donelson emerged from out the Grant of Galena; he broke the door open and effected an immediate and unconditional surrender. As Church says: "Had the business of dealing with warlike clients been sufficient to occupy his time, Grant would have been a brilliant success as a tanner's clerk."²²

Fortunately for Grant, Yates was a man of common sense, and a good judge of character. Meeting a book-keeper from the Galena store, he turned to him and said: "What *does* he want?" "The way to deal with him," replied the book-keeper, "is to ask him no questions, but simply order him to duty. He will obey promptly." Thereupon Yates sent the following order to Grant: "You are this day appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, and requested to take command at once."²³ Had this unit been disciplined and well conducted, Grant would have remained in pupa stage, but fortunately it was not—it was a band of toughs.

General John E. Smith describes his first visit to his regiment:

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"I went with him to camp, and shall never forget the scene when his men first saw him. Grant was dressed in citizen's clothes, an old coat worn out at the elbows, and a badly damaged hat. His men, though ragged and barefooted themselves, had formed a high estimate of what a colonel should be, and when Grant walked in among them, they began making fun of him. They cried in derision, 'What a colonel!' 'D—n such a colonel,' and made all sorts of fun of him. And one of them, to show off to the others, got behind his back and commenced sparring at him, and while he was doing this another gave him such a push that he hit Grant between the shoulders."²⁴

One of Governor Yates's aides, growing nervous, said: "They're an unruly lot. Do you think you can manage them?" "Oh, yes, I think I can manage them," replied Grant, and he did. The boys called for a speech, and he gave them one, to wit: "Go to your quarters!" When a man got drunk, he knocked him down, bound and gagged him, and had him thrown into the guardroom. "Howdy, Colonel?" said a sentry nodding at him. "Hand me your piece," quietly answered Grant. Then facing the somewhat astonished warrior he came to the "present arms," and handing him back his musket, said: "That is the way to say 'How do you do' to your Colonel."²⁵ Men who were insolent were tied to posts; men who rose late got no food all day. Thus, within a few weeks did Grant discipline the 21st Illinois.

Though he was rougher than his men when action demanded roughness, he had complete control over his temper. Only on one occasion does he appear to have lost it. When crossing the Pamunkey, in 1864, he came upon a teamster brutally beating his horse. "What does this conduct mean, you scoundrel?" he shouted. "This," says Horace Porter, "was the one exhibition of temper manifested by him during the entire campaign, and the only one I ever witnessed during my many years of service with him."²⁶

His Simplicity and Self-Reliance

"He could not only discipline others, but he could discipline himself,"²⁷ which gave him complete control over himself, and because of this self-control, again and again was he able to establish self-control in others. At Fort Donelson, his first great battle, he was away from the field discussing the situation with Flag-Officer Foote, when the Confederates attacked. On his return he found that his 1st Division (McClelland's) had been badly defeated, and he was met by a staff officer "white with fear." How did he comport himself? General Lewis Wallace, who was present, says:

"In every great man's career there is a crisis exactly similar to that which now overtook General Grant, and it cannot be better described than as a crucial test of his nature. A mediocre person would have accepted the news as an argument for persistence in his resolution to enter upon a siege. Had General Grant done so, it is very probable his history would have been then and there concluded. His admirers and detractors are alike invited to study him at this precise juncture. It cannot be doubted that he saw with painful distinctness the effect of the disaster to his right wing. His face flushed slightly. With a sudden grip he crushed the papers in his hand. But in an instant these signs of disappointment or hesitation—as the reader pleases—cleared away. In his ordinary, quiet voice he said, addressing himself to both officers [McClelland and Lewis Wallace], 'Gentlemen, the position on the right must be retaken' . . ."²⁸

Then galloping down the line he shouted: "Fill your cartridge-boxes quick, and get into line; the enemy is trying to escape, and he must not be permitted to do so. . . ." "This," as he says, "acted like a charm. The men only wanted someone to give them a command."²⁹ It was not his presence only which established order, but his self-control. The presence of a general, especially in the face of danger, at once

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establishes confidence, for his personality is fused into the impersonal crowd, and the higher his self-control the higher does this confidence grow—it magnetizes his men and morally re-unifies them.

Grant's methods were always simple, direct and to the point. So much so that to the common mind it seemed impossible that a man who appeared so ordinary could possibly accomplish what he did on his own initiative. It has more than once been suggested that men like Rawlins, his chief-of-staff, were his brains, as Gneisenau was the brains of old Blücher. There is nothing to prove this, and everything to disprove it. For instance, Colonel Lyman says: "With two or three exceptions, Grant is surrounded by the most ordinary set of plebeians you ever saw. I think he has them on purpose (to avoid advice), for he is a man who does everything with a specific reason; he is eminently a *wise* man."³⁰ Though in May, 1864, when as General-in-Chief he commanded in all 533,000 men, his staff "consisted of fourteen officers only, and was not larger than that of some division commanders."³¹ He did not rely on his staff, he relied upon himself. At Chattanooga, "as throughout his later career, he wrote nearly all his documents with his own hand and seldom dictated one, even the most important dispatch."³² Of his orders General Meade said: "There is one striking feature . . . no matter how hurriedly he may write them on the field, no one ever has the slightest doubt as to their meaning, or ever has to read them over a second time to understand them."³³ Richardson says: "Two qualities were strongly marked: (1) Whatever he did was done on *his own* judgment. He showed unusual modesty of opinion and unusual confidence of action. He heard all friendly suggestions with unvarying politeness, and then did—exactly as he

saw fit. (2) He trusted subordinates thoroughly, giving only general directions, not hampering them with petty instructions."³⁴ He relied on his staff for detail and not for ideas. "He studiously avoided performing any duty which someone else could do as well as or better than he, and in this respect demonstrated his rare powers of administration and executive methods. He was one of the few men holding high position who did not waste valuable hours by giving his personal attention to petty details. He never consumed his time in reading over court-martial proceedings, or figuring up the items of supplies on hand, or writing unnecessary letters or communications. He held subordinates to a strict accountability in the performance of such duties, and kept his own time for thought."³⁵

An interesting and unrecorded example of how Grant tackled his problems has been given me by Mr. O. E. Mack, of Oakland, California. Shortly after Grant was made General-in-Chief he "came to Fort Monroe one forenoon. Asking that no one be permitted to follow him, he went around the warehouse [of the Adams Express Company] to the far end of the walk and sat down on the end of a pile. Placing his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, he sat there until long in the afternoon. . . . It may reasonably be inferred what he was thinking about. Grant was reputed to be able to carry in mind a clear picture of the topography of the country he operated in. This would enable him to work out a strategic problem mentally with more certainty than could one who did not have this ability."

This is probably a correct conclusion, nevertheless: Grant could work in all circumstances, never being perturbed physically or morally. His final plan in the Vicksburg campaign was worked out by him in the

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saloon of the headquarters ship, in which had assembled a lively gathering of officers and ladies—"cards and music were the order of the evening." In this gay turmoil General McPherson offered him a glass of liquor. Looking up and smiling Grant said: "Mac, you know your whisky won't help me to think; give me a dozen of the best cigars you can find. . . . I think by the time I have finished them I shall have this job pretty nearly planned."³⁶

The lack of being able to do what others found easy, and of accomplishing what others found difficult and frequently impossible, is the key to Grant's genius, without which the enigma must remain concealed. As I have already pointed out, at Donelson he was at his best when things were at their worst. It was not so much that he could think more clearly when chaos surrounded him, but that he could think just as clearly as when it did not. When others were at their wits' ends Grant was perfectly calm and collected. No general can have ever beheld a more depressing scene than faced him at Shiloh. When he hobbled on crutches off his ship—he had been thrown from his horse a day or two before—he was met by a terrifying spectacle—5,000 panic-stricken stragglers in utter confusion. All appeared lost, but to Grant no battle was ever lost. He at once organized ammunition trains and fell in the stragglers. At 2:45 p.m. the next day General *Jordan* turned to General *Beauregard*, then in command of the Confederate forces, and said: "General, do you not think our troops are very much in the condition of a lump of sugar thoroughly soaked with water, but yet preserving its original shape, though ready to dissolve?"³⁷ Once Grant took control it was the enemy who was lost, because confusion had no terror for him. He seems to have realized this, for at breakfast, on May 7, 1864, Horace

Porter asked him: "In your battles up to this time, when do you think your presence upon the field was most useful in the accomplishing of results?" He replied: "Well, I don't know"; then after a pause, "Perhaps at Shiloh."³⁸

At Chattanooga it is the same. On October 16, 1863, Dana, the Assistant-Secretary of War, then in the besieged town, wrote to the War Department: "I never saw anything which seemed so lamentable and hopeless."³⁹ On the 23rd Grant arrived, and on the 29th the starving army was wildly cheering: "The Cracker line open. Full rations, boys! Three cheers for the Cracker line"; and an eye-witness adds, "as if we had won another victory, and we had."⁴⁰ Again on May 6, 1864, during the battle of the Wilderness, there was a panic. An excited officer rushed up to where Grant was sitting and said: "General, wouldn't it be prudent to move headquarters to the other side of the Germanna road?" To which came the reply: "It strikes me it would be better to order up some artillery and defend the present location."⁴¹

During this desperate battle, "while the most critical movements were taking place, General Grant manifested no perceptible anxiety, but gave his orders, and sent and received communications, with a coolness and deliberation which made a marked impression upon those who had been brought into contact with him from the first time on the field of battle. His speech was never hurried, and his manner betrayed no trace of excitability or even impatience. . . . In the darkness of the night, in the gloom of a tangled forest, and after men's nerves had been racked by the strain of a two days' desperate battle, the most immovable commander might have been shaken. But it was in just such sudden emergencies that

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General Grant was always at his best.' He quietly questioned, sorted truth from falsehood, and "gave directions for relieving the situation with the marvelous rapidity which was always characteristic of him. . . ." His sense of proportion never deserted him. It was at this time, when *Lee* counter-attacked him on the evening of May 6, that in great excitement a general officer said to him: "'General Grant, this is a crisis that cannot be looked upon too seriously. I know *Lee's* methods well by past experience; he will throw his whole army between us and the Rapidan, and cut us off completely from our communications.' The General rose to his feet, took his cigar out of his mouth, turned to the officer, and replied, with a degree of animation which he seldom manifested: 'Oh, I am heartily tired of hearing about what *Lee* is going to do. Some of you always seem to think he is suddenly going to turn a double somersault, and land in our rear and on both of our flanks at the same time. Go back to your command, and try to think what we are going to do ourselves, instead of what *Lee* is going to do.'"⁴²

Then at the very end, when Ferdinand Ward swindled him out of his entire fortune and left him in debt to Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt to the sum of \$150,000, in order to pay his way Grant began to dictate his "Memoirs," and when the cancer in his throat choked his voice, in agony he wrote on. It was a race with death, and in this greatest predicament which ever faced him, once again he rose with the occasion, and with that dauntless spirit of resolution which won him Donelson, Vicksburg, Chattanooga and Appomattox Court House, he won this his final victory. The book was finished about a week before he died, and in royalties brought in to his widow \$450,000.

His Modesty and Common Sense

Simplicity was the mainspring of his nature. His faith in the goodness of mankind was unbounded. At the age of eight he wanted to own a horse. What did he do? He called on its owner and said: "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that to give you twenty-five."⁴³ What is remarkable in this story is not that little Ulysses paid the full price, but that this story in itself is an epitome of his dealings throughout life with his fellowmen. In none could he see guile, because he believed everyone to be as honest as himself—no wonder he failed in every business venture. Yet as a soldier this simplicity was his guardian angel. Whilst as a general McClellan could see nothing beyond his own operations, and Halleck nothing outside of the text books, he saw things as they were, uncontaminated by his ideas or anyone else's. He saw the war in its simplest form, that is as a whole, because he did not see the difficulties in winning it until they arose, and those who did lost their faith in doubts. His strategy was simple—hold *Lee* in Virginia and move Sherman through Georgia to attack him in rear. His theory of war was simplicity itself; he says: "The art of war is simple enough. Find out where your enemy is. Get at him as soon as you can. Strike at him as hard as you can and as often as you can, and keep moving on."

He disliked figures of speech and exaggeration. When towards the end of the Appomattox campaign he caught up with Sheridan and said to him: "*Lee* is in a bad fix. It will be difficult for him to get away," that wild little cavalry leader shouted out:

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"D—n him, he *can't* get away. We'll have his whole army, we'll have every——of them!" To which Grant quietly replied: "That's a little too much to expect. I think if I were *Lee* I could escape at least with some of my men."⁴⁴

Not understanding why a man should want to be dishonest, for honesty seemed to him to be always the best policy, he should never have become a politician. In 1864, Sherman urged him saying: "For God's sake and your country's sake, come out of Washington," for he knew Grant's honest simplicity, and was afraid of political cunning. Then, after the war, Grant went as President to Washington utterly lacking that insight into men which once led Lincoln to exclaim: "Honest statesmanship is the employment of individual meanness for the public good." Yet in spite of his inexperience in government, he was always plain and practical and did not seek to influence men by unworthy motives, nor did he rely upon popular emotionalism to benefit his party. Thus we see that whilst as a soldier he was a realist moved solely by external situations, as a citizen he was an idealist, and this I think explains his many failures before the war and after it. The simplicity and honesty of war unconsciously appealed to him, whilst the complexity and dishonesty of peace, being so alien to his nature, he left to be entangled rather than disentangled by others.

His simplicity was the foundation of his honesty and his modesty. He could not bear shams, pretensions and humbug. He despised after-dinner speeches and such-like orations, because he felt they were humbug; he simply could not deliver them. His relationship with President Lincoln was always modest and understanding. When, in August, 1864, Lincoln wrote to him: "The particulars of your plans I

neither know nor seek to know. . . . I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you."⁴⁵ He answered: "Should my success be less than I desire or expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you."⁴⁶ Here is a man who is not only capable but self-reliant, and it is self-reliance which nearly always wins over a superior, because it relieves him of the onus of a work which he himself cannot control. This self-reliance was the child of his modesty, for modesty taught him self-control, and his sense of duty towards himself in its turn pointed the way to duty towards his country.

His honesty and modesty towards himself endowed him with wisdom; he could discover his own mistakes, and was never stampeded by his successes. He was not content to do just what other people did. He was no copyist, but in place a student, not only of events and of others, but of himself. This wisdom is nothing more than common sense, action adapted to circumstances, refusal to live, or think, in a rut; refusal to be stampeded by events however depressing or elating. His common sense was such that he possessed the inestimable gift of being able to learn from his own mistakes, as well as from the mistakes of others. He was in no way bound by traditions, and had a horror of precedents and formalities.

One of his biographers says: "His success was the success of sheer common sense—which is almost the same thing as generalship—and of American democracy."⁴⁷ For instance, when, in March, 1863, Halleck wrote a letter to Grant and Rosecrans offering a major-generalship to whomever of the two first gained a decisive victory, Rosecrans adopted the conventional attitude: he felt "degraded at such an auctioneering of honours." Otherwise Grant: he folded up his copy, put it into his pocket, and went on with his

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plan of campaign. Grant's action saved time, Rosecrans's only increased friction.

His common sense was due to his reasoning nature; he always had a reason for what he did; chance and luck he did not believe in. He never entered into recriminations, and as Greene writes: "He was accustomed to take things as they were and to devote his whole energies to making the best of them."⁴⁸ Richardson says, "he never complained, he never once asked for re-enforcements, but always did cheerfully the best he could with whatever the Government saw fit to give him."⁴⁹ And General James B. Fry writes: "He had no readiness in showing off his acquirements; on the contrary, his acquirements did not appear until forced to the front, and then they showed him off without his knowing it. . . . He did not hesitate in choosing the best course, no matter who proposed it; and in military affairs he would execute a plan prescribed by higher authority with as much vigour and fidelity as if it had been his own. . . . Neither responsibility, nor turmoil, nor danger, nor pleasure, nor pain, impaired the force of his resolution, or interrupted the steady flow of his intellect. . . . He could not dwell upon theories, or appear to advantage in hypothetical cases, and even in practical matters his mental processes were carried on beneath the surface. Until he was ready to act he gave no sign by word or expression of his own train of thought, or the impression made upon him by others, though they might make him change his mind and induce action different from what he had intended. He generally adhered to his first convictions, but never halted long between two opinions. When he changed he went over without qualification or regard of consequences, and was not disturbed by lingering doubts or regrets."⁵⁰

His outlook on war was a purely common sense one. I have already noted his views on tactics; here I will give an example of his opinion on military history:

"Some of our generals," he says, "failed because they worked out everything by rule. They knew what Frederick did at one place, and Napoleon at another. They were always thinking about what Napoleon would do. Unfortunately for their plans, the rebels would be thinking about something else. I don't under-rate the value of military knowledge, but if men make war in slavish observances to rules, they will fail. No rules will apply to conditions of war as different as those which exist in Europe and America. Consequently, while our generals were working out problems of an ideal character, problems that would have looked well on a blackboard, practical facts were neglected. To that extent I consider remembrances of old campaigns a disadvantage. Even Napoleon showed that, for my impression is that his first success came because he made war in his own way, and not in imitation of others. War is progressive. I do not believe in luck in war any more than luck in business. Luck is a small matter, may affect a battle or a movement, but not a campaign or a career."⁵¹

Conditions and not rules governed his actions. He did not resist circumstances, neither did he seek a justification for failure, nor did he blindly repeat methods which had led to success. In place he analysed circumstances and acted accordingly. He learned something of importance from each operation he undertook. From these lessons—and every engagement was a lesson, and not merely a victory or a defeat—he built up his art of war.

His Physical and Moral Courage

In all these many qualities there was little of the spectacular. He was an "ordinary scrubby-looking man with a slightly seedy look," says Richard Henry Dana, eyeing him at Willard's Hotel in March, 1864.

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But I prefer Colonel Lyman's description of him in his delightful letters to his wife. On March 5, at Willard's, "General Grant came in, with his little boy," he writes, "and was immediately bored by being cheered, and then shaken by the hand by the *οἱ πολλοί!* He is rather under middle height, of a spare strong build; light-brown hair, and short, light-brown beard. His eyes of a clear blue; forehead high; nose aquiline; jaw squarely set, but not sensual. His face has three expressions: Deep thought; extreme determination; and great simplicity and calmness."⁵² On April 12 he says: "Grant is a man of a good deal of rough dignity; rather taciturn; quick and decided in speech. He habitually wears an expression as if he had determined to drive his head through a brick wall, and was about to do it. I have much confidence in him."⁵³ Again, on April 18: "He is a man of a natural, severe simplicity in all things—the very way he wears his high-crowned felt hat shows this: he neither puts it on behind his ears, nor draws it over his eyes; much less does he cock it on one side, but sets it straight and very hard on his head. His riding is the same: without the slightest 'air,' and, *per contra*, without affectation of homeliness; he sits firmly in the saddle and looks straight ahead, as if only intent on getting to some particular point. General Meade says he is a very amiable man, though his eye is stern and almost fierce-looking."⁵⁴ Lastly, on June 12, the day the Army of the Potomac began to march to the James River: "He is an odd combination; there is one good thing, at any rate—he is the concentration of all that is American. He talks bad grammar, but he talks it naturally, as much as to say, 'I was so brought up and, if I try fine phrases, I shall only appear silly.' Then his writing, though very terse and well expressed, is full of horrible

spelling. In fact, he has such an easy and straightforward way that you almost think that he must be right and you wrong, in these little matters of elegance."⁵⁵

In these glimpses of Grant we obtain, I think, excellent pen-portraits of the man. There is nothing spectacular in them—the reverse, something reticent and deep. When before Fort Donelson he issued his dramatic terms to *Buckner* of “unconditional and immediate surrender,” which were not meant to be dramatic, the press and people cheered him to the echo. But he seldom did these things, for instinctively he crept out of the popular gaze, and not, like the normal general, into it.

His physical courage was acclaimed, for it could be seen and almost felt. As a subaltern, during the Mexican War, at Monterey, he had galloped through the bullet-swept streets in search for ammunition. Of this incident he says: “Before starting I adjusted myself on one side of my horse furthest from the enemy, and with only one foot holding to the cantle of the saddle, and an arm over the neck of the horse exposed, I started at full run. It was only at street crossings that my horse was under fire, but these I crossed at such a flying rate that generally I was under cover of the next block of houses before the enemy fired.”⁵⁶ At Belmont, the first battle he fought during the Civil War, he was the last man to leave the field. As the transports were pushing out with his retiring little army, his horse “put his fore feet well under him, slid down the bank and trotted aboard the boat, twelve or fifteen feet away, over a single gang plank.”⁵⁷ When Fort Harrison was captured, on September 29, 1864, Grant as usual was well forward, and came under heavy fire, one shell bursting immediately over him as he was writing a dispatch.

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"The handwriting of the dispatch when finished," writes Porter, "did not bear the slightest evidence of the uncomfortable circumstances under which it was indited."⁵⁸

Physical courage is, however, common to most soldiers; in fact, without physical courage a man can scarcely be called a soldier, for it is courage and not uniform or even obedience which is the soldier's first qualification. But when courage is faced not by danger only but by physical suffering, it begins to assume a moral form. Thus, when Grant hobbled off his ship at Shiloh, he was not only confronted by a ruined army, but was crippled by an injured leg. His ride to Chattanooga was an equal test of endurance. He travelled over wretched roads, or "rather bridle-paths, over the mountains, and the severe injury to his leg which had been caused by a fall of his horse" was such that over the roughest places the soldiers had to carry him in their arms. "When he arrived he had to be lifted from his saddle, and was evidently experiencing much pain."⁵⁹ Though soaked by the rain, he refused to change his clothes, drew a chair up to the fireside, and after listening to what General Thomas had to say, he fired "whole volleys of questions at the officers present," and early the next morning he reconnoitred the Brown's Ferry position.

A deeper moral courage than the overcoming of suffering lay within him, a courage which could not be seen or measured. A little before the battle of Belmont, fought on November 7, 1861, Grant was ordered with his regiment to Salt River, Missouri, to round up a certain *Thomas Harris* who there had established his camp. In his "Memoirs" Grant says: "As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see *Harris's* camp, and

possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything then to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt and consider what to do; I kept right on. When we reached a point from which the valley below was in full view I halted. The place where *Harris* had been encamped a few days before was still there and the marks of a recent encampment were plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me at once that *Harris* had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the question I had never taken before; but was one I never forgot afterwards. From that event to the close of the war, I never experienced trepidation upon confronting the enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety. I never forgot that he had as much reason to fear my forces as I had his."⁶⁰

The remarkable point in this confession is not that Grant overcame his fears and "kept right on," but that he analysed his fears. For a brief moment fear had mastered him, then he mastered fear, and having done so at once examined why it had mastered him. Having discovered the reason, he learned one of the most important lessons in generalship, namely, that he who fears the least holds the initiative, and that he who can make his adversary fear more than he does himself has already defeated him morally. It was because Grant could learn such lessons as this one, and not because he possessed a genius for war, that he commands our admiration.

The most remarkable example, I think, of his moral courage is to be found in his Vicksburg campaign. As the weather improved and the floods subsided, Grant determined to move down the

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Mississippi and attack Vicksburg from the south. His leading generals, Sherman, McPherson, Logan and Wilson, strongly opposed this move. Sherman, the ablest of them, pointed out that the army could not be supplied by a single road. "Stop all troops till your army is partially supplied with wagons, and then act as quickly as possible, for this road will be jammed, as sure as life."⁶¹ But Grant had no intention of relying on this road; in place he had determined to accept a risk few generals have ever taken, namely, to cut loose from his base of supply and to live on the country. His moral courage here has seldom been equalled; not only did his generals oppose this move, believing it to be suicidal; not only did he know that should Halleck, at Washington, learn of it than he would at once order its cancellation, but the move itself was obviously an extremely risky one. If it failed, it would fail utterly. Grant realized this, and such a failure meant the loss of the entire Mississippi valley except for New Orleans. It is not too much to say that had Grant been decisively defeated the South would have won the war. To-day we know that the fall of Vicksburg was the deciding factor in the war. Which was it to be? Grant could not possibly tell, yet single handed he accepted the risk, because he had carefully thought out his plan and the object was of such tremendous importance.

Well may Badeau, one of his staff officers, say:

"So Grant was alone; his most trusted subordinates besought him to change his plans, while his superiors were astounded at his temerity and strove to interfere. Soldiers of reputation and civilians in high places condemned, in advance, a campaign that seemed to them as hopeless as it was unprecedented. If he failed the country would concur with the Government and the Generals. Grant knew all this, and appreciated his danger, but was as invulnerable to the apprehensions of ambition as to the entreaties of friendship, or the anxieties even of patriotism. That quiet

confidence in himself which never forsook him, and which amounted indeed almost to a feeling of fate, was uninterrupted. Having once determined in a matter that required irreversible decision he never reversed, nor even misgave, but was steadily loyal to himself and his plans. This absolute and implicit faith was, however, as far as possible from conceit or enthusiasm; it was simply a consciousness or conviction, rather, which brought the very strength it believed in; which was itself strength, and which inspired others with a trust in him, because he was able thus to trust himself."⁶²

In the history of war such self-reliance is certainly as rare as genius.

This moral courage and close reasoning the people could not see. They could not see it at Salt River, and they could not see it at Vicksburg, and few military historians have troubled to see what Sheridan saw when he wrote in his "Memoirs": "When his military history is analysed after the lapse of years, it will be shown even more clearly than now, that during these [the final campaigns] as well as his previous campaigns, he was the steadfast center about and on which everything else turned."⁶³

His Magnanimity and Fellow-Feeling

Unlike nearly every other general in this war, or any other war, Grant always accepted things as they were, devoting the whole of his energies in making the best of them. He accepted failure without recrimination, but never allowed himself to become resigned to it. Because he was always ready to act, and because he was not afraid to fail, the psychological moment when to act was never missed by him. McClellan was never feady to strike, he was always asking for something he had not got, in fact he was never sure of himself. Lee was always asking for

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advice or supplies, and Thomas, of Chickamauga fame, a fine fighting general, delayed and delayed to engage *Hood* at Nashville because he was not certain of victory, and wanted to make sure of it before he struck.

Lincoln, who possessed that wonderful gift of looking into the hearts of men, said: "Grant is the first general I have had. You know how it has been with all the rest. As soon as I put a man in command of the army, he'd come to me with a plan of campaign and about as much as to say, 'Now, I don't believe I can do it, but if you say so, I'll try it on,' and so put the responsibility of success or failure on me. They all wanted me to be the General. Now, it isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know and I don't want to know. I am glad to find a man that can go ahead without me. When any of the rest set out on a campaign, they would look over matters and pick out some one thing they were short of and they knew I couldn't give 'em and tell me they couldn't hope to win unless they had it; and it was most generally cavalry. Now, when Grant took hold, I was waiting to see what his pet impossibility would be, and I reckoned it would be cavalry, of course, for we hadn't horses enough to mount what men we had. There were fifteen thousand or thereabouts up near Harper's Ferry and no horses to put them on. Well, the other day, Grant sends to me about those very men, just as I expected; but what he wanted to know was whether he could make infantry of them or disband 'em. He doesn't ask impossibilities of me, and he's the first general I have had that didn't."⁶⁴

By not asking his difficulties remained unknown; by not quarrelling with the Government and damning the politicians he made no spectacles, creating few

problems in which the newspapers and the populace could take sides and advertise their own views. He did not light up the gloom of the war with the fireworks of abuse. He did not quarrel with his subordinates or his staff. Possessed of a boundless capacity to forget and forgive, personal or public quarrels, which are so magnetic to the human desire for sensation, never blemished his history or threw it into the limelight.

His regard for others and his relationship with his fellow-men were exceptional. He was "always more concerned about preventing disasters to the armies of his distant commanders than to the troops under his own personal direction,"⁶⁵ says Horace Porter; and General Burnside once said of him: "If there is any quality for which General Grant is particularly characterized, it is that of magnanimity. He is one of the most magnanimous men I ever knew. He is entirely unambitious and unselfish."⁶⁶ "It was a principle with him never to abandon a comrade 'under fire'; and a friend in disgrace, as well as a friend in trouble, could depend upon him until Grant himself found him guilty."⁶⁷ When, on April 8, 1863, Sherman wrote to Rawlins objecting to Grant's move south of Vicksburg, Grant folded up the letter without comment and never mentioned its existence.⁶⁸ Similarly, when in September, 1864, he hurried to Charlestown, Va., with a plan in his pocket for Sheridan, finding him so thoroughly ready to move, as he said to Badeau, in 1878, "so confident of success when he did move, and his plan so thoroughly matured, that I did not let him know this, and gave him no order whatever except the authority to move. . . . I was so pleased that I left, and got as far as possible from the field before the attack, lest the papers might attribute to me what was due to him."⁶⁹ Again, on

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May 12, 1864, when General *Edward Johnson*, was sent a prisoner to Grant's headquarters, "Grant, out of consideration for his feelings, passed round the dispatches from Hancock instead of reading them aloud."⁷⁰

Thus to his enemies he was the same as to his friends. He fought to win a cause and not solely to defeat those who were opposed to it; it was the Confederate cause he was fighting, and not the Confederate soldiers and people. "Why humiliate a brave enemy?" he asked after Donelson and after Vicksburg, and when *Lee* finally surrendered it was the same—why humiliate?⁷¹ What sense was there in doing so? Was not the object of the war to re-establish the Union, a union of the North and the South, and would not this union be more perfectly established by showing the people of the Confederacy that it was their cause which was at fault, and that once they abandoned it all were again one people—Americans?

Here, once again, the outlook is spiritual rather than material, something which can be sensed and not grasped, something which eludes the common eye, and a voice too still for the common ear.

He went to work without quarrelling with himself, or with his friends or foes, surely and silently overcoming difficulties, never losing faith in his cause, in his men or in himself. This amazing trust led him on from Donelson to Shiloh, to Vicksburg, to Chattanooga and through the Wilderness to the end which was haloed by his magnanimity to his great opponent.

His imperturbability was the stability of his army; his fearless decisions were its motive force. From the tangled depths of the Wilderness, Pope, Burnside, Hooker and Meade had turned back in dismay. By

the evening of May 6, 1864, both sides were fought to a standstill, yet Grant's one idea was to advance. The hour of this decision was, in Sherman's judgment, the supreme moment in Grant's life: "Undismayed," he writes, "with a full comprehension of the importance of the work in which he was engaged, feeling as keen a sympathy for his dead and wounded as anyone, and without stopping to count his numbers, he gave his orders calmly, specifically and absolutely: 'Forward to Spottsylvania.'"⁷² The effect of this decision upon the Army of the Potomac was electric. "At the Chancellorsville House we turned to the right," writes Frank Wilkeson, "instantly all of us heaved a sigh of relief. We marched free. The men began to sing. The enlisted men understood the flanking movement. That night we were happy."⁷³

His pertinacity led his men over every obstacle. Once at Vicksburg he stopped at the house of a Confederate woman for a drink of water. This woman taunted him, asking him if he ever expected to take the fortress: "Certainly," he replied. "But when?" "I cannot tell exactly when I shall take the town, but I mean to stay here till I do, if it takes me thirty years." At Spottsylvania on May 11, 1864, though his losses had been severe, he wrote to President Lincoln, saying: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer,"⁷⁴ and he did. After the battle of Five Forks, towards the end of March, 1865, when the roads were reduced to a porridge of mud, and when elation turned to gloom, for all thought that the army would founder, Grant once again rose with the occasion. He saw horses sinking to their bellies, and wagons half-submerged on the roadside and in the fields, many of which were churned up to quicksands;⁷⁵ but he knew that the decisive hour had struck, so in place of calling a halt he kept right on

to the very end, "right on" as he had done at Salt River.

Lincoln understood this strange man who moved his army ever forwards, silently and surely, as a dynamo moves some great machine. Once when urged to dismiss him, and this was frequently suggested, he turned round and earnestly replied: "I can't spare this man; he fights!"⁷⁶ Few others understood him, and least of all the multitudes of his generation. They would shout themselves hoarse when he gained some victory, but how he gained it was beyond their comprehension. He said very little, and was seemingly commonplace in his everyday life, a curious mask of a man whose soul was as unfathomable to them as was the soul of his great namesake, Ulysses of the Odyssey, of whom Fénelon wrote: "His heart is an unfathomable depth; his secret lies beyond the line of subtlety and fraud; he is the friend of truth; saying nothing that is false, but, when it is necessary, conceding what is true; his wisdom is, as it were, a seal upon his lips which is never broken but for an important purpose." No wonder he remained an enigma in the popular mind.

Thus it happened, when his work was finished, and his simplicity was obliterated by the majesty of a stupendous mausoleum, the spirit that was in him was hidden behind the mask, and a mummy of the man was left to be gazed upon by the curious. This enigma never gave way to the myth, and it is mythological men, men who have become deified and not petrified in the minds of the people who attract historians; conversely it is the enigmatic man who so frequently repels them. Hence Grant is still so little understood. Though the greatest general of his age, and one of the greatest strategists of any age, he is little quoted in military histories and text-books.

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Still has it to be realized that as Sherman said of this simple and modest friend: "Each epoch creates its own agents, and General Grant more clearly than any other man impersonated the American character of 1861-65. He will stand, therefore, as the typical hero of the Great Civil War."

CHAPTER III

THE PERSONALITY OF LEE

Lee—the Virginian

ON the tombstone which marked the final resting-place of two brothers, one a Federal and the other a Confederate, a Kentucky father cut these words: "God knows which was right." Such also was the doubtful state of Colonel *Robert E. Lee's* mind in December, 1860, when in a letter he wrote: "While I wish to do what is right, I am unwilling to do what is wrong at the bidding of the South or of the North."¹

Here began that battle between his heart and his head. The one represented the Virginian within him, the other the American. "As an American citizen," he wrote from Fort Mason, Texas, on January 23, 1861, "I take a great pride in my country. . . . I can anticipate no greater calamity . . . than a dissolution of the Union. . . . Secession is nothing but revolution. . . . Still, a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charm for me."² As regards slavery, his views are as definite: "There are few, I believe, in this enlightened age," he wrote in 1856, "who will not acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil in any country. It is useless to expatiate on its disadvantages. I think it a greater evil to the white than to the black race";³ and again on another occasion: "I have always

observed that wherever you find the negro, everything is going down around him, and wherever you find the white man, you see everything around him improving."⁴ Yet to oppose this institution was contrary to *Lee's* principles; this question must be left to Providence, "we must leave the progress as well as the result in his hands, who sees the end and who chooses to work by slow things, and with whom a thousand years are but as a single day."⁵ Thus was waged that battle of heart and head in which the former won, though the head was convinced from the beginning that if it came to a clash of arms the cause was lost. On April 7, 1865, two days before his surrender to Grant, he said to General *Pendleton*: "I have never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good in the long run our independence unless foreign powers should, directly or indirectly, assist us. . . . But such considerations really made with me no difference. We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perish in the endeavour." Then in this conversation shoots forth another beam of inner light. General *Pendleton* had been deputed by a number of principal officers to explain to him that further resistance was hopeless, and that negotiations should be opened for a surrender. On hearing this *Lee* exclaimed: "Oh, no, I trust it has not come to that"; and then added, "General, we have yet too many bold men to think of laying down our arms. The enemy do not fight with spirit, while our boys still do. Besides, if I were to say a word to the Federal commander he would regard it as such a confession of weakness as to make it the condition of demanding unconditional surrender—a proposal to which I will never listen."⁶

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Here we have revealed to us the personal pride of the soldier, the true soldier, the man who cannot and will not follow in the footsteps of such lesser men as *Buckner* and *Pemberton*, who though his heart is ever willing to surrender to Providence, his pride will surrender to no man. Illogical, perhaps, but one of those contradictions which is the essence of human nature, and which made *Lee* what he was—at one and the same time a humble Christian and a proud aristocrat. In his last interview with General Scott he is reputed to have said: "I can not raise my hand against my children,"⁷ and after the war he exclaimed: "I did only what my duty demanded. I could have taken no other course without dishonour. And if it were all to be done over again, I should act in precisely the same manner."⁸

Deep in *Lee's* soul it was the voice of his ancestors that was speaking. Richard Lee who, in 1641, came from Stratford-Langton, in England, to Virginia, who had assisted Sir William Berkeley its governor in keeping this State in allegiance to the Crown when Cavalier fought Roundhead and Charles I went down before Cromwell and his Ironsides. Above all the voice of his father—Harry Lee, Light-horse Lee, the friend and trusty henchman of Washington, the same Lee who wrote to Joseph Reed, in 1780, saying: "However, I have learned the art of being happy under distress. I have done my duty, so far as I know, faithfully."⁹ The blood of his ancestors called him, and sorrowfully looking down from the heights of Arlington upon the capital of the Union, he unsheathed his sword in defence of his native State, his home, his children, his traditions and his God. In one of his first general orders he says: "They [the Confederate soldiers] cannot barter manhood for peace nor the right of self-government for life or

property. . . . Let us oppose constancy to adversity, fortitude to suffering, and courage to danger, with the firm assurance that He who gave freedom to our fathers will bless the efforts of their children to preserve it."¹⁰

From this it will be seen that *Lee* was no ordinary man; a strange man, not the last of his race but the last of an epoch—a pious age of Christian men, followers of Knox, Cranmer, Wesley and Bunyan. A knight-errant and one of the greatest of this fraternity. When on September 17, 1862, the remnants of *Hood's* division passed him, he exclaimed: "Great God! where is the splendid division you had this morning?" And when told that its men were lying on the field of battle, he said: "Gentlemen, we will not cross the Potomac to-night. . . . If McClellan wants to fight in the morning, I will give him battle again. Go!"¹¹ Rightly he belonged to feudal times, those days in which the blood of the few was the driving-force of the many. "He loved the old country-houses of old Virginian families, simple-minded and honourable folks, attached, like himself, to the soil of Virginia,"¹² writes his nephew. Had not his father said: "Virginia is my country, her will I obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me,"¹³ and how could he do otherwise but follow in his footsteps? A Virginian at heart, far more so than an American, *Lee* strode into the war never forgetting that he was a Virginian, and though he led the Confederate cause, it was in Virginia he fought and for Virginia that spiritually he died. When he marched to Sharpsburg (Antietam), it was Virginia which called him; when he marched to Gettysburg it was the same.¹⁴ After the war, when the great illusion had vanished, he turned to a lady who had brought to him her two sons, and said: "Madam, don't bring up your sons

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to detest the United States Government. Recollect that we form but one country, *now*. Abandon all these local animosities, and make your sons Americans."¹⁵

What it must have cost him to effect this inward change it is impossible to know, for *Lee* was a proud man yet a man who hid his pride. He would talk of the enemy as "those people," and of his adversary Grant as "that man," but only when agitated. Outwardly he was humility itself. In June, 1864, when pinned down at Petersburg by Grant, he wrote to his wife: "God has been very merciful and kind to us, and how thankless and sinful I have been."¹⁶ Such sentences teem throughout his letters, yet he was a man of hot temper and strong passions; but with few exceptions he kept them under control, maintaining a mien of calm dignity. When a question concerned him directly he could be severe; for instance, when he heard that some of *Mosby's* troopers had been hung by Sheridan, in retaliation he ordered a number of Custer's men to be shot.¹⁷ On one occasion he spoke roughly to Colonel *Venable*, one of his staff, and then when this officer had made his report and had thrown himself on the ground and was asleep, *Lee* took an oil-cloth poncho from his own shoulders and lightly drew it over his sleeping aide.¹⁸ On another he spoke very angrily to a scout, *Goode* by name, but upon finding that he had committed an injustice, he came out of his tent, "commanded his orderly to have supper with hot coffee put on the table for *Goode*, made him sit in his own camp-chair at the table, stood at the fire near by, and performed all the duties of a hospitable host. . . ." Well may General *Long* write: "Few generals ever made such thorough amends to a private soldier for an injustice done him in anger."¹⁹

He was very generous and amazingly gentle. At Gettysburg he passed a wounded Federal who, seeing him, raised himself up and shouted in defiance: "Hurrah for the Union!" Then this man says: "The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted, and came towards me. I confess that I at first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and grasping mine firmly and looking right into my eyes, said: 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.' . . . As soon as the general had left me I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground."²⁰

The Man and the Legend

Born on January 19, 1807, at Stratford, the ancient manor-house of the Lees of Virginia, *Robert E. Lee* owed much of his nobility of nature to his mother. His father died when he was still a small boy, yet he seems never to have forgotten a brief sentence written by him in a letter dated September 3, 1817. It was as follows: "'A man ought not only to be virtuous in reality, but he must also always appear so'; thus said to me the great Washington,"²¹ and on this text *Lee*, the man, modelled himself. Left with his mother he was always watchful over her; doing the marketing, attending to household duties, looking after the horses and acting the "little man" with a discretion unusual in a boy of his age. She taught him self-denial, and unconsciously self-sacrifice, and there can be little doubt that she softened his proud nature, and perhaps over-much so. Early in the war he writes: "To-day my tent came up, and I am in it,

yet I fear I shall not sleep for thinking of the poor men."²² Again: "My heart bleeds at the death of every one of our gallant men."²³ He loved the gentleness of young girls, was an advocate of early matrimony, liked writing about it, was at ease in the society of women, "honouring a woman as a woman," and consequently seldom appealed to them as a man normally does. For instance, Mrs. Chesnut says: "All the same, I like *Smith Lee* better, and I like his looks too. I know *Smith Lee* well. Can anybody say they know his brother? I doubt it. He looks so cold, quiet, and grand."²⁴ Another spritely lady, Mrs. Pickett, said much the same: "*Lee*," she writes, "was a great soldier and a good man, but I never wanted to put my arms round his neck, as I used to want to do to *Joe Johnston*."²⁵

On March 10, 1868, he writes to a young niece and tells her he has received "a very pretty picture from a young lady in Baltimore," and two days later to his son Robert, saying: "A farmer's motto should be *toil and trust*."²⁶ Nearly all his letters are like these two, full of commonplaces and good advice. In them his nature appears distinctly soft and proper, and because of this I think we can trace many of his failures as a general, which on account of his self-sacrificing dignity and austerity were lost to sight in that sanctity which soon began to envelop him, until the man was frozen into the saint. Yet in spite of this unsought halo, *Lee was a man*.

In 1825 he went to West Point, and at once became, anyhow to historians, the "blue-eyed" boy of the Academy. There, we are told by his nephew *Fitzhugh Lee*, he was "a model cadet . . . his . . . trousers were as white as the driven snow mounting guard upon the mountain top. . . . He never 'ran the sentinel post,' did not go off the limits to the 'Benny

Havens? of his day, or put 'dummies' in his bed to deceive the officer in charge as he made his inspection after taps. . . ."²⁷ In short, he never behaved like a boy should. He was tall and of fine figure, and later on in life he was reputed to be "the handsomest man in the army."²⁸

As a young man he was far more human than towards the close of his life. His letters during the Mexican War possess some life; even in one of them he asks his naval brother to obtain for him "a box or two of claret, one of brandy, and four colored shirts," but our rising enthusiasm is at once damped when we are told by his nephew that "it seems he wanted some liquors, in all probability, for his guests."²⁹ But when he became an old man and President of Washington College, so little humanity was left in him that he cut down the one week's holiday at Christmas to Christmas day itself. No wonder he was respected rather than loved by his students.

In 1831 he married Mary Randolph Custis, great-granddaughter of Martha Custis, the wife of George Washington. This marriage, so I think, had a marked moral influence upon him, for in the eyes of the world it made him the representative of the family which had founded American liberty. So, I feel, that when estimating his conduct at the outbreak of the Civil War, this fact should be remembered. More than ever had he now a reputation to live up to—the reputation of Washington, and from this day onwards he became his representative on earth.

In the Mexican War he distinguished himself beyond all his brother officers. His pluck and daring were the common topic of the camp. General Scott mentions him in one of his dispatches as "the gallant and indefatigable Captain *Lee* of the Engineers," reporting that "the brilliant victory of Contreras"

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was made possible "only by Captain *Lee's* service."³⁰ From this war onwards, more and more did *Lee* become the *beau ideal* of Southern chivalry; the typical country gentleman, rather Victorian, very staid, courteous and kindly, but frozen up in an austere dignity which induced veneration but repelled all emotionalism. Then came the war, and with Stephen Vincent Benét we may say:

"You too are a legend now
And the legend has made your fame and has dimmed that fame,
—The victor strikes and the beaten man goes down
But the years pass and the legend covers them both,
The beaten cause turns into the magic cause."³¹

Lee ceases to be a man of human passions, he becomes the idol of a mythical cause—State Freedom, which, as I have shown in Chapter I, though alive in theory was dead in fact; for in 1861 the age of steam had begun to fuse all States into one whole. He became, as Benét truly says: "The incarnation of a national dream"—

"Of the America we have not been,
The tropic empire, seeking the warm sea,
The last foray of aristocracy
Based not on dollars or initiative
Or any blood for what that blood was worth
But on a certain code, a manner of birth."³²

As an individual apart from the war there is nothing remarkable in *Lee's* character and personality, except that he was pre-eminently a good man; he possessed no personal ambition, no sense of humour except of a polite bantering type; he was very generous, as I have shown, kind though somewhat austere towards others. Then came the war, and at once these very virtues made him stand out from among his fellows. "He always seemed anxious to

keep himself in the background," writes Colonel *Taylor*, "to suppress all consideration of himself, to prevent any notice of himself. A more modest man did not live."³³ General *Long* says:

"It was his constant feeling that he was living and working to an end that constituted the source of General *Lee's* magnanimity and put him far above any petty jealousy. He looked at everything as unrelated to himself, and only as it affected the cause he was serving. This is shown in his treatment of his subordinates. He had no favorites, no unworthy partialities. On one occasion he spoke highly of an officer and remarked that he ought to be promoted. Some surprise was expressed at this, and it was said that that particular officer had sometimes spoken disparagingly of him. 'I cannot help that,' said the general; 'he is a good soldier, and would be useful in a higher position.' As he judged of the work of others, so he judged of his own. A victory gave him pleasure only as it contributed to the end he had in view, an honourable peace and the happiness of his country. It was for this cause that even his greatest victories produced in him no exaltation of spirits: he saw the end yet far off. He even thought more of what might have been done than of what was actually accomplished. In the same way a reverse gave him pain, not as a private but as a public calamity. He was the ruling spirit of his army. His campaigns and battles were his own.

* * * * *

"There was no hesitation or vacillation about him. When he had once formed a plan the orders for its execution were positive, decisive, and final. The army which he so long commanded is a witness for him. He imbued it with his own spirit; it reflected his energy and devotion."³⁴

I think this is a very just appreciation. He stood so apart from his men, that in their eyes *he* became the cause for which they were fighting. Colonel *Marshall*, another of his staff officers, notices this and says: "To them he represented cause, country, and all."³⁵ His bravery magnetized them, for *Lee* had no fear of personal danger. When his plans were working smoothly, generally he was well in rear of the battle-front, but when they were threatened by

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disaster he immediately rode forward.' In General *Long's* opinion, "General *Lee* never unnecessarily courted danger, though he never cautiously avoided it."³⁶ During the fighting in the Wilderness *Lee* rode forward, and he did so again in the battle for the salient at Spottsylvania. Of this incident General *Gordon* writes:

"*Lee* looked a very god of war. Calmly and grandly, he rode to a point near the center of my line and turned his horse's head to the front, evidently resolved to lead in person the desperate charge and drive Hancock back or perish in the effort. I knew what he meant; and although the passing moments were of priceless value, I resolved to arrest him in his effort, and thus save to the Confederacy the life of its great leader. I was at the center of that line when General *Lee* rode to it. With uncovered head, he turned his face toward Hancock's advancing column. Instantly I spurred my horse across old Traveller's [*Lee's* favourite charger] front, and grasping his bridle in my hand, I checked him. Then, in a voice which I hoped might reach the ears of my men and command their attention, I called out, 'General *Lee*, you shall not lead my men in a charge. No man can do that, sir. Another is here for that purpose. These men behind you are Georgians, Virginians, and Carolinians. They have never failed you on any field. They will not fail you here. Will you, boys?' The response came like a mighty anthem that must have stirred his emotions as no other music could have done. . . . 'No, no, no; we'll not fail him' . . . I shouted to General *Lee*, 'You must go to the rear.' The echo, 'General *Lee* to the rear! General *Lee* to the rear!' rolled back with tremendous emphasis from the throats of my men."³⁷

That *Lee* could bring out what was best in others is undoubted, and little by little the valour of his army encircled him like the halo of a saint. He was both a Sidney and a Bayard, a man of high nobility of mind and high bravery of heart. Every soldier of the South turned to him as a devout Catholic turns towards the Virgin Mother. At Gettysburg, though the terrible repulse of the Confederate assault on the third day of this battle was entirely due to his faulty

orders, no man blamed him, he alone blamed himself. Colonel Fremantle, an eye-witness, says: "If *Longstreet's* conduct was admirable, that of General *Lee* was perfectly sublime. He was engaged in rallying and in encouraging the broken troops, and was riding about a little in front of the wood, quite alone—the whole of his staff being engaged in a similar manner further to the rear. His face, which is always placid and cheerful, did not show signs of the slightest disappointment, care, or annoyance; and he was addressing to every soldier he met a few words of encouragement, such as: 'All this will become right in the end: we'll talk it over afterwards; but, in the meantime, all good men must rally. We want all good and true men just now,' etc. . . . He said to me, 'This has been a sad day for us, Colonel—a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories.'"³⁸

When *Lee* surrendered to Grant not a man blamed him, and so deep was their regard for him that they seldom cheered him; in place they would take off their hats and gaze upon him in silent veneration.

Heroism and self-sacrifice, and not generalship, were the foundations of this cult, a cult exalted and fostered by the poverty of the South, and by the very omissions in generalship which, as I shall show, marked *Lee's* career. Though the patriotism of the South was intense, it was also patchy; there was much selfishness as well as self-sacrifice, and not a little shirking and an abundance of weakness and mismanagement. But the myth which arose out of the cult of valour has obscured most of these facts. *Fitzhugh Lee* loves to tell us, that the Southern soldier "was a veritable tatterdemalion, loading and firing his rifle with no hope of reward, no promise of promotion, no pay, and scanty rations,"³⁹ which is not altogether true. Henderson repeats this description

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in his *Stonewall Jackson*; and when it comes to Southern generals the myth takes on an exaggerated form: Thus *Jeb Stuart* was not only a Prince Rupert, but a Murat and a Seidlitz rolled into one.⁴⁰

With *Lee* the myth becomes transcendental. Even before the war General Scott had said that he was "the greatest military genius in America,"⁴¹ which may be true enough; and then immediately after the war broke out, and he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces, at the convention which followed, Mr. Janney, its president, at once compared him with Washington.⁴² Thus did the myth begin to sprout, and it grew and grew until every child in the Confederacy knew him though they had never seen him, and tiny tots would run up to him and cry: "We know you are General *Lee*! We have got your picture!"⁴³

Of Chancellorsville, for instance, Colonel *Marshall* paints for us this battle icon:

"The fierce soldiers, with their faces blackened with the smoke of battle, the wounded, crawling with feeble limbs from the fury of the devouring flames, all seemed possessed with a common impulse. One long, unbroken cheer, in which the feeble cry of those who lay helpless on the earth blended with the strong voices of those who still fought, rose high above the roar of battle and hailed the presence of the victorious chief. He sat in the full realization of all that soldiers dream of—triumph; and as I looked on him in the complete fruition of the success which his genius, courage, and confidence in his army had won, I thought that it must have been from such scenes that men in ancient days ascended to the dignity of the gods."⁴⁴

Then, when the war was over, this triumphant grandeur was apotheosized. General *Gordon* writes: "*Lee* was never really beaten. *Lee* could not be beaten! Overpowered, foiled in his efforts, he might be, but never defeated until the props which supported him gave way."⁴⁵ Benjamin H. Hill exclaims: "He

was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbour without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guilt. He was Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a servant and royal in authority as a king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."⁴⁶

This myth, in which the idol replaced the man, swept over the whole civilized world, until we find so enlightened a writer as Colonel G. F. R. Henderson saying: "At the head of the Confederate Army was General *Lee*, undoubtedly one of the greatest, if not the greatest, soldier who ever spoke the English tongue."⁴⁷ This estimate has been accepted as fact by practically every subsequent historian.

From these fulsome and uncritical adulations, which can do justice to no man, it is refreshing to turn to the judgment of one who was never swept off his feet by popular emotions. General Grant, during his voyage round the world, said to J. Russell Young:

"I never ranked *Lee* so high as some others in the army; that is to say I never had so much anxiety when he was in my front as when *Joe Johnston* was in front. *Lee* was a good man, a fair commander, and had everything in his favour. He was a man who needed sunshine. . . . *Lee* was of a slow, cautious nature, without imagination, or humour, always the same, with grave dignity. The illusion that heavy odds beat him will not stand the ultimate light of history. I know it is not true. *Lee* was a good deal a headquarters general, from what I can hear and from what his officers say. He was almost too old for active service—the best service in the field."⁴⁸

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Grant's appreciation may not be a faultless one, yet I cannot help feeling that the most fervent admirer of *Lee* must agree that on the face of it it sounds more honest than those others I have quoted. Anyhow, I think it is a good starting-point from where we can begin to disentangle the great man from the great myth.

His Reliance on God

The Duke of Wellington is reputed once to have said, that it was not possible to apply Christian principles to war. Well, he was wrong, for *Lee* did so, and though had he not done so he might have been a greater general, through doing so, and because of his high chivalry and nobility of nature, there can be no doubt that this fact has been obscured. He himself said in a letter to Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War, dated March 6, 1864, "I think it better to do right, even if we suffer in so doing, than to incur the reproach of our consciences and posterity."⁴⁹ This high ideal coloured the whole of his generalship.

Lee was a member of the Episcopal Church; he was not so much a religious man as a man absorbed in religion; his every letter shows this, and so do many of his orders. For instance, in September, 1861, having failed in West Virginia, he wrote to his wife: "But the Ruler of the Universe willed otherwise and sent a storm to disconcert a well-laid plan and to destroy my hopes";⁵⁰ and on August 13, 1863, he issued the following order to his army: "Soldiers! we have sinned against Almighty God . . . we have relied too much on our own arms for the achievement of our independence. God is our only refuge and our strength. Let us humble ourselves before Him. . . ."⁵¹ To *Lee*, even more so than to Cromwell, God was

the giver of victory, consequently to stand in the favour of God was something far more desirable than mere generalship.

When the war broke out Bishop Wilmer said to him:

"Is it your expectation that the issue of this war will be to perpetuate the institution of slavery?"

"The future is in the hands of Providence," answered Lee. "If the slaves of the South were mine, I would surrender them all without a struggle to avert this war."

"Are you sanguine of the result [of the war]?" asked the Bishop.

"At present I am not concerned with results," replied Lee. "God's will ought to be our aim, and I am contented that His designs should be accomplished and not mine."⁵²

Lee was in fact a fatalist. In April, 1857, he wrote in a letter: "I feel always as safe in the wilderness as in the crowded city. I know in whose powerful hands I am, and on Him I rely and feel that in all our life we are upheld and sustained by Divine Providence."⁵³ Of him, during the winter of 1864-1865, his nephew rightly says: "It was the old heathen picture of 'man sublimely contending with Fate to the admiration of the gods, accepting the last test of endurance, and with the smile of a sublime resolution risking the last defiance of fortune'."⁵⁴ Then, when he was dead, a writer in the *New York Herald* said: "Even as in the days of his triumph glory did not intoxicate, so when the dark clouds swept over him adversity did not depress. From the hour that he surrendered his sword at Appomattox to the fatal autumn morning [of his death] he passed among men, noble in his quiet, simple dignity, displaying neither bitterness nor regret over the irrevocable past."⁵⁵

"God's will be done," was the text of his life, for as

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Gamaliel Bradford writes: "God gives the victory. God permits the defeat. God sends rain to mire the Virginia roads. He sends his sunshine to make them passable again. If God is appealed to passionately enough, devoutly enough, humbly enough, we win. If we lose, it is because we have not honored God sufficiently. . . . So I think we may conclude that the cardinal fact of *Lee's* life was God."⁵⁶

To *Lee*, "duty" was but another word for "the Divine Will." To his son, G. W. Custis Lee, he once wrote: "In regard to duty, let me in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as 'the Dark Day'—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the Last Day, the day of judgment, had come. Someone, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamford, who said that if the Last Day had come he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind—the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more—you should never wish to do less."⁵⁷ Again, upon another occasion: "There is a true glory and a true honor, the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle."⁵⁸ "Duty first," writes Colonel *Taylor* in his *Four Years with General Lee*, "was the rule of his life, and his every thought, word and

action was made to square with duty's inexorable demands";⁵⁹ yet he was tolerant towards the religious faith of others,⁶⁰ he was not only too meek but too just to persecute.

This sense of duty was carried to such an extreme, that as Jefferson Davis said: "He was unwilling to offend anyone who was wearing a sword and striking blows for the Confederacy";⁶¹ consequently, incompetence, if devout, was no blemish in *Lee's* eyes. Without wishing to be ironical, *Lee's* religious outlook may well be compared to that of the darkie minister who exclaimed: "Brethren ef de Lord tell me to jump through a stone wall, I's gwine to jump at it; jumpin' at it 'longs to me, goin' through it 'longs to God."

As regards himself, he avoided all duties which he considered belonged to others. "Be content to do what you can for the well-being of what properly belongs to you," he wrote to his wife, "commit the rest to those who are responsible."⁶² This rigid principle controlled the whole of his generalship. "My interference in battle would do more harm than good," he said. "I have, then, to rely on my brigade and division commanders. I think and work with all my power to bring the troops to the right place at the right time; then I have done my duty. As soon as I order them forward into battle, I leave my army in the hands of God";⁶³ or may I be allowed to suggest—in the hands of his subordinate commanders. Thus it happened that when such men as *Jackson* and *Stuart* were gone, his generalship so often failed. No wonder after Gettysburg he exclaimed: "Had I *Stonewall Jackson* at Gettysburg, I would have won a great victory."

As God was the giver of victory, so also in *Lee's* eyes was Jefferson Davis his chosen servant, a man totally different from himself. As I have shown, Davis was

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a politician of the overbearing legal type, *Lee* was no politician at all, hence from start to finish of the war that relationship between policy and strategy, which is generally called grand strategy, was all but non-existent.

His Humility and Submissiveness

It may be said that for two brief periods only was *Lee* Commander-in-Chief, and that, consequently, during the greater part of the war, from June 8, 1861, to February 8, 1865, he was not in a position to influence policy. This would be incorrect, for throughout the war, whether as Commander-in-Chief, or in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, as his son tells us, "he advised the President and Secretary of War as to the movements and dispositions of the other armies in the Confederacy."⁶⁴ He was in fact Davis's unofficial Chief of Staff. Nevertheless *Lee* said: "I must not wander into politics, a subject I carefully avoid."⁶⁵

Politics were not his business, even policy was not his business. Let others plan, he would carry out; for, as General *Long* says, and in order to compliment him: "If it should be asked, what was General *Lee's* opinion in regard to the defence of Richmond? It might be said that he was too thorough a soldier openly to question the wisdom of the Government in forming its plan of operations or to employ less than his utmost ability in his efforts to execute them."⁶⁶ Even towards the end of the war, when asked by a leading member of Mr. Davis's Cabinet: "General, I wish you would give us your opinion as to the propriety of changing the seat of Government and going further south," *Lee* replied: "That is a political question . . . and you politicians must determine it.

I shall endeavour to take care of the army, and you must make the laws and control the Government."⁶⁷ Yet at this moment it was a question of vital strategical importance, of life or death to the Confederacy, whether Richmond should be held or not—it was essentially a strategic question.

Lee's admiration for Davis was unbounded; it was the attraction of the negative by the positive. "If my opinion is worth anything," he said after the war, "you can *always* say that few people could have done better than Mr. Davis. I know of none that could have done so well"⁶⁸—which is probably true. His relationship with him was intimate, for he was the only soldier who was allowed to enter the Cabinet meetings unannounced.⁶⁹ He disagreed with Davis once, and this exception is worth recording as it arose out of a purely military situation, and consequently one which it was the duty of *Lee* to control. It happened before Richmond in 1862. Davis and a cavalcade appeared on the battlefield, *Lee* seeing him, frigidly saluted, and then, turning towards the President's party, he asked in a tone of irritation: "Who are all this army of people, and what are they doing here?"

"No one moved or spoke, but all eyes were upon the President; everybody perfectly understood that this was an order for him to retire to a place of safety, while the roar of the guns, the rattling fire of musketry, and the bustle of a battle in progress, with troops continually arriving across the bridge to go into action, went on. The President twisted in his saddle, quite taken aback at such a greeting—the general regarding him now with glances of growing severity. After a painful pause the President said, deprecatingly: 'It is not my army, General.' 'It certainly is not *my* army, Mr. President,' was the prompt reply, 'and this is no

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place for it"—in an accent of command. "Such a rebuff was a stunner to Mr. Davis. . . ." ⁷⁰

Had *Lee* been in the habit of administering these "stunners" more frequently, so great was his prestige that it is not too much to suppose that the North would never have won the war. Politically, however, he never disagreed with him, this Davis says himself; ⁷¹ he was always dependent upon him. "The President from his position being able to survey all the scenes of action, can better decide than anyone else," ⁷² he writes. He nearly always submitted questions to Davis's decision: "Should you think proper to concentrate the troops near Richmond I should be glad if you would advise me." ⁷³ He asked Davis to visit him in the field: "I need not say how glad I should be," he wrote, "if your convenience would permit you to visit the army, that I might have the benefit of your advice and direction." ⁷⁴ When he does interfere, when he feels compelled to suggest a course which has not been suggested to him, he does so in terms which one would scarcely expect from a junior clerk. For instance, when in June, 1863, he suggested greater activity on the part of the army, he ended his letter as follows: "I earnestly commend these considerations to the attention of Your Excellency, and trust that you will be at liberty, in your better judgment and with the superior means of information you possess as to our necessities and the enemy's movements in the distant regions I have mentioned, to give effect to them, either in the way I have suggested or in such other manner as may seem to you more judicious." ⁷⁵ His subservience is more utter, more abject, than that of any other noted general to any other Government in history. Even when after his surrender, Grant asked him for the good of the country to meet President Lincoln, he

answered: "General Grant, you know that I am a soldier of the Confederate Army, and I cannot meet Mr. Lincoln. I do not know what Mr. Davis is going to do. . . ." ⁷⁶ Davis at this moment was in flight and could not possibly do anything. Commenting on this remark, Colonel *Marshall* says: "I think myself, and have always thought, that if General *Lee* and Mr. Lincoln would have met, as General Grant proposed, we could have had immediate restoration of peace and brotherhood among the people of these States." ⁷⁷

There can be little doubt, as someone remarked at the time: "*Lee* had got a crick in his neck from looking over his shoulder towards Richmond." ⁷⁸ To General *Gordon* he said: "I am a soldier. It is my duty to obey orders. It is enough to turn one's hair grey to spend one day in the Congress. The members are patriotic and earnest, but they will neither take the responsibility of action nor will they clothe me with the authority to act for them." ⁷⁹ Yet, when in February, 1865, he was made to all intents and purposes dictator, with the exception of recommending the enlistment of negroes ⁸⁰ he did nothing. Of this elevation to power the *Richmond Examiner* said: "This clothes him with great power, and loads him with heavy responsibility. If he is willing to wield that power and shoulder that responsibility, in the name of God, let him have them." ⁸¹ But no, Pollard tells us that he "went so far as to declare to several members of the Richmond Congress that whatever might be Davis's errors, he was yet constitutionally the president, and that nothing could tempt himself to encroach upon prerogatives which the Constitution had bestowed upon his designated head." ⁸²

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His Want of Authority and Inexhaustible Tact

As Davis had been entrusted by God with the Presidency, so had God entrusted the army to his own care, for to *Lee* the Army of Northern Virginia was a divine instrument, which, as long as it was tempered by humility and repentance, must cut its way through all opposition. It was not efficiency which counted, or big battalions, or even discipline, but faith.

What this bootless, ragged, half-starved army accomplished is one of the miracles of history. It was led by a saint, it was endowed with the sanctity of its cause, and yet had its leader been more of a general and less of a saint, even if this had filched from it a little of its enthusiasm, its hardships would have been vastly reduced. Its spiritual morale was of the highest, its discipline of the lowest. It was full of young men full of life and quarrels, men who needed some show of severity to curb their discordant spirits. "Army of Northern Virginia, fabulous army," cries Stephen Vincent Benét:

"Strange army of ragged individualists,
The hunters, the riders, the walkers, the savage pastorals,
The unmachined, the men come out of the ground,
Still, for the most part, living close to the ground
As the roots of the cow-pea, the roots of the jessamine,
The lazy scorners, the rebels against the wheels,
The rebels against the steel combustion chamber
Of the half-born new age of engines and metal hands."⁸³

Physically such an army was beyond *Lee's* control. He could not be severe, he could not punish, he could only accept blame himself and shame it into some sort of discipline—set it an example. He sought discomfort, as once upon a time a Christian saint

sought his hair shirt. Lord Wolseley informs us that his headquarters "consisted of about seven or eight pole-tents, pitched with their backs to a stake fence, upon a piece of ground so rocky that it was unpleasant to ride over it. . . . In front of the tents were some three four-wheeled wagons, drawn up without any regularity, and a number of horses roamed loose about the field. . . . No guard or sentries were to be seen in the vicinity; no crowd of aides-de-camp loitering about, making themselves agreeable to visitors. . . . A large farmhouse stands close by, which, in any other army, would have been the general's residence *pro tem.*; but, as no liberties are allowed to be taken with personal property, in Lee's army, he is particular in setting a good example himself. His staff are crowded together, two or three in a tent; none are allowed to carry more baggage than a small box each, and his own kit is but very little larger."⁸⁴ The covering of the commander-in-chief was the same as that of the private soldier, his food generally inferior, as all dainties were sent to the sick and wounded; for as his nephew Edward Lee Childe tells us: "His guiding principle was that of setting his officers an example of not faring better than their soldiers."⁸⁵

That his example did influence his army is beyond doubt—it sanctified it and him; yet its discipline remained beneath contempt. Towards it he acted like a soft-hearted father; he was its exalted leader, its high priest, but not its general. "Colonel," he said to an officer who begged for a visit, "a dirty camp gives me nausea. If you say your camps are clean, I will go."⁸⁶ A normal general would not have avoided dirty camps, but would have sought them out, so that the officers in charge might suffer for their uncleanness. But Lee was not a normal general; in

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place of the hot word he relied upon the half-disguised censure. He was always tolerant, even when tolerance was little short of criminal. "His one great aim and endeavour," writes Colonel *Taylor*, "was to secure success for the cause in which he was enlisted; all else was made subordinate to this."⁸⁷ The cause was God's: who was he then to judge the soldiers of the Almighty? So deep was his horror of friction and dissensions that after the battle of Gettysburg he asked General *C. E. Pickett* to "destroy both copy and original" of his report, "substituting one confined to casualties merely."⁸⁸

The essential weaknesses of his character have been so slurred over, rather than unobserved, by historians, that I will record them as fully as space permits. *John Tyler* says he was "almost unapproachable, and yet no man is more simple."⁸⁹ *Joseph E. Johnston* says: "He was the only one of all the men I have known who could laugh at the faults and follies of his friends in such a manner as to make them ashamed without touching their affection."⁹⁰ These may seem high virtues, but in fact they are weaknesses, for they were carried to extremes. "The summary methods of *Jackson* did not appeal to *Lee*, who, instead of the guard-house, employed tact as soothing as it was inexhaustible."⁹¹ These words of Gamaliel Bradford ring true, for it was *Lee's* inexhaustible tact which ruined his army. To support them I will quote the evidence of eye-witnesses:

Colonel *Fremantle* says: "His only faults, so far as I can learn, arise from his excessive amiability."⁹² Lord *Wolseley* writes: "His nature shrank with such horror from the dread of wounding the feelings of others, that upon occasions he left men in positions of responsibility to which their abilities were not equal. This softness of heart, amiable as that quality

may be, amounts to a crime in the man entrusted with the direction of public affairs at critical moments."⁹³ Colonel Mangold, a German officer, says, that his two defects were "an indifference to discipline and a too kindly consideration for incompetent officers."⁹⁴ And Colonel *Taylor*, of his staff: "First, that he was too careful of the personal feelings of his subordinate commanders, too fearful of wounding their pride, and too solicitous for their reputation. In the next place it may be said that he was too law-abiding, too subordinate to his superiors in civil authority, those who managed the governmental machinery. . . . Obedience to orders was, in his judgment, the cardinal principle with all good soldiers of every grade. As a rule, no one can deny the correctness of this view; but those were extraordinary times, and, in some matters, ordinary rules were extraordinary evils."⁹⁵ Finally Jefferson Davis himself remarked that, "his habit of avoiding any seeming harshness . . . was probably a defect."⁹⁶

His patience and long-suffering were not only heroic but fanatical, not openly so but inwardly so. In his first campaign in West Virginia, in place of dismissing *Floyd* or *Wise*, who were daggers drawn, he spent his time, as Henry A. White informs us, "in pouring oil upon troubled waters that should have dashed their united volume against the enemy";⁹⁷ and what was the result? This campaign ended in a complete fiasco. Here at the very opening of the war, his "reluctance to oppose the wishes of others, or to order them to do anything that would be disagreeable and to which they would not consent"⁹⁸—and these are the words of his nephew *Fitzhugh Lee*—ruined his generalship.

What was the result? The Army of Northern Virginia was not only, as White says, "The worst-clad

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and the worst-fed army, perhaps, ever mustered into service,"⁹⁹ but one of the worst disciplined. "Scores of them," writes Colonel *Taylor*, "wandered about the country like locusts, and were only less destructive to their own people than the enemy."¹⁰⁰ On September 23, 1862, *Lee* wrote to President Davis: "Our stragglers are being daily collected, and that is one of the reasons of my being now stationary."¹⁰¹ On turning to the Official Records what do we find? On September 22, that is the day before the above was written, in *Ewell's* division, out of a total of over 11,000 men less than 4,000 were present for duty.¹⁰² Of this heinous military vice Colonel Fremantle writes: "The straggling of the Georgians was on the grandest scale conceivable; the men fell out by dozens, and seemed to suit their own convenience in that respect, without interference on the part of the officers."¹⁰³ And Colonel Grenfell, another English witness, says: "The only way in which an officer could acquire influence over the Confederate soldier was by his personal conduct under fire. . . . Every atom of authority has to be purchased by a drop of your blood."¹⁰⁴ *Lee* knew of this desperate state of affairs as well as any man. On March 21, 1863, he wrote to Davis: "The greatest difficulty I find is in causing orders and regulations to be obeyed."¹⁰⁵ Why then did he not enforce discipline? The answer is: he could not; each man to him was a hero, a soldier of God. Thus through lack of severity, of generalship, of soldiership, this "Aristo-democracy armed with a forlorn hope," performing miracles of heroism as it did, straggled under the banner of *Lee's* sanctity to its doom.

Colonel *Taylor* tells us that "excessive generosity and perfect subordination, while they adorned the life of General *Lee*, are not compatible with the generally

accepted notions of perfection in a revolutionary leader,"¹⁰⁶ and Lord Wolseley says: "He appears to have forgotten that he was the great Revolutionary Chief engaged in a great Revolutionary war; that he was no mere leader in a political struggle of parties carried on within the lines of an old, well-established form of government. It was very clear to many at the time, as it will be commonly acknowledged now, that the South could only hope to win under the rule of a Military Dictator."¹⁰⁷ The Hon. B. H. Hill, of the Confederate Government, apparently thought so, for shortly before the end of the war he urged *Lee* to form and express political opinions, saying: "If we establish our independence the people will make you Mr. Davis's successor." "Never," answered *Lee*, ". . . I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office with whose questions it has not been my business to become familiar." The rest of the conversation is illuminating:

"Well, but, General," said Hill, "history does not sustain your view. Caesar and Frederick of Prussia and Bonaparte were great statesmen as well as great generals."

"And great tyrants," he promptly responded. "I speak of the proper rule in republics, where, I think, we should have neither military statesmen nor political generals."

"But Washington was both, and yet not a tyrant."

With a beautiful smile he responded, "Washington was an exception to all rule, and there was none like him."¹⁰⁸

He simply could not realise that the occasion demanded, if not a military dictator, then the strongest military hold over the Government and the political situation; consequently, though Commander-in-Chief for two short periods, never once during them did he

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show the slightest aptitude for such a command. On the second occasion, when dictatorial powers were offered to him, "he accepted the office only as the subordinate of the President,"¹⁰⁹ though he understood clearly that the intention of Congress was to take military control out of Davis's hands. He could have done this, could have evacuated Richmond, and joining up with *Joseph E. Johnston* have concentrated a formidable force against Sherman in North Carolina. His prestige alone would have overcome all opposition, for in February, 1865, the Army of Northern Virginia was heart and soul *Lee's* army, and *the* cause of the South—*Lee's* cause. He had become a St. Francis, a St. Bernard in the eyes of the Confederacy, he had led a Crusade and was all but a god; yet he could not bring himself to act as a revolutionary general should, because to have ousted Davis would have infringed the prerogative of God. Grant said: "All the people except a few political leaders in the South will accept whatever he does as right and will be guided to a great extent by his example."¹¹⁰ But no, *Lee* could not act against his convictions. Because of them he was incapacitated from being a true Commander-in-Chief, even a true commander, as this word is generally understood, of his own army, for his convictions ruined discipline, and added infinitely to the misery of his officers and men.

"An army," so said Napoleon, "marches upon its belly"; but *Lee*, though a saint, and because he was a saint, was no quartermaster. He said: "I am content to share the rations of my men." On one occasion he wrote to Richmond: "Nothing prevented my continuing in his [the enemy's] front but the destitute condition of my men, thousands of whom are barefooted, a greater number partially shod, and nearly all without blankets, overcoats, or warm clothing. I

think the sublimest sight of the war was the cheerfulness and alacrity exhibited by the army in the pursuit of the enemy under all the trials and privations to which it was exposed."¹¹¹

It *was* sublime, one of the grandest pictures in history, this all-gripping misery of his men. But it was a picture of which he was the artist. Though again and again he pleads for supplies, his pleadings are so tactful that they are disregarded. He never thunders for them, they are not his personal concern; even at the beginning of the war, when Commander-in-Chief, he never insisted upon their collection or economy. General *Long* informs us: "Besides the want of money and men the Army of Northern Virginia was deficient in clothing, shoes, blankets, tents, provisions; in fact, everything needful was wanted except arms and ammunition. The abundant supplies with which the country teemed at the beginning of the war, instead of being collected and preserved for future use, were allowed to be dissipated, and in less than two years one of the most fruitful countries known was reduced to the condition of being barely able to afford a scanty subsistence for armies whose effective strength did not exceed 200,000 men."¹¹²

Time and again he almost sobs for supplies. By the beginning of 1865 the position is desperate, and a most heartrending appeal is endorsed by Jefferson Davis: "This is too sad to be patiently considered, and cannot have occurred without criminal neglect or gross incapacity. Let supplies be had by purchase, or borrowing, or other possible mode."¹¹³ Yet nothing happens, and the army founders through starvation and its consequent—desertion. *Lee's* subservience was so complete that it was constantly taken advantage of. At the time of Chancellorsville we find him writing: "I have understood, I do not know with what truth,

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that the armies of the West and that in the Department of South Carolina and Georgia are more bountifully supplied with provisions. . . . I think that this [his] army deserves as much consideration as either of those named, and, if it can be supplied, respectfully ask that it be similarly provided."¹¹⁴ And again a little later on: "I have been mortified to find that when any scarcity existed, this was the only army in which it is found necessary to reduce the rations."¹¹⁵

Not only did he refuse to exert his full authority to obtain supplies, but instinctively he had a horror of the whole question. Unconsciously, trading was antipathetic to his aristocratic nature; besides, to compel the people to part with their food stocks was abhorrent to him, he looked upon them as an heroic race, almost as God's chosen people, who must be appealed to only through the heart. Colonel *Taylor* tells us that: "He did not enjoy writing; indeed he wrote with labor, and nothing seemed to tax his amiability so much as the necessity for writing a lengthy official communication."¹¹⁶ Also that he "could not bear to be annoyed with the considerations of . . . matters of routine,"¹¹⁷ and: "He had a great dislike to review army communications."¹¹⁸ How could he then hope to succeed? Through faith alone; for the cause was God's. He was the sole referee in this stupendous war. He would award the laurels as He saw fit.

This lack of thunder; this lack of appreciation that administration is the foundation of strategy; this lack of interest in routine, and his abhorrence to exert his authority, maintained his army in a state of semi-starvation and were the causes of much of its straggling and ill-discipline. And though we must stand amazed at what he was able to accomplish through spiritual force, lack of material necessities ultimately brought the Confederacy to its knees; for his army and his

cause were starved into surrender, and this in spite of the fact that at this time four months' supplies were stacked in the neighbourhood of Richmond!

His Audacity and Resignation

To consider now the influence of his personality upon his generalship, a question we can at once answer is that *Lee* was no grand-strategist, for he refused to be influenced by policy or to influence it. His theory of war was based upon the spirit of his army which he considered to be invincible. He undervalued the valor of his adversaries, though he read like a book the character of many of their generals, and on the whole had the highest contempt for their abilities. His cause was a moral one, and his attacks were also moral ones. He struck at Washington because this city was the nervous base of the several Federal commanders who crossed swords with him. Henderson is right when he says: "Far away to the north, beyond the Potomac, beneath the shadow of the Capitol at Washington, was the mainspring of the invader's strength. The multitude of armed men that overran Virginia were no more than the inanimate pieces of the chess-board. The power which controlled them was the Northern President. It was at Lincoln that *Lee* was about to strike, at Lincoln and the Northern people, and an effective blow at the point which people and President deemed vital might arrest the progress of their armies as surely as if the Confederates had been reinforced by a hundred thousand men."¹¹⁹ And again: "He knew McClellan and he knew Lincoln. He knew that the former was over-cautious; he knew that the latter was over-anxious,"¹²⁰ and on this psychological knowledge he founded his strategy.

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He relied on manoeuvre more than on attack. Manoeuvre he understood, and he was a past-master in field movements; attacking he did not, and most of his offensive battles failed. Grant, understanding this, understood *Lee* so well that at the outset of the Wilderness campaign he said that he did not intend to manoeuvre; he refused to dance to *Lee's* pipe. Once *Lee* was cooped up behind the Richmond defences he could no longer indulge in his favourite pastime of turning the Valley of Virginia into a race-course. The only time he attempted to do so was when *Early* raided up to Washington; yet on this occasion, in spite of all his psychological insight, *Lee* failed to gauge the temper of the North. There was no panic as in 1862, Lincoln quietly saying: "Let us be vigilant, but keep cool."¹²¹

As a general *Lee* was a mixture of caution and audacity. His theory of war was that "in planning all dangers should be seen, in execution none, unless very formidable."¹²² At Richmond, on June 15, 16 and 17, he did nothing to support *Beauregard*, at Chancellorsville he acted like lightning, and, I suspect, because *Jackson* provided the "sunshine" he so needed. *Taylor* says: "This battle illustrates most admirably the peculiar talent and individual excellence of *Lee* and *Jackson*. For quickness of perception, boldness in planning and skill in directing, General *Lee* had no superior: for celerity in his movements, audacity in the execution of bold designs and impetuosity in attacking, General *Jackson* had not a peer."¹²³ *Lee's* initial moves were frequently bold in the extreme; his methods few could foresee, least of all men such as Pope, Burnside and Hooker. Whilst at Chancellorsville he struck with startling speed, at Fredericksburg he let the decisive moment slip away. There, on the morning of December 14, he erred from over-caution,

and as Chesney says: "Missed an opportunity of further advantage, such as even a great victory has rarely offered; it must be borne in mind that his troops were not on this occasion suffering from over-marching, want of food and ammunition."¹²⁴ The reason may have been, as Henderson supposes, that it was out of consideration of the inhabitants of Fredericksburg that *Lee* did not attack;¹²⁵ but personally I think it was that once battle was joined, he handed his command over to God. At Gettysburg, Colonel *Taylor* says: "The whole affair was disjointed. There was an utter absence of accord in the movements of the several commands, and no decisive result attended the operations of the second day."¹²⁶ In the Seven Days' Battle it had been the same; days of chaos and slaughter, and as *Taylor* writes, "a record of lost opportunities."¹²⁷

More often than not this reliance in Providence deprived him of all possible chance of gaining a decisive victory; besides the Army of Northern Virginia was so lacking in military equipment and supplies, that it was far easier for its commander to win victories than to reap their fruits; often the fruits were—boots and ammunition.¹²⁸ Of Fredericksburg, Rhodes, the historian, exclaims: "The feeling in regard to *Lee* might have found expression in the words of Barcas, a Carthaginian, after the battle of Cannae. 'You know how to gain victory, but not how to use it.' " And "Chancellorsville," Hamlin writes, "seems to have been a tragedy of errors. . . . It may be said, with some truth, that the campaign was *Lee's* masterpiece in audacity and celerity, but his victory was like that won in ancient times by Pyrrhus, for it was indeed a mortal blow to the vitality of the Army of Northern Virginia."¹²⁹ A mortal blow, above all, because of the loss of *Stonewall Jackson*, who could above all other men

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render tangible the inspirations of his chief; he was as *Lee* himself said, "his right arm."

Taylor says: "If *Lee* was the Jove of the war, *Stonewall Jackson* was his thunderbolt."¹³⁰ *Jackson*, though he believed in the omnipotence of God as fervently as *Lee* did, could demand the impossible. "Did you order me to advance over that field, sir?" said an officer to him. "Yes," answered *Jackson*. "Impossible, sir! My men will be annihilated! Nothing can live there. They will be annihilated!" "General," replied *Jackson*, "I always endeavour to take care of my wounded and to bury my dead. You have heard my order—obey it."¹³¹

Without *Jackson*, *Lee* was left a one-armed pugilist. *Jackson* possessed that brutality essential in war; *Lee* did not. He could clasp the hand of a wounded enemy, whilst *Jackson* ground his teeth and murmured: "No quarter to the violators of our homes and firesides,"¹³² and when someone deplored the necessity of destroying so many brave men, he exclaimed: "No, shoot them all, I do not wish them to be brave."¹³³ With all his ability there was something repellent about *Jackson*; in spite of his many faults there was always something ennobling about *Lee*. *Jackson* was the Old Testament of War, *Lee*—the New.

Lee, as *Stonewall Jackson* said, was "a phenomenon . . . the only man whom I would follow blindfold."¹³⁴ Can we wish that he had been otherwise? I do not think so; for his spirit as a man was so exalted that it obliterated his failures as a general, and a cause which in the long run was bound to fail could not have failed more heroically than in the hands of one who, if he could not compel success, could sanctify failure. In his farewell order to his army he said: "You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed."¹³⁵ But did this satisfaction bring consolation to his own heart? I do

not think so, for I feel that his surrender, on April 9, 1865, was his crucifixion; to him it was the judgment of God, consequently it was God's will that the Northern cause should prove victorious. What this revelation meant to him in terms of spiritual anguish none will ever discover, for it is the secret which Lee took with him to his grave.

From the boom of the last cannon he entered a silence which he never broke, and except for its sorrows the war vanished from his life. To Mrs. Jefferson Davis he wrote on February 23, 1866: "*I have thought from the time of the cessation of hostilities, that silence and patience on the part of the South was the true course, and I think so still. Controversy of all kinds will, in my opinion, only serve to continue excitement and passion, and will prevent the public mind from the acknowledgment and acceptance of the truth. These considerations have kept me from replying to accusations made against myself, and induced me to recommend the same to others.*"¹³⁶ On another occasion he wrote: "The statement is not true, but I have not thought proper to publish a contradiction."¹³⁷ To a lady he said, "I know of nothing good I could tell you of myself, and I fear I should not like to say any evil,"¹³⁸ and to an editor: "I must acknowledge that I have not read the article on Chancellorsville . . . nor have I read any of the books published on either side since the termination of hostilities."¹³⁹ The war was past and dead, let it be buried and forgotten; why should his head agonize his poor broken heart?

He had never been hostile to the Union; it was a union maintained by the sword which had antagonized his conscience. Once the war was ended, seeing God's will in this final act, to General *Beauregard* he wrote: "I need not tell you that true patriotism sometimes requires of men to act exactly contrary at one period to

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that which it does at another, and the motive which impels them, the desire to do right, is precisely the same. The circumstances which govern their actions change, and their conduct must conform to the new order of things."¹⁴⁰ It was for this reason that, in October, 1865, he accepted the presidency of Washington College. "We must look to the rising generation for the restoration of the country,"¹⁴¹ he said, and though a prematurely old and weary man, he felt that it was his duty to accept this appointment in order to smooth out a few of the many wrinkles the war had caused, and so spend the remaining years of his life in assisting to establish in his own humble way, now that the sword was sheathed, a more perfect union based on brotherly love.

On September 28, 1870, he returned from his work to find his family waiting tea for him. He rose to say grace, but his lips could not utter the words that were in his heart. Unable to speak, he sat down quietly and without agitation. He was resigned to the end, and at nine o'clock on the morning of October 12 he closed his eyes on this troubled world. *Lee* is dead, yet the national hero lives on, an all inspiring example to his fellow countrymen of duty accomplished.

CHAPTER IV

THE GENERALSHIP OF GRANT AND LEE, 1861-62

First Bull Run and West Virginia

THE histories of Grant's and *Lee's* generalships are very different: the one is as it were a continuous story, the other a series of brilliant essays based on one theme—the defence of Virginia. The first is woven round a definite plot—the Union, the maintenance of the Union, and the re-establishment of the Union through a unifying strategy; the second meanders through the freedom of individual States, revealing a deep-founded weakness for the want of unity, disclosing cross purposes and ending in disruption through lack of strategy. It is important to bear this in mind, for just as the war itself, like a storm cloud, was influenced by the great geographical features of the area in which it was fought, so were the personalities of these two generals consciously and unconsciously influenced by the political features.

For long, as I have shown in Chapter I, the clouds of war had been gathering and darkening the social horizon. Charged with human electricity as they now were, a pretext alone was awaited to detonate the storm. And as is so often the case in war, particularly so in wars of the first magnitude, the pretext found was an insignificant one—a small fort so weakly garrisoned as to be of no real tactical value.

South Carolina had throughout her history been a

truculent State. She was so before the Revolution, after the Declaration of Independence, and for years before the outbreak of the Civil War. The capital of this State was Charleston, the harbour of which was protected by several small forts, the most important being Fort Sumter, built on an island. On December 20, 1860, having passed an Ordinance of Secession, South Carolina became in her own eyes a sovereign State and forthwith claims were laid to these forts. Sumter was garrisoned by about a hundred United States troops under Major Anderson, and the South Carolina Convention demanded that this fort should be evacuated. This being refused, on January 9, 1861, fire was opened on U.S.S. *Star of the West*, which had been sent to revictual the fort. Tension grew intense; then on March 3 General *Beauregard* took over command at Charleston and on April 11 he sent Major Anderson a formal demand to surrender. This being promptly rejected fire was opened on the fort at 4.30 a.m. on the 12th. At noon on the 14th the Stars and Stripes was hauled down and Sumter passed into Confederate hands.

This insult to the United States flag detonated the war. Emotions had been running high, now they burst into fury and frenzy. On April 15 Lincoln signed a proclamation calling out 75,000 militiamen; on the 17th, though he could not enforce it, he declared the entire coasts of the South to be under blockade. This same day Virginia seceded and the navy-yard at Norfolk was occupied as well as the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. On May 3 Lincoln, beginning to realize the seriousness of the situation, issued a second proclamation calling for 42,000 three-year volunteers.

In the West, *Jackson*, the Governor of Missouri, attempted to occupy St. Louis and hold this city for the South, but on June 17 his forces were routed by

General Lyon at Boonville. Between Missouri and Virginia stretched Kentucky, which had passed a resolution of neutrality, nevertheless, as neither side troubled to recognize it, the war swept into this State. East of Kentucky lay West Virginia, an area of great strategic importance because the Baltimore and Ohio Railway which traversed it was the main line of communications connecting Washington with the West. To this area General George B. McClellan, who had been placed in command of the Military Department of Ohio, proceeded, and driving out the Confederate detachments not only gained the northern half of West Virginia for the Federal cause but also much popular glory for himself.

When *Beauregard's* guns opened fire on Fort Sumter Colonel *Robert E. Lee* was still in the United States Army. On April 20 he resigned his commission and wrote to his brother, Sidney Smith Lee, saying: "Save in the defence of my native State, I have no desire ever again to draw my sword";¹ and when three days later he was entrusted with the command of the forces of Virginia, it was only in her defence that he was asked to act.² His first order was a defensive one: on April 27 he sent³ Colonel *Thomas J. Jackson*, soon to become famous as *Stonewall Jackson*, to seize Harper's Ferry, which he did, reporting that he would defend it "with the spirit which actuated the defenders of Thermopylae."⁴ Thus at the opening of this war defence and not defiance resounded through the South.

On May 10, in order to establish a defensive policy, *Lee* was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the Confederacy and held this appointment until June 8, when Jefferson Davis assumed direct control, *Lee* becoming his nominal Chief of Staff. His first problem was to secure Northern Virginia from immediate attack, and this was accomplished by blocking

GRANT AND LEE, 1861-62

the main Federal lines of approach at Harper's Ferry, Manassas Junction and Aquia Creek.

Harper's Ferry was held by General *Joseph E. Johnston* and some 11,000 men, and Manassas Junction by *Beauregard* with 22,000. Opposed to them were Patterson, an old general who had served in the 1812-15 War, and General McDowell, both of whom came

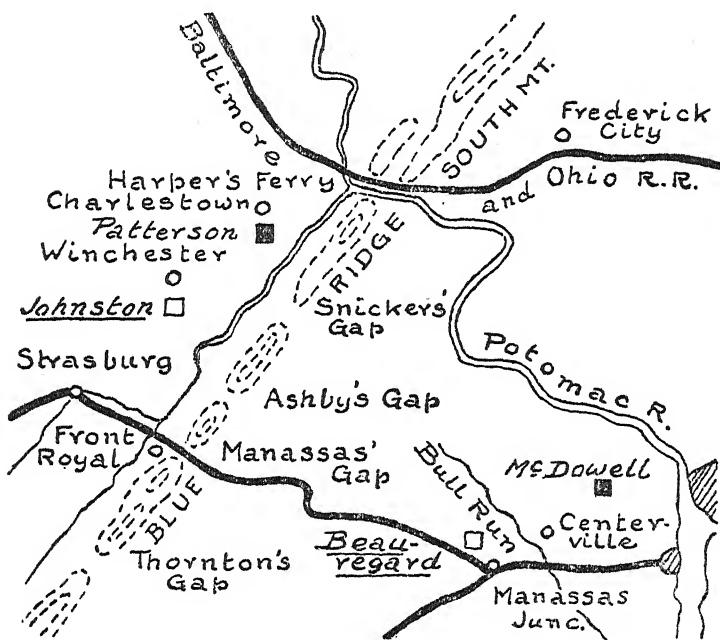


FIG. I

under the command of General Winfield Scott, the Federal Commander-in-Chief, then in his seventy-fifth year. Scott's plan was to contain *Beauregard* and drive back *Johnston*; he was cautious and rightly so, for he feared the ill-discipline of his raw militiamen far more than the prowess of his enemy.

As is common in this democratic age, the people, knowing nothing of war, demanded an immediate

advance, and the Press, eager to lead popular opinion, made such good use of the slogan "On to Richmond" that the hands of Lincoln and his ministers were forced and it was decided to hold *Johnston* and strike at *Beauregard*.

On July 18, having concentrated some 36,000 men at Centerville, McDowell, wishing to avoid a frontal attack on *Beauregard*, whose army lined the southern bank of the Bull Run, determined to turn the Confederate left flank, the safety of his outflanking attack depending upon Patterson being able to hold *Johnston* at Harper's Ferry. This Patterson failed to do and *Johnston* slipped back to Winchester. *Beauregard* wanted to attack, but both Jefferson Davis and *Lee* were opposed to this idea; they wanted McDowell to clinch with *Beauregard* and then to bring *Johnston* down onto McDowell's right flank and rear. This is what happened, for when, on July 21, the battle was fought, McDowell, who at first succeeded in driving back his enemy, found himself deficient of reserves when the pressure of *Johnston's* troops became felt. Not able to stay the Confederates, McDowell's men broke in panic and no effort could rally them until the defences of Washington were reached. As it happened, the Confederates being utterly disordered by the fighting were in no fit condition to carry out a pursuit.

Though this battle led to no strategical results, its influence on the grand strategy of the war was profound. First, it imbued the Southern politicians with an exaggerated idea of the prowess of their soldiers and so led them to under-estimate the fighting capacity of their enemy; secondly, it so terrified Lincoln and his Government, that from now onwards until 1864, east of the Alleghanies, the defence of Washington became the pivot of Northern strategy.

Except for having originally selected^a the position

south of the Bull Run from a defensive rather than an offensive point of view, *Lee* in no way influenced this the first important battle of the war; neither would he allow himself to be drawn into the acrimonious discussions which followed it⁶ and which were altogether antipathetic to his high sense of discipline.

Soon after this battle he was sent⁷ to West Virginia to take over command of the forces in that area. There, though freed from the President's immediate influence and though his subordinates were at loggerheads, his personality at once crippled his generalship, for he refused to take command, that is to say—he refused to impose his will upon them and so establish unity of direction.

The more acrimonious of these quarrels was between Generals *Floyd* and *Wise*. On August 7 *Wise* asked *Lee* to assign to himself and *Floyd* "respective fields of operation;"⁸ to which *Lee* answered that he hoped that *Wise* "will join General *Floyd*."⁹ *Floyd* then sent *Wise* peremptory orders, which *Wise* referred to *Lee*, pointing out that they should be issued by him. *Lee* answered that he thought this was so apparent that no orders on the subject were necessary. On August 24 *Wise* wrote to *Lee*: "We are now brought into a critical position by the vacillation of orders and confusion of command;" to which *Lee* answered: "I beg, therefore, for the sake of the cause . . . you will permit no division of sentiment to disturb its harmony. . . . In accordance with your request I will refer your application to be detached from General *Floyd*'s command to the Secretary of War. At present I do not see how it can be done without injury to the service, and hope, therefore, you will not urge it." On September 21 *Lee* pointed out to *Wise* the danger of his force being divided from *Floyd*'s, and the same day *Wise* replied: "But, sir, I am ready to join General *Floyd* wherever

you command, and you do not say where. . . . I will delight to obey you, sir."¹⁰ So the quarrel continued, *Wise* having already written to *Lee*, on September 11, "Disasters have come, and disasters are coming which you alone, I fear, can repair and prevent."¹¹ This was very true, for the campaign in the Kanawha Valley and around Cheat Mountain ended in a complete fiasco, leaving the western slopes of Virginia in Federal hands.

Public opinion condemned *Lee*, and for once it was right; for in this his first command in the field he completely failed as a commander, with the result that in November he was removed from his command and placed in charge of the coast defences of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida—not, however, a back-water, as the ports of these States were essential to the maintenance of the Confederacy. There he remained until March 13, 1862, when he was "assigned to duty at the seat of government . . . under the direction of the President . . . charged with the conduct of military operations in the armies of the Confederacy."¹² This step was taken because storm clouds were rapidly gathering north of Richmond.

Paducah, Donelson and Shiloh

In the East *Lee's* personality ruined his first campaign. In the West the personality of one man set in motion a strategy which was destined to win the war. This man was Captain Ulysses S. Grant.

"It cannot be denied," once wrote Lord Bacon, "but outward accidents conduce much to fortune; favour, opportunities, death of others, occasion fitting virtue. But chiefly, the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hand." Applied to Grant this observation fits like a

glove. It was fortunate that he had served in the army during the Mexican war; it was fortunate that he had been a regimental quartermaster and had learned to equate energy in terms of rations; it was fortunate that he had left the army several years before the Civil War broke out, for had he remained in it, he might easily have become petrified by its dull routine; and above all, when this war did blaze forth, it was exceedingly fortunate that his first command found him at Cairo, the strategical pivot of the war and the pivot of his own success; for from the first, from September 4, 1861, when as a brigadier-general he established his brigade headquarters there, he recognized it, if not as such, at least as a point of extreme importance.

Failing a rapid decision in the East—in that small area embraced by the James river, the Alleghany mountains, the Susquehanna and Chesapeake Bay—an unlike contingency, for even a great victory there could scarcely have done more than have driven the political centres further apart, the hub of the war lay at Cairo, and why? A glance at Map No. 2 will at once answer this question: The area Memphis-St. Louis-Louisville-Chattanooga may be looked upon as the sally-port of the South. For unless the Confederacy was to stand on a passive defensive, which in the end was likely to spell ruin, it was in this area that the chances of a successful offensive predominated. As I have pointed out in Chapter I, it was here that Virginia could be protected, and the strategical centre of this offensive area was Cairo, from which town river communications ran to St. Louis, Louisville, Nashville and Chattanooga; and the railroad connection between Union City (thirty miles south of Columbus) and Nashville was the waist of all railroad communications between the Northern and Southern States west of the Alleghany range. This waist was about 120 miles

wide, and to protect it the Confederates established strong works at New Madrid and Island No. 10 in the Mississippi, Fort Henry on the Tennessee and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland river, east of which forces were pushed out into southern Kentucky.

From Cairo Grant saw the importance of Paducah which lay on the Ohio river some twenty-five miles east of Cairo, and which blocked the exits of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. On September 5 he asked General Frémont, then in command of the Department of Missouri, for authority to occupy it, and receiving no reply he set out that evening and seized this town.¹³ Thus did the struggle for the sallyport begin. On November 7 he fought a small battle with General *Pillow* at Belmont, on the west bank of the Mississippi, immediately opposite Columbus, in which he proved himself to be a novice in tactics, as inexpert as his men were ill-disciplined. Two days later Frémont was replaced by General Henry Wagner Halleck, a bookish type of man, stupid and jealous by nature, nicknamed "Old Brains," and rightly called by W. E. Woodward "a large emptiness surrounded by an education."¹⁴ A new campaign now began, a campaign between the opacity of Halleck and the rising genius of Grant, which endured until March 3, 1864, when Grant was called to Washington.

Lincoln, who was a strategical visionary, that is to say he could often see what should be done without possessing an idea of how to do it, had long hankered after carrying the war into East Tennessee, not only because this would bring relief to the loyal population in this area, but because such an advance would threaten Chattanooga, a vital strategic point. General McClellan who, on November 1, succeeded Scott as Commander-in-Chief of the Federal Armies, though soon to become absorbed in his projected campaign

against Richmond, placed General Don Carlos Buell in command of the Department of Ohio, and favoured an advance into East Tennessee because it was likely to draw the Confederates westwards and so away from Virginia. Buell and Halleck could not agree,¹⁵ and Buell ordering General Thomas to attack *Zollicoffer*, the Confederates were defeated at Mill Springs on January 19, 1862.

Strategically this battle was an important Federal victory as it drove the Confederate forces in Kentucky away from the main line of communications leading to Cumberland Gap and thence into East Tennessee, this Gap being the connecting link between the sources of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. It was a blow at the right flank of the Confederate forces under General *Albert Sidney Johnston* in command of the Department of the West, forces which were holding Kentucky and which were strung out on an enormous arc extending from the Mississippi to the foot-hills of the Cumberland mountains. (See Map No. 2.) Opposed by Halleck on the left with his headquarters at St. Louis, and by Buell in the centre with his at Louisville, *Johnston's* distribution was a precarious one, and doubly so because his main lateral line of communications ran immediately in rear of it, namely, the railway from Hickman *via* Clarksville to Bowling Green where he established his headquarters.

Buell, realizing the weakness of *Johnston's* distribution, had suggested to McClellan a move on Nashville, but Halleck occupied with minor difficulties in Missouri, would not agree. Meanwhile Grant, at Cairo, became so fully convinced that to strike at the centre of the railroad waist, that is at Forts Henry and Donelson, with the object of separating the Confederate forces in Missouri from those in Kentucky, was the first step toward forcing the sally-port, that on January 6 he

asked Halleck for permission to do so.¹⁶ On the 23rd he again asked him, but with no further success; yet Halleck, whose jealousy had been roused by Buell's victory at Mill Springs, had already on the 20th telegraphed McClellan for authority to move against the forts, in order to "turn Columbus, and force the abandonment of Bowling Green."¹⁷ On February 1 he ordered Grant to take and hold Fort Henry,¹⁸ which he did, thanks to Foote's gunboats, the fort surrendering to him on the 6th. "The effect of the capture of Fort Henry," writes Ropes, "on the people of the whole country . . . was electrical. . . . It was accomplished, too, so suddenly and so unexpectedly that the spirits of the Northern people were elated beyond measure, while those of the people of the South were correspondingly depressed."¹⁹ Further still, *Johnston*, assuming that the gunboats were invincible, decided to abandon Bowling Green and retire to Nashville with 14,000 men whilst 12,000 were sent to Donelson; what for it is difficult to say, unless he considered that they would enable this fort to hold out until he had slipped back, and that after this operation had been completed they would in turn be able to slip back and rejoin him. Whatever his object was, this division of force was a fatal mistake, for had the whole of his 26,000 men reinforced Donelson it is more than probable that Grant would have been defeated.

Grant was also elated, for he expected to find Fort Donelson as easy a nut to crack as Fort Henry. This was not to be, for it was far better sited, and its batteries being well above the water-line were practically invulnerable to gunboat fire. On the 11th he moved forward, his plan being to surround the fort on its landward side and attack it from the river. On the 14th the investment was completed, C. F. Smith's division being on the left, McClernand's on

the right and Lewis Wallace's in the centre. At 3 p.m. Foote steamed up-stream, opened fire, steamed in unnecessarily close, was driven back and he himself wounded. The attack had failed.

Within the Fort, General *Floyd*, the Confederate Commander, seeing that he was surrounded, determined to cut his way out, and launching his attack early on the 15th, he drove back McClernand's and Wallace's divisions in much confusion. Grant at the

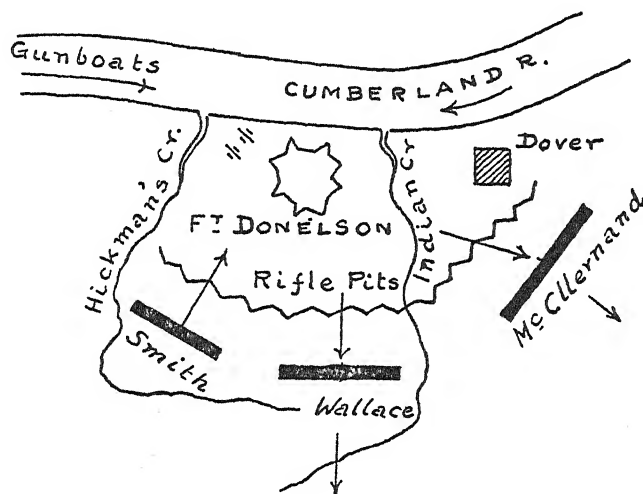


FIG. 2

time was some miles away in consultation with Foote. Foolishly he had appointed no representative, consequently, when his army was half-routed, it was left without a directing head. Returning, he at once realised that both sides were in a state of confusion, and that the one which struck first would win. Withdrawing McClernand's and Wallace's divisions to refit, he ordered Smith, who had not been attacked, to assault the works in front of him; then returning to McClernand and Wallace he moved them forward to

re-occupy their former lines.²⁰ What is remarkable about his action is the coolness with which it was carried out, and this coolness which resulted in quickness of action led to Smith carrying the key point of the fort.

Floyd thereupon handed his command over to *Pillow*, and *Pillow* handed it over to *Buckner*, the junior general in the fort; the first two accompanied by some 3,000 of the garrison escaping under cover of night. On the 16th *Buckner* surrendered unconditionally with 11,500 men and 40 guns; ²¹ Grant's losses were 3,000 men killed, wounded and missing.²²

Such was Grant's first real success, and though there has been much discussion as to who originated the move, Colonel *William P. Johnston*, son of *Albert Sidney Johnston*, is undoubtedly right when he says, "Grant made it, as it made Grant."²³ According to Colonel *Bruce*, the fall of *Donelson* was "The most damaging" blow "inflicted upon the South, up to the time *Lee* surrendered."²⁴ This may seem an exaggeration, but it is not so, for it forced the Confederates back into their sally-port, and so not only broke their western front, but began to drive them out of that offensive area in which the true defence of Virginia lay. It opened not only the road to the capture of New Orleans by drawing the enemy's troops northwards, but also to the Vicksburg campaign, as it led to the evacuation of Columbus and Nashville. It won Kentucky and laid Tennessee open to invasion, and it deprived the Confederacy of 175,000 potential recruits.²⁵ No other battle during the war effected such results or opened out such possibilities.

On Halleck these were entirely lost. Grant saw quite clearly that "the way was open to the National forces all over the south-west";²⁶ but Halleck confessed to McClellan that he had no plan.²⁷ Meanwhile

Albert Sidney Johnston fell back on Corinth, and there drew in his scattered forces, Nashville being occupied by Buell on February 24. From there Buell suggested that a blow should be struck against the Memphis-Charleston railroad (see Map No. 2), and Halleck agreeing, accused Grant of insubordination,²⁸ and placed General C. F. Smith in command of the expedition. Why did Halleck do this? There can be but one answer, namely, that he was jealous of Grant. He was afraid that his subordinate might gain fresh laurels and supersede him.

Two events now took place, both of which had an important influence on the trend of affairs in the West. The first was that in the beginning of March McClellan was relieved of his responsibilities as Commander-in-Chief in order that he might concentrate all his time on the Army of the Potomac, which was to operate against Richmond. This change in command was followed on March 11 by Halleck being placed in command of all the Federal forces in the West, which brought Buell under his orders, whereupon, two days later, he reinstated Grant and lied to him in order to excuse his behaviour.²⁹ The second was, that, on March 7-8, General Curtis secured the State of Missouri by decisively defeating General *Van Dorn* at Pea Ridge, which victory relieved Halleck of all anxiety as regards the security of the western side of the Mississippi river, whereupon he decided to move his combined armies on Corinth.

Meanwhile Smith carried out several minor raids, and eventually established himself at Savannah, with two divisions, Sherman's and Hurlbut's, at Pittsburg Landing, whilst Lewis Wallace's division occupied Crump's Landing some four miles further down stream. Grant arrived at Savannah on the 17th, under instructions from Halleck to act on the defensive, and

not to bring about a general engagement until Buell arrived.³⁰ Buell was then at Columbia, 40 miles south of Nashville. Realizing the faulty distribution of Smith's forces, Grant concentrated the whole army at Pittsburg and Crump's Landings, and there began to organize and drill his raw troops.

Grant expected Buell on the 24th or 25th, but owing to delays *en route*, he telegraphed Grant that he could not arrive at Savannah before April 5.³¹ In spite of this delay, which enabled *Johnston* to collect and reorganize his forces at Corinth, only a little more than 20 miles from the Landings, Grant failed to realize the necessity of entrenching his position; in fact he committed the very common military blunder of conjecturing what his enemy would do and acting upon his conjecture. As he himself says: "I regarded the campaign we were engaged in as an offensive one and had no idea that the enemy would leave strong entrenchments to take the initiative when he knew he would be attacked where he was if he remained."³² Also: "Up to that time the pick and spade had been little resorted to at the West."³³ Worse still, Grant established his headquarters at Savannah, and Sherman, who was in nominal command of the three forward divisions at Pittsburg Landing, failed to secure or adequately to patrol his front.³⁴

On April 4 Grant was thrown from his horse and severely bruised his leg. Late on the 5th he returned to Savannah to meet Buell, Sherman sending him the following message: "I have no doubt nothing will occur to-day more than the usual picket firing. The enemy is saucy, but got the worst of it yesterday, and will not press our pickets far. I will not be drawn out far unless with certainty of advantage, and I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position."³⁵

When he wrote this message, 45,000 Confederates

were but two miles from his encampment; what had happened?

After the fall of Fort Donelson *Johnston* retired to Nashville, then to Murfreesborough and finally to Corinth. There he drew in his scattered forces, and on the evacuation of Columbus on March 2 was joined by a considerable force under General *Beauregard*, who had been sent out West some time after the battle of Bull Run. Further still, on the 29th, being reinforced by General *Bragg* with some 10,000 men, he found himself at the head of about 45,000 troops; thereupon he determined to strike at Grant before Buell could support him.

On April 4 he moved out of Corinth hoping to fall upon Grant the following morning and drive him into the Tennessee; but the straggling of his troops was such that he was unable to deliver his attack until the 6th. The astonishing thing is, so close were the Confederate pickets to the Federal that in certain cases they could look right into their enemy's encampments without being seen.

Early on the 6th the attack was launched, and it came as a complete surprise, the forward Federal divisions after putting up a good fight being driven back towards the Landing to where thousands of non-combatants, sick and stragglers had fled in panic.³⁶ There a scene of pandemonium greeted Grant when he arrived from Savannah at 6 a.m.

It was a spectacle of complete defeat, and any ordinary general would have at once planned a retreat, hoping to save some small fraction of his shattered army. But Grant was no ordinary general; for he was one of those rare and strange men who are fortified by disaster in place of being depressed. He at once sent forward ammunition, organized reserves and then rode to the front. Between 6 a.m. and nightfall

GRANT AND LEE

he carried out eighteen important operations,³⁷ stabilizing his shattered divisions, and holding the enemy back until Buell could come to his assistance. *Johnston* was killed at 2.30 p.m., and by that hour the Confederate reserves were practically exhausted.

On the 7th the attack was renewed, and *Beauregard*, now in command of the Confederates, decided on a withdrawal. Grant did not pursue, and this was his

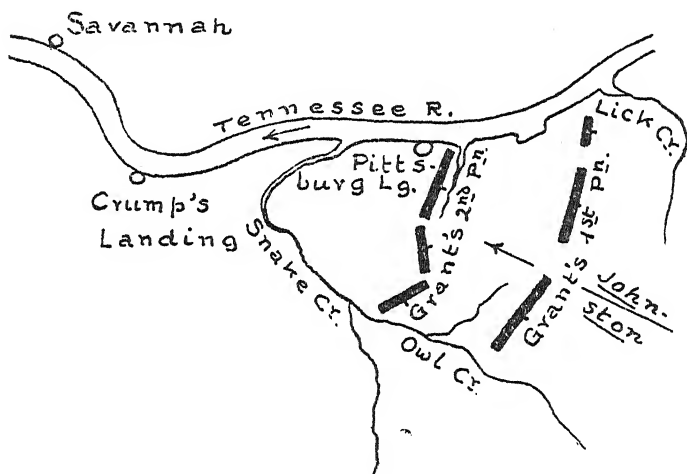


FIG. 3

cardinal error; for had he done so he might well have destroyed his enemy. He did not do so because he was not prepared to do so; he himself says: "I wanted to pursue, but had not the heart to order the men who had fought desperately for two days . . . to pursue;" and again: "I did not meet Buell in person until too late to get troops ready and pursue with effect. . . ."³⁸ Sherman, asked by John Fiske why there was no pursuit, answered: "I assure you, my dear fellow, that we had quite enough of their society for two whole

days, and were only too glad to be rid of them on any terms."³⁹ This, I suspect, is the true reason.

Thus far fortune and misfortune had smiled on Grant as they smile on most of us, that is in a haphazard way. When things went well he was like any other man, but when they went awry, as they did at Belmont, Donelson and Shiloh, we have seen, as Bacon said, that "chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hand." Because of his dauntless spirit of resolution, far more so than through his genius, he had pulled his army out of the bogs into which he had led it. Now he found himself in what appeared to be a bottomless morass. After Donelson Halleck had treated him in a shameful way, and again he did so after Shiloh. On April 11 he arrived at Pittsburg Landing; collected there an army of over 100,000 men;⁴⁰ began, on the 30th, to move on Corinth, and arrived there on May 30 to find the town evacuated. He had taken 31 days to march 21 miles!

He made Grant his second in command, deprived him of all power over his men, and treated him in so intolerable a manner that he asked to be relieved of his duties in the field. This was agreed to, and he established his headquarters at Memphis. There he was, when, on July 11, came that crowning mercy for the North, McClellan's campaign against Richmond having failed: Lincoln called Halleck to Washington and appointed him General-in-Chief of the entire land forces of the United States. Meanwhile, on June 10, Buell had set out on his march to Chattanooga.

Grant was still in command of the Department of West Tennessee; his forces numbered about 46,000 men, and were nominally in reserve should Buell require them. He had learned much whilst in disgrace. He had had two months to think things over, and there can be little doubt that during this dismal

period he analysed his own mistakes, learnt many lessons from them, and began to elaborate in his mind that strategy which was to win the war.

The Peninsula Campaign and the Seven Days' Battle

To return now to the East. The Battle of Bull Run, as I have already pointed out, imbued the Confederacy with a confidence in itself for which there was no real justification, so much so that after this victory little was done to take advantage of the pause in operations and set the Southern military house in order. With the Federal Government it was otherwise, for McClellan, the popular favourite, was at once called to Washington and, on November 1, Lincoln appointed him General-in-Chief in place of Scott. From the date of his arrival at the capital until the spring of 1862 he raised and organized the Army of the Potomac and was loath to embark on any offensive operation until he had completed its equipment and training.

As months passed by and nothing happened, public opinion began to demand action and became so clamorous that, on January 27, Lincoln issued an order that the Army of the Potomac would on February 22, the anniversary of Washington's birthday, move south against the Confederate forces, still at Manassas Junction. To this McClellan strongly objected and placed before the President his own plan which was as follows: To transport the bulk of his army by sea to Urbana on the lower Rappahannock, which was but one day's march from West Point and three from Richmond. Once at Urbana he was of opinion that he would be able to bottle up *Magruder's* forces which were holding the Yorktown Peninsula and

capture Richmond before *Joseph E. Johnston* could fall back from Manassas and intervene. Failing Urbana, he suggested Mob Jack Bay, north of the mouth of the York river, or as a last resort Fortress Monroe as possible places of disembarkation.

Lincoln did not like this plan, for the terrors of the First Bull Run still obsessed him. In his opinion it would uncover the capital, leaving it open to direct

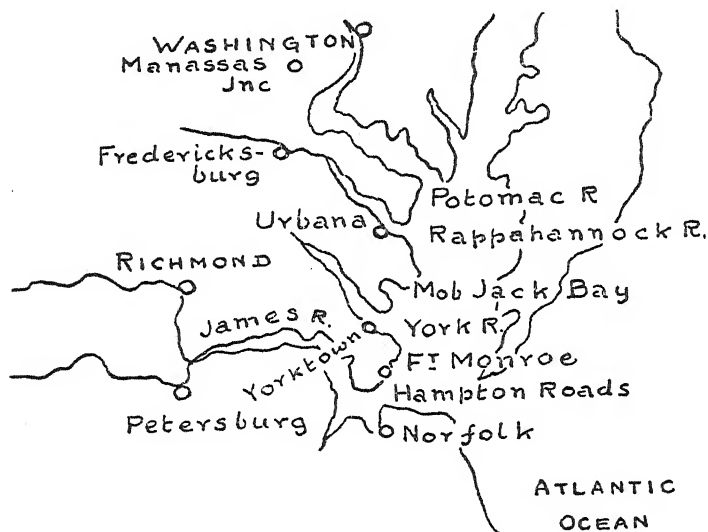


FIG. 4

attack by *Johnston* supported by *Jackson*, who was at this time occupying the Shenandoah Valley. In spite of this, on February 27 the Government accepted the plan as long as sufficient troops were left behind to defend Washington. And on March 8 McClellan was instructed to open his campaign on the 18th.

Meanwhile at Richmond the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson had so disconcerted the Confederate Government that Jefferson Davis ordered *Johnston* to fall back on Fredericksburg on March 9. Simultaneously a

most unlooked for event took place: The *Merrimac*, an ironclad vessel built by the Confederates at Norfolk, steamed out on March 8, attacked the Federal squadron at Hampton Roads, and on the following day fought her epoch-making duel with the *Monitor*. The result of these two events was that McClellan was ordered to change his place of disembarkation to Fortress Monroe and to leave 40,000 men to garrison Washington.

On March 17 the disembarkation of McClellan's army began, but it was not until April 4 that it moved northwards, and even then, though McClellan had under his immediate command over 100,000 men, and was opposed by less than 13,000 under *Magruder*, his progress was slow and cautious. *Johnston's* idea was to concentrate all available forces, including those in the Carolinas and Georgia, and accept battle with the invader under the fortifications of Richmond. *Lee*, who as we have seen was recalled to Richmond on March 13, opposed this suggestion, because it would expose the seaports of Charleston and Savannah to capture, and Jefferson Davis agreeing with him, *Johnston* was ordered to take command against McClellan.⁴¹ This he did, delaying him before Yorktown until May 3, when he retired towards Richmond, and, on the 20th, took up a position south of the capital, his right resting on Drury's Bluff and his left on the Chickahominy in the vicinity of New Bridge.

When McClellan left Washington it was found that in place of leaving 40,000 men to garrison it he had left less than half this number, and the upshot was that the Government detained there one of his Corps, namely, that under General McDowell. McClellan, having now established his headquarters at White House on the Pamunkey, urged Lincoln to send this Corps, then assembled in the neighbourhood of

Fredericksburg, back to him. This the President agreed to do, whereupon McClellan decided to advance on Richmond on May 20, three Corps to operate north of the Chickahominy and two to the south of this river; obviously a dangerous distribution of force were it not for the fact that McDowell now at the head of 40,000 men would be advancing south-

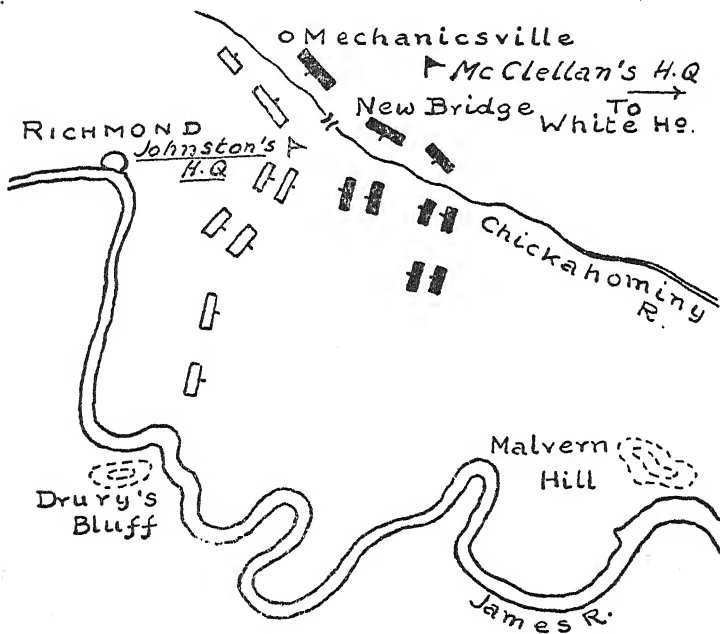


FIG. 5

wards from Fredericksburg on the 26th. Then, on the 24th, he received information from Washington that as Banks had been defeated in the Valley McDowell had sent 20,000 to support him and so could no longer move south. What had actually happened?

Though Lee had taken no direct part in the Peninsula campaign, indirectly his influence had been considerable. On April 5 Jackson, from the Valley,

had written to him: "If Banks is defeated, it may greatly retard McClellan's movements."⁴² Whether this set *Lee* thinking northwards it is impossible to say. From his subsequent strategy it would appear that all along he had realized that an indirect attack on the nerves of the Washington Government would be a more profitable operation than any direct attack in the field. On April 21 he had written to *Jackson*: "I have no doubt that an attempt will be made to occupy Fredericksburg and use it as a base of operations against Richmond. Our present force there is very small. If you can use General *Ewell's* division in an attack on Banks and to drive him back, it will prove a great relief to the pressure on Fredericksburg."⁴³ On the 29th *Jackson*, in reply, outlined his projected campaign against Milroy, McDowell and Banks, which resulted in his defeating Milroy at the village of McDowell on May 8, and Banks at Winchester on May 23. It was this electric campaign which had struck such terror into the Federal Government and which resulted in the withdrawal of McDowell from McClellan's command.

Jackson's activity, which ever since November 1861, when he took command of the Confederate troops in the Shenandoah Valley, had perturbed the Federal Government by offering a standing threat to the capital, now wrecked McClellan's campaign, for had McDowell joined him he would have been able to concentrate 150,000 men against *Johnston*, and with so numerically superior a force almost certainly would the Confederates have been defeated and Richmond occupied.

Before this shattering news was received McClellan had set in movement an operation against a Confederate force under General *Branch* which was located at Hanover Court House, his object being to clear

McDowell's line of advance and to destroy the bridges on the Virginia Central Railroad. Hearing of McDowell's withdrawal he nevertheless decided to continue with this operation, as he was afraid that *Branch* might attempt to fall upon his base depots at White House. Though this operation was successful it would have been wiser for McClellan to have

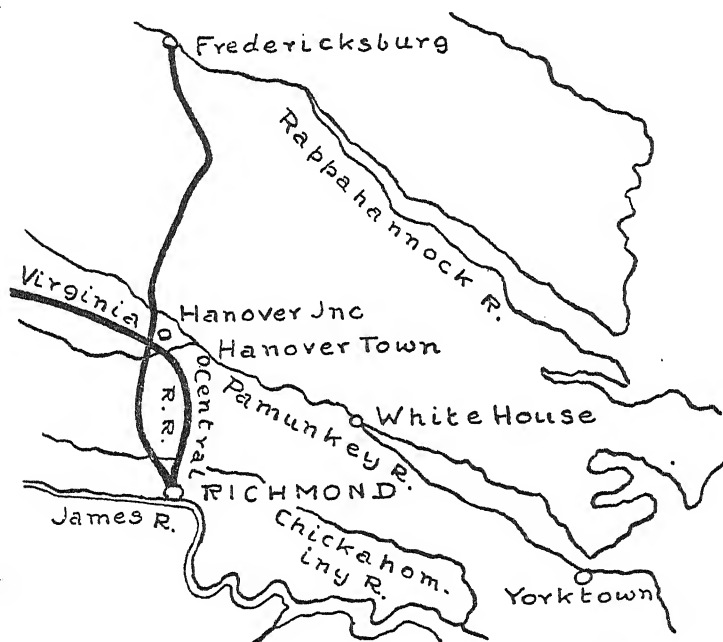


FIG. 6

changed his base to the James river, for White House was not entirely protected by his right wing.

Johnston, realizing the dangerous situation McClellan was in, decided to concentrate against and attack his right wing before McDowell could come to his support, but directly he heard that this general had been despatched to the Valley he changed his plan and decided to attack the Federal left flank. On

May 31 the attack was launched and in the battle which ensued, called Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, McClellan's left wing was driven back and *Johnston* was severely wounded, and his place was taken by *Lee*, who, on June 1, assumed command of the "Armies in Eastern Virginia and North Carolina."⁴⁴

Lee's position, though an exceeding anxious one, would have been far more perplexing had he not already formulated a plan. On May 16, from the following communication to *Jackson*, it can clearly be seen what this plan was. He wrote: ". . . you will not, in any demonstration you may make," against Banks, "lose sight of the fact it may become necessary for you to come to the support of General *Johnston*, and hold yourself in readiness to do so if required. . . . Whatever movement you make against Banks, do it speedily, and if successful drive him back toward the Potomac, and create the impression as far as possible that you design threatening that line."⁴⁵

From June 1, 1862, until his surrender to Grant at Appotomax Court House, *Lee* was the central military figure in the South, and never did this great soldier show his worth more than at this moment. Though the defences of Richmond had been greatly improved by him, McClellan and his army had approached so close to them that the abandonment of the capital was seriously considered.⁴⁶ The army was in a state of despondency, and the principal officers unanimously urged a retirement to the Richmond works. *Lee* rightly objected to this, and in place strengthened the front of the army and carefully reconnoitred the whole line from flank to flank; his presence amongst his troops doing more than anything else to re-establish confidence.

His first action was to construct a strong defensive base from which he could manoeuvre; for, his army

being numerically inferior to McClellan's, he realized that to stand still and adopt a passive defence meant annihilation. From his reconnaissances he learned that not only was McClellan's right flank open, but that on this flank no more than a fraction of his force was north of the Chickahominy. At once he decided to destroy this fraction. To do so he determined to entrench his right flank so strongly that he would be able to reduce its garrison to a minimum; this would enable him to concentrate the strongest possible mobile force on his left. Thus his right became the base of action for his left—the hinge of his attack. This base he decided to hold with 30,000 men under Generals *Magruder* and *Huger* facing McClellan's left, 75,000 strong, and to concentrate some 50,000 against McClellan's right—25,000 strong under General *Porter*. To effect this concentration of force meant recalling *Jackson* from the Valley.

In order to verify this plan, on June 11 he ordered General *Stuart* with 1,000 cavalry "to make a secret movement to the rear of the enemy,"⁴⁷ the object being to locate the exact position of McClellan's right.⁴⁸ On the same day he notified *Jackson* that he was sending him 6 regiments under General *Lawton* and 8 under General *Whiting* to assist him in crushing the forces opposed to him; then *Lee* adds: "move rapidly to Ashland by rail or otherwise . . . and sweep down between the Chickahominy and Pamunkey, cutting up the enemy's communications . . . while the army attacks General McClellan in front."⁴⁹

Stuart's reconnaissance was as successful as it was bold; he made the entire circuit of the Federal army at the cost of one officer killed. Not only did he destroy \$7,000,000 worth of stores, but what was much more important, he discovered that McClellan's entrenchments did not extend beyond Beaver Dam,

that there was no indication that McClellan intended to change his base at White House, and that he had "neglected to fortify the ridge between the head waters of the Beaver Dam Creek" . . . and an affluent of the Pamunkey,"⁵⁰ and it was by the road running along this ridge that *Lee* hoped to gain the Federal communications.

On the 8th *Jackson* defeated Frémont at Cross Keys and the next day Shields suffered a similar fate at Port Republic. The news from *Stuart* being received on the 14th, on the 16th *Lee* realizing that the favourable moment had arrived, asked *Jackson* to meet him.⁵¹ At this meeting *Jackson* expressed his belief that his men could arrive at Ashland's Station on the 23rd, but *Lee* doubting this gave him an extra day, and decided to attack on the 26th. He, therefore, based his plans on *Jackson* being able to move forward from Ashland on the 25th,⁵² which necessitated his arriving there on the 24th. In brief, the final plan was this: *Magruder* and *Huger* to hold McClellan's left south of the Chickahominy, whilst *Longstreet*, *A. P. Hill*, *D. H. Hill* and *Jackson* were to attack McClellan's right wing. *Lee's* idea was to draw McClellan out of his works and compel him to defend his line of communications with White House, *Jackson* and *D. H. Hill* were to threaten this line, and when they had drawn McClellan in, *Longstreet* and *A. P. Hill* were to fall upon the left flank of whatever forces McClellan engaged.⁵³

This entire plan pivoted upon *Jackson* advancing at 3 a.m. on the 26th and turning Beaver Dam⁵⁴ In place, from Merry Oaks, he reported at 9 a.m., on the 26th, that the head of this column had only crossed the Virginia Central Railroad,⁵⁵ and at 10 p.m. he reported: "The head of my column is nearly two miles from where it crossed the Central Railroad, and

is marching on the Hanover Court House and Mechanicsville turnpike."⁵⁶ Consequently it had taken him eleven hours to advance two miles! What had happened? Apparently he had lost his way, for Thomas Nelson Page informs us that *Lincoln Sydnor*, who was *Jackson's* guide on this occasion, told him that his column lost its way "on account of the new



FIG. 7

roads cut by the Federals."⁵⁷ Personally, I think, straggling must be added to this error; for a wrong road alone would scarcely account for a delay of eleven hours.

Meanwhile nothing being heard of *Jackson*, on the afternoon of the 26th the van of *Lee's* army crossed to the northern bank of the Chickahominy, and at Mechanicsville *A. P. Hill* became heavily engaged

and was repulsed with great slaughter.⁵⁸ Had McClellan possessed a spark of true generalship *Lee's* plan would have been wrecked; for on the night of the 26th/27th, he could have either strongly reinforced his right flank—Porter—or else on the morning of the 27th have broken through *Lee's* right and advanced on Richmond. That evening *Lee* must have felt a little nervous, for he telegraphed *Huger*: "Hold your trenches to-night at the point of the bayonet if necessary";⁵⁹ nevertheless he knew his man, and rightly gambled on McClellan's cautious nature. This general believing that *Lee's* army numbered 180,000 men,⁶⁰ decided to abandon the attack and transfer his base from White House to the James river, and from there recommence offensive operations as occasion offered.⁶¹

At dawn on the 27th Porter fell back to a prepared position at Gaines's Mill, and was followed up by *Longstreet* and *A. P. Hill*, who were once again compelled to delay their attack on account of the non-arrival of *Jackson*.⁶² At about 1 p.m. *Lee*, unable to wait any longer, ordered *Longstreet* and *A. P. Hill* forward, and a disjointed series of furious assaults took place. *A. P. Hill* was first repulsed, then *Longstreet* struck Porter's right, later *D. H. Hill* struck at his left, and at length *Jackson* appeared. Porter, all but unsupported by McClellan, was then driven from his position, and during the night withdrew to the south bank of the Chickahominy.

From the night of June 27 until July 1 *Lee* lost all grip of the battle, because his staff organization was defective in the extreme; this may be seen from many of the battle reports, and especially *Magruder's*,⁶³ in which everyone seems to have been issuing orders to everyone else; also the country was enclosed, the troops scattered and his subordinate commanders

far too independent. On the 28th touch was lost with McClellan, and *Lee* himself says: "We were . . . compelled to wait until his purpose should be developed."⁶⁴ To clear up the situation he pushed *Ewell* out to Bottom Bridge, and, considering that he was now in pursuit, committed the egregious error of sending the whole of his cavalry under *Stuart* to break up the York River railroad and so prevent McClellan reopening connection with his base on the Pamunkey.⁶⁵ Thus *Stuart* was lost to him, and did not rejoin him until after his defeat at Malvern Hill.⁶⁶

McClellan's army being discovered moving towards the James, the pursuit was taken up on the 29th, *Huger* and *Magruder* being ordered to strike the retiring Federals in flank whilst *Longstreet*, the two *Hills* and *Jackson* were to attack them in rear (see Map No. 3). In this combined movement *Jackson* played a sorry part. Finding Grape Vine Bridge over an affluent of the Chickahominy destroyed, he lost the whole day in repairing it,⁶⁷ and *Magruder* left single-handed, was repulsed at Savage Station. The next day *Lee* hoped that *Longstreet* and *A. P. Hill* would be able to hold the enemy at Fraiser's Farm, *Huger* coming in on their right whilst *Jackson* and *D. H. Hill* came in on their left, attacking the enemy on their flank and in rear. *Huger* never appeared, and *Jackson* and *D. H. Hill* remained the whole of the day north of White Oak Swamp Creek.

Jackson's behaviour this day was either due to utter exhaustion⁶⁸ or to a fit of religious mania; as Colonel Munford says, this day *Jackson* "was in a peculiar mood."⁶⁹ Whatever was the reason, this delay not only wrecked *Longstreet* and *A. P. Hill's* attack, but enabled McClellan to withdraw in safety to Malvern Hill. There he took up an extremely strong position, which he protected with tier after tier of guns. In

spite of the fact that *A. P. Hill* reported that the position was too formidable to warrant attack,⁷⁰ *Lee* ordered one to be made, believing the enemy to be demoralized.⁷¹ Once again the assaults were piecemeal. The signal was to be a shout from one of *Huger's* brigades, and late in the afternoon of July 1 *D. H. Hill* hearing a shout, which was not, however, the right one, pushed forward unsupported by *Jackson*, who again was late in rendering assistance.⁷² Then *Huger* and *Magruder* attacked, only to be thrown back with great slaughter. These disjointed assaults cost *Lee* over 5,000 men killed and wounded,⁷³ *McClellan* losing about a third of this number. Thus ended the Seven Days' Battle, in which *McClellan* lost 15,849 and *Lee* 20,614 men.⁷⁴

Lee deserved well of his countrymen, for it was he and he alone who saved Richmond. His conceptions were brilliant, his executions faulty and unnecessarily costly. This was due to the lack of co-operation between his subordinate commanders. General *Taylor* says: "Indeed it may be confidently asserted that from Cold Harbor to Malvern Hill inclusive, there was nothing but a series of blunders, one after another, and all huge. The Confederate commanders knew no more about the topography of the country than they did about Central Africa. . . . We had much praying at various headquarters, and large reliance on special providence; but none were vouchsafed, by pillar of cloud or fire; so we blundered on, like people trying to read without knowledge of their letters."⁷⁵ This lack of co-operation was due to two cardinal defects in *Lee's* system of command, and this we shall see again and again, namely, his dislike to interfere with his subordinates once battle was engaged, and his reliance on verbal orders.

Second Bull Run, Antietam and Fredericksburg

On the day upon which *Lee* first attacked, namely, June 26, the forces of Frémont, Banks and McDowell were placed under the command of Major-General John Pope,⁷⁶ who was ordered to cover Washington, secure the Valley, and by operating against Charlottesville draw Confederate forces away from McClellan.⁷⁷ On July 11, as we have seen, Halleck was called to Washington and became General-in-Chief;⁷⁸ he arrived at Washington on July 22; meanwhile on the 12th Pope moved part of his force on Gordonsville.⁷⁹

Though McClellan at Harrison's Landing appealed to Halleck: "Here directly in front of this army, is the heart of the Rebellion. . . . It is here on the banks of the James, that the fate of the Union should be decided,"⁸⁰ he so exaggerated *Lee's* numbers, reporting that he had 200,000 men,⁸¹ that it was found impossible sufficiently to reinforce him, and on August 3 he was ordered to withdraw his army north.

Meanwhile *Lee* foreseeing that McClellan would not move, and learning of Pope's advance on Charlottesville, on July 13 he sent *Jackson* to Gordonsville, north of which place, at Cedar Mountain, he fought a successful action against Banks on August 9, and then retired across the Rappahannock (see Map No. 4). Four days later, hearing rumours of McClellan's embarkation, *Lee* at once made up his mind to move north, and, leaving only two brigades for the defence of Richmond, he ordered his army on Gordonsville.⁸² There, on the 15th, he decided to turn Pope's right flank, by interposing his army between the Rappahannock and Washington. Fortunately for Pope, *Lee's* order fell into his hands,⁸³ and at once realizing the danger of his position Pope withdrew to the Rappahannock.⁸⁴

Lee followed him up, and after spending five days in endeavouring to turn his right he decided on a move of extraordinary audacity, but one which in the circumstances was entirely justified, namely, before *McClellan* could complete his withdrawal and support *Pope* in full, to hold *Pope* and his 70,000 men with 25,000 to 30,000, and to send *Jackson* with part of *Stuart's* cavalry, some 24,000 in all, by a circuitous route through *Thoroughfare Gap* and strike at his base—*Manassas Junction*. Though the danger of so widely separating his forces was great, it was not unwarranted; for his idea was to compel *Pope* to fall back and not to risk a battle with him, and after he had fallen back to advance *Longstreet* and threaten *Washington* by carrying his entire army into the Valley.⁸⁵

From now onwards the key to *Lee's* strategy is to be sought in the name of the army he commanded: "Northern Virginia" was his strategical goal, and at this moment it was undoubtedly towards this goal that he was aiming.

On the 25th *Jackson* set out from *Jefferson* and marched to *Salem* via *Amissville*; on the 26th he marched through *Thoroughfare Gap* and arrived at *Bristoe Station*; from there he sent forward *Stuart*, who captured *Manassas Junction*.⁸⁶ Meanwhile *Pope*, on the 25th, had learned of *Jackson's* movement, but thought he was bound for the Valley.⁸⁷ Hearing of his raid he abandoned the line of the *Rappahannock* and ordered a concentration on *Manassas Junction*.⁸⁸

By the retirement of *Pope's* army the first of *Lee's* two objects was gained, and to carry out the second, namely, an advance into the Valley, all that was necessary was an order to *Jackson* to move with all possible rapidity via *Aldie* and *Snicker's Gap* on

Berryville, whilst he with the rest of the army marched via Ashby's Gap to the same place. Holding Front Royal and the Gaps north of it, he could have advanced on Harper's Ferry, and from there by threatening Washington could have compelled the withdrawal of the Federal forces for the defence of this city.

Considering that the policy of the South was defensive, and that it demanded an offensive strategy and defensive tactics, and further considering that *Lee* was a past-master in offensive strategical movements, it is astonishing to find him committing the same error he committed during the Seven Days' Battle, of abandoning the strategical offensive and assuming a tactical offensive. In place of moving on Ashby's Gap he moved through Thoroughfare Gap, which had it not been for an error on the part of Pope's subordinates would have been held. By moving through this Gap it is obvious he intended to unite with *Jackson* west of the Bull Run Mountains, and fight a battle with Pope before *McClellan* could join him. This he did on the 29th and 30th, handsomely defeating Pope in the Second Battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, but not decisively, for on the 31st falling back on Centerville Pope was there left in peace—there was no pursuit. Further it must not be overlooked that on the 29th *Jackson* stood unsupported, or practically so, and had Thoroughfare Gap been held he would have found himself in a similar predicament on the 30th. *Jackson's* brilliant manoeuvre with all its risks was sound strategy and redounds to *Lee's* generalship. *Lee's* manoeuvre was unsound; further, it was not strategically remunerative, for out of an effective total of 48,527 men he lost between August 27 and September 2 9,197.⁸⁹

On the 31st, not considering it a profitable operation to attack Pope in position, *Lee* decided to turn his

right flank, and to effect this envelopment he ordered his army to move north of Centerville and advance on Fairfax Court House.⁹⁰ An assault on the fortifications of Washington was out of the question, for *Lee's* army was so badly supplied that it was impossible for him to remain more than a few days in the same place;⁹¹ further, McClellan was arriving, and *Lee* would soon be so vastly outnumbered that he would be compelled to retreat.

Where move to? He was loath to fall back on the Rappahannock until winter prevented a Federal move south; further his army was so badly found that he was compelled to look for a well-stocked area to feed his troops. He could do so in the Shenandoah Valley, or by crossing the Potomac and advancing into Maryland and Pennsylvania. The second course, though the more risky, was nevertheless strategically sound as long as a battle was avoided. Maryland was enemy country, and not only was it well stocked, but many of its inhabitants were sympathetic to the Southern cause. *Lee* could supply himself here, possibly gather in recruits, and certainly draw the Federal forces further and further away from Richmond.⁹²

On September 3 he wrote to Jefferson Davis pointing out, that "The present seems to be the most propitious time since the commencement of the war for the Confederate Army to enter Maryland," but that the army "is not properly equipped for an invasion . . . is feeble in transportation . . . the men . . . in thousands of instances are destitute of shoes. . . ."⁹³ On the 4th, without waiting for a reply, he issued his orders for an advance,⁹⁴ and the next day, in a letter to Davis, he asked for a bridge to be built over the Rappahannock so that in the event of falling back he could take up a position about

Warrenton, and threaten any advance on Richmond.⁹⁵ Between the 4th and the 7th his army crossed the Potomac in the vicinity of Leesburg,⁹⁶ and much straggling occurred.⁹⁷ On the next day, the 8th, he wrote to Davis as follows: "The present position of affairs, in my opinion, places it in the power of the Government of the Confederate States to propose with propriety to that of the United States the recognition of our independence."⁹⁸ His recent startling successes appear to have upset his balance; to him the Union was virtually down and out, and as for the Northern soldiers, "those people" as he called them, they were beneath contempt. He appears to have overlooked two obvious and important points: that the invasion of Maryland would rouse the North, and that his past successes were due not to lack of courage on the part of the Federal soldiers, but to lack of leadership in the Federal generals.

He crossed the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, because he considered this would threaten Washington and Baltimore.⁹⁹ At Frederick City he was surprised to learn that the Federal garrisons at Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg had not been withdrawn.¹⁰⁰ On the 9th he detached *Jackson* and *McLaws* to round them up. This was an astonishing move, for though his eventual line of retirement would almost certainly be the Valley, and these places lay on this line, he had no intention of holding them once they were captured, consequently there was nothing to prevent their re-occupation after he had proceeded north. The truth would appear to be that though McClellan had now replaced Pope in command of the Army of the Potomac, *Lee* held his enemy in such utter contempt that he saw no danger in sending half his army in one direction whilst he proceeded with the

remaining half in the other; and this in face of an army which outnumbered his own by nearly two to one! Of this suicidal dispersion of force General *Longstreet* writes: "The great mistake of the campaign was the division of *Lee's* army. If General *Lee* had kept his forces together, he would not have suffered defeat. . . . The next year on our way to Gettysburg, there was the same situation of affairs at Harper's Ferry, but we let it alone."¹⁰¹

To make matters worse, on the 13th a copy of *Lee's* order (No. 191) was found in an abandoned Confederate camp and sent to McClellan. Thus, through a stroke of unexpected good fortune, finding himself in possession of his enemy's order of battle, this general should have made a night march on the Gaps in the South Mountain, have stormed them, and have dealt with the halves of his enemy's army in detail. In place he delayed to advance until the 14th. *Lee* learning¹⁰² that his plans had been disclosed, hurriedly turned about his column at Hagerstown and marched towards the Gaps to support their weak garrisons. On the afternoon of the 14th Turner's Gap being stormed by the Federals, *Lee* was forced to retire. He decided to recross the Potomac by the ford at Shepherdstown;¹⁰³ then a few hours later he determined to concentrate¹⁰⁴ his divided army at Sharpsburg and there accept battle.

What persuaded him to change his mind is difficult to say. Harper's Ferry had not yet fallen, it fell on the 15th; this cannot have been the reason, for he could have crossed the river on the 16th. General Sir Frederick Maurice suggests that it was to gain time for the rebuilding of the bridges over the Rapidan and Rappahannock for purposes of supply.¹⁰⁵ This seems a little far-fetched; in any case it would not have prevented him crossing the river in place of

fighting with his back to it. The reason was, I think, *Lee's* excessive contempt for his enemy; further, his personal pride could not stomach the idea that such an enemy could drive him out of Maryland, and this in spite of the fact that there was nothing to prevent him being attacked on the 16th, and before *Jackson's* force would rejoin him.

The battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, was fought on the 17th, a totally unnecessary battle, and a very costly one; for though the Federal assaults were repulsed *Lee* lost 13,724 men.¹⁰⁶

That this battle was fought to indicate personal pride its sequel shows: When, on the evening of the 17th, *Longstreet*, *D. H. Hill*, *Hood* and *S. D. Lee* recounted their losses, and urged *Lee* to retire, his reply was the one I have already quoted, namely: "Gentlemen, we will not cross the Potomac to-night. . . . If *McClellan* wants to fight in the morning I will give him battle again. Go!"¹⁰⁷ Again, on September 25, writing to *Davis* he said: "In a military point of view, the best move, in my opinion, the army could make would be to advance upon *Hagerstown* and endeavour to defeat the enemy at that point. I would not hesitate to make it even with our diminished numbers, did the army exhibit its former temper."¹⁰⁸ That it did not do so is not surprising, seeing that it lost 25 per cent. of its total strength at Sharpsburg.

Having assuaged his pride, the torn and shattered Army of Northern Virginia, amidst scenes of awful grandeur,¹⁰⁹ crossed the Potomac on the night of the 18th, and withdrew to Winchester, where *Lee* collected his stragglers and recruited his forces.

Obviously *McClellan* should have followed him up hot-footed, but still obsessed by the idea of *Lee's* numerical superiority,¹¹⁰ he did not cross the Potomac

until October 26, and then at the head of 110,000 men. On November 7 he moved to the neighbourhood of Warrenton, at which place he was relieved of his command by General Burnside.

Leaving *Jackson's* corps at Winchester,¹¹¹ on November 2 *Lee* with *Longstreet's* corps moved to Front Royal, and thence to Culpeper Court House. On the 10th he pointed out¹¹² to the Secretary of War that as he was too weak to attack he would be compelled to rely on manoeuvre. In truth his army was not sufficiently well equipped to do either, for a little later on he deplores that he has between 2,000 and 3,000 barefooted men, and then adds: "I am informed that there is a large number of shoes now in Richmond in the hands of extortioners, who hold them at an extravagant price."¹¹³

Burnside's plan was to give up the Orange and Alexandria railroad, base himself on Aquia Creek, and from Fredericksburg march directly upon Richmond. Lincoln when giving this plan his blessing, ominously added that he thought it might succeed if Burnside moved rapidly, "otherwise not." This decision was made on November 14, yet on the 24th Burnside was still waiting for pontoons, and it was not until December 11 that his army began to cross the Rappahannock.

Such a delay was more than enough for *Lee* to fathom his adversary's plan, and, on November 18, he ordered *Longstreet* from Culpeper Court House to Fredericksburg. The next day he wrote to *Jackson* stating that he did not anticipate "making a determined stand north of the North Anna,"¹¹⁴ to which *Jackson* agreed, but the Richmond Government objected. In spite of this objection it was not until the 26th that he ordered¹¹⁵ *Jackson* to join him, which he did on the 30th, five days after Burnside's

pontoons had arrived, and four days after the Aquia Creek-Falmouth railroad was completed.¹¹⁶ To delay so long in concentrating his army was to accept a risk scarcely justifiable in the circumstances. Thus by the end of November the two armies faced each other on the Rappahannock, Burnside's numbering 122,000 and *Lee's* 78,500.¹¹⁷

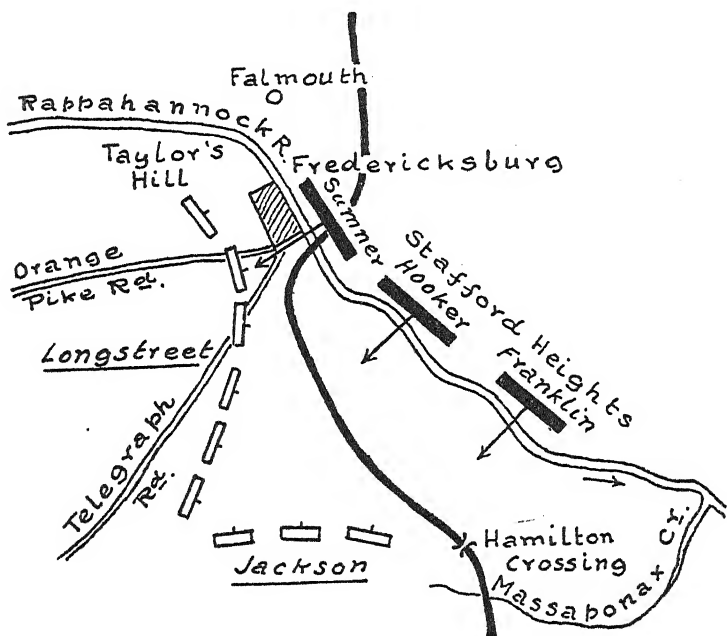


FIG. 8

Under cover of a powerful artillery assembled on Stafford Heights, Burnside's plan was to cross the river a little below Fredericksburg, with Sumner's corps on his right, Hooker's in the centre, and Franklin's on his left, and advance on *Lee*, whose position, a most formidable one, ran from Hamilton Crossing a little north of Massaponax Creek on the right to Taylor's Hill immediately opposite Falmouth on the left.

This position was to all intents and purposes unattackable, and to make matters worse Burnside selected *Lee's* left flank, his strongest, as the objective of his decisive attack.

On the 12th the Federal deployment on the right bank of the Rappahannock was completed, and, according to *Heros von Borcke*, *Jackson* and *Stuart* were of opinion that the best plan was "to make a sudden general attack upon the enemy under cover of the fog," but *Lee* wisely had decided against an offensive, "preferring to fight behind his entrenchments and to inflict a severe blow upon the enemy without the risk of fearful loss of life."¹¹⁸

The following morning, the 13th, the attack was launched, "A military panorama," writes *von Borcke*, "the grandeur of which I have never seen equalled. On they came in beautiful order, as if on parade, a moving forest of steel, their bayonets glistening in the bright sunlight."¹¹⁹ At the sight of it *Jackson* turned to *von Borcke* and exclaimed: "Major, my men have sometimes failed to take a position, but to defend one never! I am glad the Yankees are coming."¹²⁰ Every assault was shattered, Burnside losing 12,653 men to *Lee's* 5,309.¹²¹

Burnside's repulse was complete, and *Lee* still had in hand two-thirds of his force intact.¹²² *Taylor* says: "It was Certainly the most easily won of all the great battles of the war."¹²³ "It was very cold and very clear," writes *Robert Stiles*, "and the aurora borealis of the night of December 13th, 1862, surpassed in splendour any like exhibition I ever saw."¹²⁴ For *Lee* to have attacked that night was probably impossible, but when on the following morning Burnside's army remained inactive and still on the right bank of the Rappahannock with its back to the river, an opportunity was offered to the Confederate commander which

seldom occurs in war. It is true that the guns on Stafford Heights covered the Federal forces; nevertheless in the early morning mist of the 14th it would have been possible for *Lee* to have advanced so close to his enemy as to have rendered their protective fire as dangerous to friend as to foe. "Had *Lee*, on the morning of the 14th," writes Chesney, "thrown his whole force frankly against the Northern Army, reduced as the latter was in numbers, and much more in morale by its severe repulse, it is scarcely to be doubted that a mighty advantage would have been obtained. . . ." ¹²⁵ But no, on the evening of the 13th no preparations for a counter-offensive were made, "Our commander-in-chief," says Major *von Borcke*, "adhering to his earliest idea, still objected to a forward movement, for which, in my judgment, the golden moment had now passed, had he inclined to favour it." ¹²⁶ Further, he writes: "Not one of our Generals was aware of the magnitude of the victory we had gained, of the injury we had inflicted upon the enemy, and of the degree of demoralization in the hostile army; everybody regarded the work as but half done, and expected a renewal of the attack the following morning." ¹²⁷

When morning dawned, and no renewal of the battle was attempted, *Jackson* proposed a night attack, and, in order to avoid the confusion and mistakes so common in these operations, he recommended, says Colonel Fremantle, "that we should all strip ourselves perfectly naked." ¹²⁸ (N.B. Time of year, mid-winter!)

When, on the 15th, Burnside recrossed the river and returned to his encampments at Falmouth, *Lee* was

"extremely chagrined that the Federals should have succeeded in so cleverly making their escape."¹²⁹ Clever Burnside certainly was not, and *Lee* in this campaign missed his one and only opportunity of ending the war, just as McClellan missed his, on the morning of September 18 at Antietam.

Bragg and Grant in the West

Whilst *Lee* was establishing a reputation in the East which petrified the Union Government and in consequence addled its strategic brain, in the West, because there was no directing organ, a series of campaigns took place which was doomed to end in failure.

Corinth having been occupied by Halleck the West was open to him; yet he did nothing, worse, for in place of following up his enemy, compelling him to battle or driving him into Vicksburg, he suggested to Washington that the road was now clear for Buell and the Army of the Ohio to advance on Chattanooga and so drive the Confederates out of East Tennessee. This was agreed upon; his other two armies, the Army of the Tennessee under Grant and the Army of the Mississippi under Pope (soon to be relieved by Rosecrans), did nothing except repair the Memphis-Charleston railroad. Then came the crowning mercy, for, as we have seen, on July 11 Halleck was called to Washington to become General-in-Chief.

Grant, who had been in disgrace ever since the battle of Shiloh, now assumed command of the Armies of the Tennessee and Mississippi, which according to Halleck's orders were to constitute a reserve for Buell to draw on should he require more men. Watching the summer slip by Grant grew

fretful, and, on July 30, he asked Halleck for permission to move against *Van Dorn*, then at Holly Springs and Grand Junction. This eventually was allowed, and on September 18 and October 2-6 he won two brilliant engagements over the Confederate forces at Iuka and Corinth. Of the second of these battles he himself says that it "was a crushing blow to the enemy, and felt by him much more than it was appreciated in the North."¹³⁰

The battle of Memphis won by Admiral Davis on June 6, 1862, had gained for the Federal cause the command of the upper Mississippi, and the occupation of New Orleans by General Butler's troops, on May 1, had opened the mouth of this same river. And now Grant's victory at Corinth, compelling the Confederates to retire southwards, opened the way to Vicksburg, the strongest point left on the Mississippi and the main link between the Confederate States west and east of this river. Halleck should have advanced on Vicksburg in June. Grant recognised this, and three weeks after the battle of Corinth he wrote to Halleck: "You never have suggested to me any plan of operation in this department. . . . With small reinforcements at Memphis I think I would be able to move down the Mississippi Central road and cause the evacuation of Vicksburg."¹³¹ On November 6 Halleck approved of this advance, and promised to send Grant 20,000 reinforcements.¹³²

When this encouraging news was received, the position which confronted him was as follows: *Bragg*, who had replaced *Beauregard* in June, now opposed Buell in East Tennessee. Buell's danger lay in the exposure of his right flank, for even if he gained Chattanooga, a turning movement from the West, that is from Northern Alabama, might easily drive him out of it. Grant saw that his projected campaign

depended on the possibility of Buell's advance, and that this advance depended for its security on his own army moving south on Vicksburg, which would draw Confederate reinforcements away from Buell. This is proved by the fact that, on November 6,¹³³ he informed Sherman that it was not possible for him to make a plan until he was certain what the other Union armies, not only Buell's but Burnside's, were going to do. He saw that all must co-operate, so he asked Halleck to inform him what the exact situation was. The only answer he received was: "Fight the enemy when you please."¹³⁴

I will now turn to Buell and see what he was doing, for the failure of his campaign was destined to raise Grant to the pinnacle of his generalship.

Bragg, having succeeded *Beauregard* on June 27, found the bulk of his army at Tupelo, Buell's van having reached Decherd, some thirty miles north of Bridgeport, where, on July 13, *Forrest* raided his communications at Murfreesborough and forced him to halt. *Bragg* thereupon determined to regain East Tennessee by invading Middle Tennessee and Southern Kentucky. His plan was a bold one, namely, to reinforce *Kirby Smith* at Cumberland Gap and direct him on to Louisville, Buell's base of operations, whilst he advanced from Chattanooga. (See Map No. 2.)

Once again a raid, this time at Gallatin on the railway between Nashville and Bowling Green, forced Buell to halt; whereupon *Kirby Smith* advancing from Cumberland Gap pushed back the weak enemy force confronting him, and, on September 2, established his headquarters at Lexington, from where he threatened Louisville and Cincinnati. Meanwhile *Bragg* moved to Sparta, whereupon Buell concentrated his forces at Murfreesborough. A race north now took place,

Buell falling back on Bowling Green and *Bragg* advancing to Glasgow. Then, in place of forcing Buell further back and bringing *Kirby Smith* down on his rear, *Bragg* cast all strategy aside, and decided to join up with *Kirby Smith*, not to fight a battle but to inaugurate a Secessionist State capital at Frankfort! Thus Buell was saved and he fell back on Louisville.

On October 1 Buell moved out of Louisville. Sending a small force towards Frankfort to protect his left flank, he advanced on Bardstown which compelled *Bragg* to fall back, and on September 8, an encounter took place at Perryville. Not wishing to risk a battle against numerically superior forces, *Bragg* then fell back into East Tennessee, and, on October 30, Buell, who had fallen foul of Halleck, was replaced by General Rosecrans, the Army of the Ohio being renamed the Army of the Cumberland.

The winter having now set in Rosecrans decided not to advance south until he had repaired the railways and re-established his depots. This done, on December 26 he advanced from Nashville, and was confronted by *Bragg* at Murfreesborough, where, on the last day of the year, a sanguinary battle was fought. Though the results were indecisive *Bragg's* losses were so heavy that he decided on a withdrawal to Chattanooga, where he went into winter quarters.

Whilst Rosecrans was reorganizing his army, a shabby intrigue against Grant, in which Lincoln was involved, was taking place. The victories of Iuka and Corinth, which were entirely due to Grant's strategy, were attributed to Rosecrans, and it was because of this that Buell, a far abler soldier, had been relieved of his command. Now General McClelland, one of Grant's subordinates and a political general, had brought pressure to bear on Washington to place him in command of a force¹³⁵ to be collected at Memphis

GRANT AND LEE

from where it was to move down the Mississippi and attack Vicksburg. Accidentally hearing of this proposal and realizing that McClelland was unfit for an independent command, Grant decided to hasten forward an operation he was then preparing. On November 13 he had informed Halleck that his cavalry had entered Holly Springs,¹³⁶ but that he

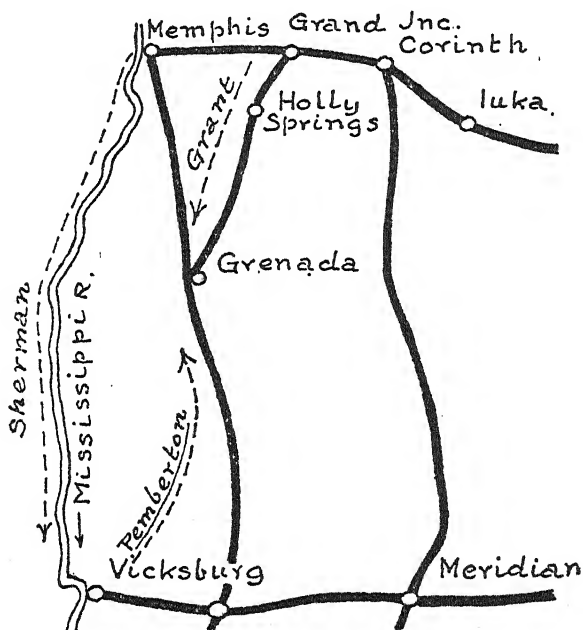


FIG. 9

did not intend to move further south until his line of communications was in full working order. Now he decided to move as soon as possible; to send Sherman by river from Memphis to Vicksburg whilst he advanced from Grand Junction. In short, his plan was to draw Pemberton, then in command at Jackson, towards Grenada, and by thus weakening the Confederate forces at Vicksburg facilitate Sherman's attack.

By December 12, when Grant was 60 miles south of Grand Junction, Sherman set out at the head of 32,000 men, landing at Milliken's Bend on Christmas Day. On December 29 he fought the battle of Chicaksaw Bluff and was repulsed. On January 2 McClelland, who was senior to him, arrived at Milliken's Bend and took over command of the expedition.

As Grant moved southwards his supply difficulties increased, and being a general who realized the importance of supplies, he established a depot at Holly Springs, informing¹³⁷ Halleck that on account of his long line of communications he would not, without further reinforcements, be able to advance beyond Grenada. Meanwhile Jefferson Davis, becoming thoroughly alarmed, appointed¹³⁸ General *Joseph E. Johnston* to command the whole of the Confederate forces distributed between the Blue Ridge and the Mississippi river. Arriving at Chattanooga *Johnston* ordered¹³⁹ *Bragg* to send out a force of cavalry and fall upon Grant's communications, with the result that, on December 20, *Van Dorn* made a dash for Holly Springs, surprised its garrison and destroyed the depot.

This raid completely upset Grant's plans, and fearing McClelland's incompetence, he asked¹⁴⁰ Halleck for authority to retire on Memphis and take command of the river expedition. Being now compelled to forage, he soon found that the country was so well stocked that he could have "pushed on to the rear of Vicksburg, and probably have succeeded in capturing the place."¹⁴¹ On January 10 he returned to Memphis, and, on the 30th, arrived at Young's Point, at the mouth of the Yazoo river, and there took over command from McClelland.

CHAPTER V

THE GENERALSHIP OF GRANT AND LEE, 1863

The Vicksburg Campaign

ESTABLISHED at Young's Point, Grant's problem was a perplexing one, for having decided on the river approach there was no question of turning back, as such a move would have at once caused his many political enemies to pronounce him to be a vacillating general and to demand his removal. He could not attack the fortress frontally, that was out of the question, and he could not establish a base south of it until the winter rains had ceased. "From the moment of taking command in person," he says in his report, "I became satisfied that Vicksburg could only be turned from the south side."¹ But what was he to do? He could not sit still for four or five months, so he decided to carry out a series of operations amongst the bayous mainly to the north of Vicksburg, not only to keep his army employed but to keep *Pemberton* perplexed. His apparent slowness gave rise to an outcry that he was incompetent. Badeau tells us that "he was pronounced utterly destitute of genius or energy; his repeatedly baffled schemes declared to emanate from a brain utterly unfitted for such trials; his persistency was dogged obstinacy, his patience was sluggish dullness."²

At length, towards the end of March, the waters on the Louisiana bank of the Mississippi began to recede,

and Grant determined to move south (see Map. No. 5). Sherman, McPherson, Logan and Wilson offered strong opposition to such an advance, Sherman asserting that the only way to take Vicksburg was to return to Memphis, and from there move down the Mississippi Central railroad. Grant saw that politically if not strategically, this was impossible, consequently he adhered to his plan, and in order to mystify his enemy he moved Sherman's corps 150 miles north of Vicksburg and sent Colonel Grierson on a raid of 600 miles through Mississippi—from La Grange to Baton Rouge. This force killed 100 and captured 500 Confederates at a cost to itself of three men killed and seven wounded.

On the night of April 16 Admiral Porter successfully ran a convoy past the Vicksburg batteries, and, on the 30th, at last, after four months' wrestling with rain, river and mud, Grant landed his army on the eastern bank of the Mississippi at Bruinsburg. "I felt a degree of relief scarcely ever equalled since," he writes, ". . . I was on dry ground on the same side of the river with the enemy. All the campaigns, labors, hardships and exposures from the month of December previous to this time that had been made and endured, were for the accomplishment of this one object."³

At 2 a.m., on May 1, McClernand's corps advanced on Port Gibson, and at that place defeated a Confederate force which, on the 3rd, was driven over the Big Black river; whereupon Grant established his base at Grand Gulf.

The problem which now faced him was one of exceptional difficulty. Vicksburg was immensely strong, and it commanded though it did not entirely block his sole line of supply—the Mississippi. His army numbered about 51,000 all told, *Pemberton's*⁴

some ten thousand less; but as Vicksburg was connected by railroad to the interior this number might rapidly be increased. To attack Vicksburg from the south was out of the question, for the risk of being taken in rear by forces assembled at Jackson was too great. Grant decided, therefore, to strike at the decisive point, the rear of Vicksburg; that is to advance on Jackson, and cut the fortress's line of supply. To do so and simultaneously maintain his own line of supply with Grand Gulf would have absorbed so large a force, that Grant (having learned his lesson at Holly Springs) decided on one of the boldest steps ever taken in war, namely, to "cut loose from" his "base, destroy the rebel forces in rear of Vicksburg and invest or capture the city."⁵ The audacity of this strategy completely bewildered *Pemberton*, and it may well bewilder the reader; for on May 2 the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville was begun, and any inkling in Washington of this audacious move would almost certainly have led to its cancellation. As it was, when Halleck learned of the movement he at once ordered Grant to return; but fortunately there was no telegraph line in operation south of Cairo, and Grant was well on his way before this order reached him.

Once he had made up his mind Grant moved like lightning. He called in Sherman, loaded five days' rations in his trains and keeping the Big Black river picketed, on the 7th he moved forward on Raymond, where he defeated a small force under General *Gregg*. On the 14th Jackson was in his hands, *Joseph Johnston* withdrawing to Canton whilst *Pemberton* was manoeuvring against Grant's none-existent line of communications in order to force him to fall back and protect it. Then turning westwards from Jackson, on May 16 he met *Pemberton* at Champion's Hill and defeated him,

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but owing to McClernand delaying his assault *Pemberton* escaped annihilation. The next day he was driven across the Big Black river and into Vicksburg. On the 18th Grant reached Walnut Hills immediately north of the fortress, and there, looking down upon the Mississippi, Sherman said to him: "Until this moment I never thought your expedition a success. I never could see the end clearly, until now. But this is a campaign; this is a success, if we never take the town."⁷

"Relying," as he says, "upon the demoralization of the enemy,"⁸ on the 19th Grant ordered a general assault on the fortification; this failed. Foolishly, so I think, he ordered another on the 22nd, and this failing also he resorted to a regular siege, lines of circumvallation being dug from Haines's Bluff to Warrenton, and of countervallation from the Yazoo to the Big Black river. At 10 a.m., on July 4, *Pemberton* surrendered the fortress and 31,000 men. So ended one of the most remarkable campaigns in history.

The losses of this campaign are instructive. Between April 30 and July 4 Grant lost 1,243 killed, 7,095 wounded and 535 missing, a total of 8,873;⁹ he killed and wounded about 10,000 Confederates and captured 37,000;¹⁰ among these were 2,153 officers, of whom 15 were generals; also 172 cannon fell into his hands.

The lightness of the Federal casualties is remarkable, and it was entirely due to Grant's superb strategy, a strategy based on surprise and which surprise alone justified. In the first eighteen days after crossing the Mississippi, he established his base at Grand Gulf, fought five battles—Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion's Hill and Big Black river, and marched 200 miles carrying only five days' rations, and for the rest living on the country. Well may Greene say:

"We must go back to the campaigns of N  poleon to find equally brilliant results accomplished in the same space of time with such small loss."¹¹

The fall of Vicksburg was a staggering blow to the South, and when, on July 9, Port Hudson surrendered to General Banks the Mississippi became a Federal river, and the Confederacy was split in two; with the result that not only were the cotton growing eastern States cut off from the stock raising western, but what was far more disastrous, the sally-port was now definitely turned, and could at any moment be threatened from the east.

To take advantage of this situation, on July 18 Grant suggested¹² that an expedition should set out from New Orleans with the object of capturing Mobile, whence by operating northwards towards Montgomery, *Bragg*, at Chattanooga, would be compelled to detach troops to protect his rear. Again he repeated this vital suggestion in August and September, but the only result was that for purely political reasons his army was broken up and scattered to the winds as it had been after the occupation of Corinth. Then suddenly, on September 29, when he was lying in bed at New Orleans suffering from an injured leg, an order was dispatched to him by Halleck calling for all available reserves to be hurried north to the relief of Chattanooga.

Battle of Chancellorsville

Before I enquire into the reasons for this urgent appeal I must turn back to the eastern theatre of the war and outline what had taken place there after Burnside's decisive repulse at Fredericksburg. On January 26 this general had been relieved by General Joseph Hooker, a bold but insubordinate officer, who

had actively intrigued against Burnside. Once in command Hooker set to work with a thoroughness unrivalled since the dismissal of McClellan to discipline his army and so prepare it for yet another advance on Richmond.

We now come to *Lee's* masterpiece in audacity—the battle of Chancellorsville, a battle in which the combination of *Lee* and *Jackson* was seen at its best, and yet a battle which Hamlin says “seems to have been a tragedy of errors,”¹³ not only on the part of Hooker but of *Lee*. The main reason for this was, that the complexity of the two plans, combined with the complexity of this particular theatre of war, placed far too great a strain on the staffs of the contending armies. Both plans, as we shall see, were of a high order; but it is one thing to devise a brilliant operation of war and quite another thing to carry it out, especially if the machinery of control is defective. Both generals divided their forces in an enclosed and thickly wooded country, a country in which the control of separated forces would even to-day with wireless telegraphy be a most difficult operation.

This battle from the grand-strategical point of view was also strongly influenced by a change in Northern politics. Hitherto the hopes of the South had firmly rested upon European intervention; but, on January 1, 1863, these hopes were undermined by Lincoln signing the Proclamation of Emancipation, which not only abolished slavery but won over British public opinion.¹⁴ Though its immediate influence in the North and on the Northern armies¹⁵ was to create dissension, it covered the South with a pall of gloom, and was in fact a decisive moral victory. It was in the midst of this excitement that General Hooker took over command of the Army of the Potomac.

Meanwhile *Lee's* army clung to the Rappahannock

(see Map No. 6), not that it was threatened, or had lost courage and confidence, but that its defective administration reduced it almost to ruin. *Fitzhugh Lee* says: ". . . the troops were scantily clothed, rations for men and animals meager. The shelters were poor, and through them broke the sun, rains and winds."¹⁶ Here in the forest land and the ravines 63,000 men were bivouacked, and opposite them lay encamped Hooker's army, 130,000 strong, stretching from Falmouth to Fletcher's Chapel.

Hooker's plan was a bold one, too bold for his subordinates, his staff and himself. It would seem that it was based on *Lee's* strategy at the Second Battle of Manassas; for he decided to divide his army into two separated wings, the left under General Sedgwick was to cross the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, threaten, and so hold, the bulk of *Lee's* army, whilst he himself with the remaining half cross above this town. This he considered would compel *Lee* to retire, when both halves would unite and pursue.

On April 28 and 29 Hooker's army crossed the Rappahannock and, on the 30th, the right wing was concentrated about Chancellorsville. Then he committed his first blunder; he sent his cavalry, 10,000 strong under General Stoneman,¹⁷ on a raid towards Richmond. His next blunder was a mental one; his move thus far had proved so successful that he considered *Lee* "must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."¹⁸

He little knew his enemy, and this mental picture of him proved his ruin. *Lee*, on the 28th, when Sedgwick crossed, took up the defensive position he had occupied at the battle of Fredericksburg.¹⁹ Then, on the 24th, he began to close in on his left, and early on the 30th he made up his mind. He says: "The

enemy in our front near Fredericksburg continued inactive, and it was now apparent that the main attack would be made upon our flank and rear. It was, therefore, determined to leave sufficient troops to hold our lines, and with the main body of our army to give battle to the approaching column."²⁰

On May 1 both sides advanced, when, about 1 p.m., Hooker, hearing of *Lee's* approach, cancelled the advance and withdrew closer in towards Chancellorsville; meanwhile Sedgwick carried out a mild demonstration in the vicinity of Fredericksburg.

About sunset *Jackson*, who had followed up Hooker's withdrawal, sent word to *Lee* that he was checked by the enemy at Chancellorsville. *Lee* at once rode to the front, meeting *Jackson* "in the south-east angle of Chancellorsville and Catherine Forge road." There, at about 10 p.m., a report having been received that Hooker's front was too strong to be attacked, *Lee* with a map in his hand, turned to *Jackson* and said: "How can we get at these people?" To which *Jackson* replied, in effect, 'You know best. Show me what to do, and we will try to do it.' General *Lee* looked thoughtfully at the map; then indicated on it and explained the movement he desired General *Jackson* to make, and closed by saying, 'General *Stuart* will cover your movement with his cavalry.' General *Jackson* listened attentively, and "his face lighted up with a smile while General *Lee* was speaking. Then rising and touching his cap, he said, 'My troops will move at four o'clock.'"²¹

What was the movement indicated? About 13,000 men under *Early* had been left to hold Sedgwick at Fredericksburg; of the remaining 46,000, *Lee* decided to hold Hooker's 72,000 with 14,000 and march *Jackson* with 32,000 men ten or more miles round Hooker's front and right flank and fall upon his right

GRANT AND LEE

rear. This plan was similar to that attempted by the Russians and Austrians at Austerlitz, but *Lee* realized that Hooker was no Napoleon; nevertheless this division of force was without exception one of the most audacious in the history of war. His army was now divided into three fragments: his right safe enough for the time being, for it was strongly entrenched and could, if necessary, fall back on.

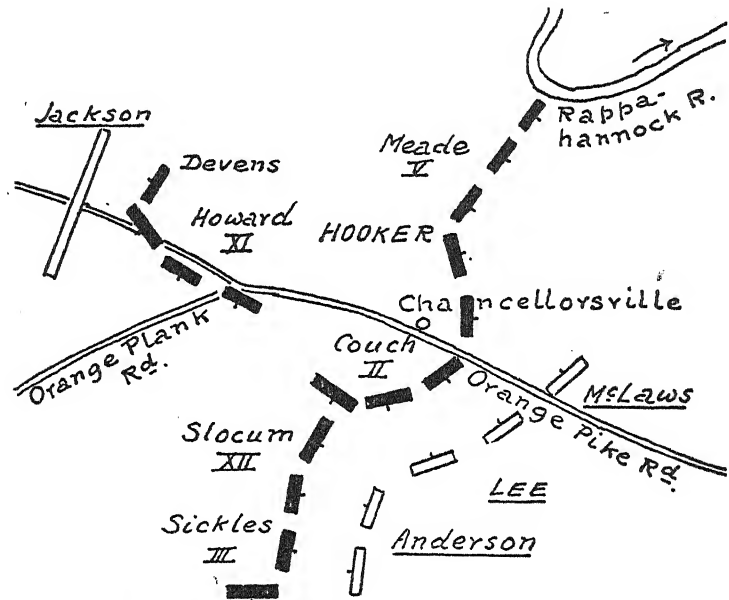


FIG. 10

Richmond; his left strong enough to look after itself; but his centre was so weak that had Hooker been even only moderately well served by cavalry he must have discovered its weakness, when he could scarcely have failed to destroy it. Nevertheless *Lee* was right, he took a risk and he took it wisely; he knew that Stoneman was away, and he realized that the forest covered and shielded his audacity. This was

not an Austerlitz campaign, this was a scalp hunt.

At about 7 a.m.,²² on May 2, *three hours late*, Jackson set out on his march westwards, and at 12.30 p.m., striking the Orange Pike road, came into contact with enemy pickets. Already at 9 a.m. his long column had been sighted through the woods,²³ and Hooker warned Howard who commanded the Eleventh Corps on the right of the Federal line to protect his exposed flank.²⁴ This was a wise precaution, but by 3 p.m., when he knew that more than half of *Lee's* army had moved westwards, he should have launched a bold attack on the weak Confederate centre, held by *Anderson* and *McLaws*, and simultaneously have ordered Sedgwick forward at top speed. He seems to have been hallucinated by the idea that *Lee* was retiring towards Culpeper Court House, and that once his enemy was out of the way all he himself would have to do was to advance on Richmond.

Jackson took ten hours to march twelve miles and deploy at right-angles to Howard's right, and it was not until 5.15 p.m. that he gave the order to attack.²⁵ "A more ridiculous and stupid surprise did not occur in the history of the Civil War,"²⁶ says Hamlin, and I think that this is no over-statement, for General Devens on Howard's right knew the attack was coming. The pickets of the Eleventh Corps were not surprised, but no proper distribution of defence in depth had been made, consequently when the picket line broke it was hurled back like an explosive bomb on to the unprepared troops in rear. By 8.30 p.m. *Jackson's* troops had advanced about two miles, and were in considerable confusion when he rode forward to reconnoitre and fell mortally wounded by the fire of his own men. For *Lee* this was a calamity of the first order; the fate of Hooker's army was in the balance; but when *Jackson* fell no one knew what his

GRANT AND LEE

object was—presumably to cut Hooker off from the United States ford. About midnight *Stuart* took over command, but as Major McClellan says: he “had no information . . . concerning his [*Jackson's*] plans . . . and he was of course ignorant of the position of the troops . . . the fall of *Jackson* developed the fact that no one of his subordinates had received from him the least intimation of his plans and intentions. . . .”²⁷

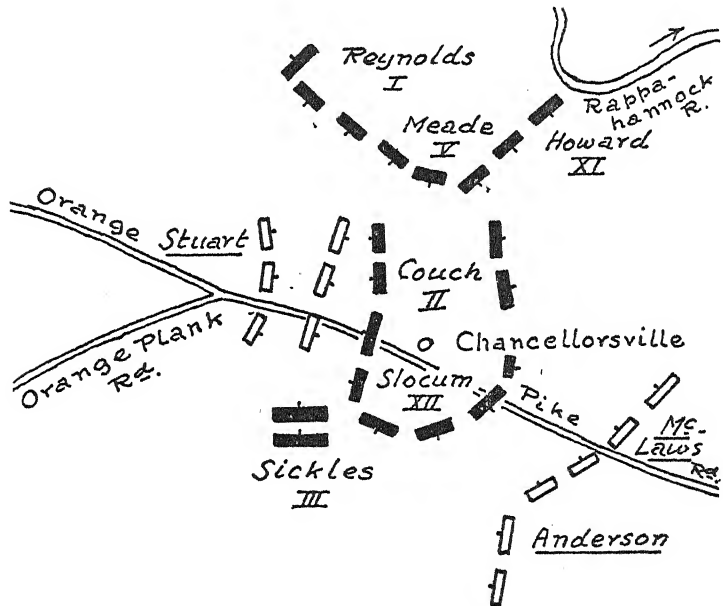


FIG. II

At 3.30 a.m., on the 3rd, *Lee* ordered *Stuart* to turn the enemy's right and simultaneously “drive him from Chancellorsville,”²⁸ as this would enable the left wing and the centre of the Confederate forces to re-unite. This was not a feasible operation, for Hooker had 43,000 men, at Chancellorsville and 42,000 covering the United States ford. In fact *Lee* should have at once withdrawn *Stuart*, for his position was

perilous in the extreme.²⁹ Hooker was, however, morally beaten, and though at 8.45 a.m., when *Stuart's* attack had failed, this general was in a more desperate position than Howard had been the day before, Hooker did nothing. Half an hour later he was stunned by some falling masonry. Regaining consciousness he handed his command over to General Couch, instructing him to withdraw the army. At 10 a.m. *Lee's* attention was suddenly directed towards Fredericksburg.

On May 2 Hooker had ordered Sedgwick to advance, which he did, coming into contact with *Early* who, with 9,000 infantry, occupied an entrenched line six miles in length. On the next day he attacked, and at 11 a.m. carried Marye's Heights and Lee's Hill, whereupon *Early* fell back part of his force along the Orange Pike road and part along the Telegraph road, for his little army had been cut in half.

Hearing of Sedgwick's advance, *Lee* ordered *McLaws* to reinforce that part of *Early's* force on the Orange Pike road, which resulted in an engagement at Salem Heights. This was sound strategy, but it weakened *Lee* at Chancellorsville, and so should have roused Hooker to the importance of pressing *Lee*. Hooker, however, did nothing outside instructing Sedgwick to look after himself. Finding that Hooker was inanimate, on the 4th *Lee* sent *Anderson* to reinforce *McLaws* and *Early*, and took personal charge of his right wing. *Early*, who had re-occupied Marye's Heights, was repulsed, and *Anderson* and *McLaws* were held up. This action ended the battle, for that night Hooker decided to withdraw to the left bank of the Rappahannock, which he did on the following day, having lost 16,845 men to *Lee's* 12,764.³⁰

Thus ended *Lee's* greatest battle, a battle which it is difficult to assess, as it was for the most part fought in

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densely wooded country where numbers were of less account than audacity and celerity of movement. True, there was no pursuit, no rout, no decisive tactical victory; but to have attempted a pursuit would have been madness, for *Lee's* losses had been in proportion greater than his enemy's, and so indifferent was the administration of his army that at

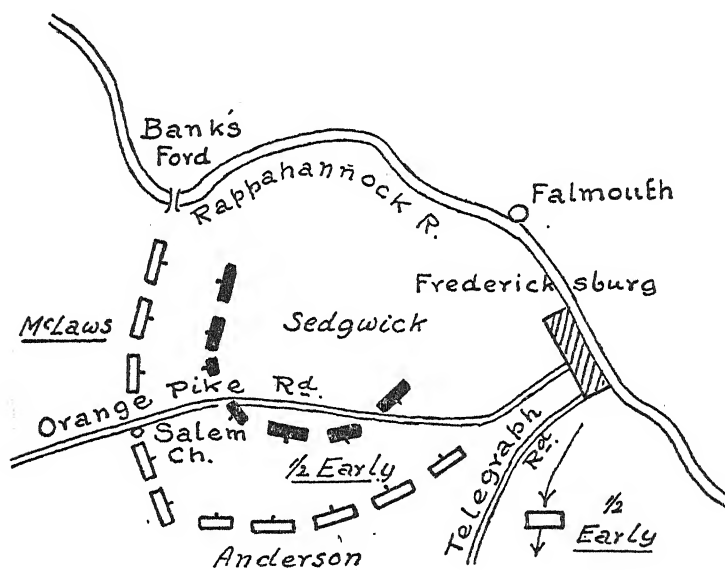


FIG. 12

no time in the war was it in a fit state to carry out a pursuit. To *Lee* the Wilderness had been his staunchest ally. It was not only a natural fortress protecting Richmond, but a spider's web to any army advancing on Richmond from the north. *Lee* never fully realized this, for had he done so his strategy would have been based upon manoeuvring his enemy again and again into this entanglement and there defeating him.

The Gettysburg Campaign

It will be remembered that the policy of the Confederate Government had from the opening of the war been a defensive one; *Lee*, however, had never held this opinion, and though circumstances had compelled him again and again, like a spider, to retire into the web of the Wilderness, it was towards Northern Virginia that his eyes were fixed. On April 9 he had written to Seddon: "Should General Hooker's army assume the defensive, the readiest method of relieving the pressure upon General *Johnston* and General *Beauregard* would be for this army to cross into Maryland."³¹ And now that Hooker had been defeated he returned to this idea though circumstances had vastly changed, for Grant was on his way to Vicksburg and more than ever did *Johnston* require assistance.

In this change in the strategical situation what was the best course to adopt? There were two only: Either to co-operate with *Johnston*, or make a diversion which would compel the Federal Government to recall Grant. The first was suggested by *Beauregard*, who was probably the ablest of the Confederate generals, the second was proposed by *Lee*—the most noted.

Beauregard saw clearly that the decisive point lay in the West and not in the East, and he advised a campaign in Tennessee and Kentucky to relieve the Mississippi Valley and Vicksburg, strong reinforcements being temporarily drawn from the Army of Northern Virginia for this purpose.³² *Lee* thought otherwise, for he was so obsessed by the idea of threatening Washington in order to relieve Northern Virginia, that throughout his generalship he never saw the war as a whole. On June 8 he wrote to Seddon, the Southern War Minister, explaining that it was no good remaining on the defensive,³³ and two days

later he points out to Jefferson Davis that every encouragement should be given to the peace party in the North.³⁴ How he expected to accomplish this end by invasion, which would at once rouse the North, as it eventually did, can only be explained by the fact that he and the President were still gazing at Europe. Davis certainly, if not *Lee* also, was unaware that Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation had once and for all settled the possibility of intervention. On the 10th Seddon answered *Lee's* letter of the 8th, saying: "I concur entirely in your views of the importance of aggressive movements by your army";³⁵ yet it is strange that Stephens, the Vice-President, knew nothing of this decision until *Lee* crossed the Potomac on the 23rd.

Stephens wanted to negotiate for peace, and he foresaw rightly that *Lee's* offensive would strengthen and not weaken the war party in the North; but Seddon thought that Lincoln would more likely listen to terms of peace if *Lee's* army was actually threatening Washington than if it was lying quietly on the Rappahannock.³⁶ Stephens was strongly of opinion that *Lee* should have remained on the defensive and have detached a strong force to assist *Johnston* against Grant at Vicksburg.³⁷

In brief, the reasons for the forthcoming campaign were confused. Something had to be done to save Vicksburg; something had to be done to prevent Hooker recrossing the Rappahannock; something had to be done to win European recognition, or compel the North to consider terms of peace; and added to all these, as Colonel *Taylor* says, was *Lee's* design to free the State of Virginia from the presence of the enemy.³⁸

Lee's plan was to move down the Shenandoah Valley, penetrate into Pennsylvania in the direction of Chambersburg, York or Gettysburg (see Map No. 4);

if opportunity should arise, defeat the Federal army in a pitched battle, drive it across the Susquehanna, and thus cause the evacuation of Washington.³⁹ In all he had 57,000 infantry, 9,000 cavalry and 250 guns.

Picketing the Rappahannock with his cavalry, and leaving *Hill's* corps at Fredericksburg, on June 2 and 4 he moved *Ewell's* and *Longstreet's* corps to Culpeper Court House, and when Hooker, on the 13th, was ordered to fall back and defend the approaches to Washington, *Hill* was called up and the whole army began to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown and Williamsport on the 23rd, completing its crossing two days later.

On the 23rd *Lee* seems to have first realized that the North was not so demoralized as he had supposed. He wrote to Davis suggesting that an army should be raised under General *Beauregard*, and pushed forward to threaten Washington from the south.⁴⁰ Again he made the same suggestion on the 25th; for he discovered that his advance "has aroused the Federal Government and people to great exertions and it is incumbent upon us to call forth all our energies."⁴¹ In spite of the fact that he now began to realize that he had stirred up a hornet's nest, he committed the same blunder Hooker committed at the opening of the battle of Chancellorsville—he sent the bulk of his cavalry under *Stuart* on a raid.

Lee's orders⁴² were as usual vague. Leaving the decision to *Stuart*, he instructed him to carry out a variety of operations: To hold the mountain passes south of the Potomac, raid round the rear of Hooker's forces then about Leesburg, damage his communications and eventually place himself on the right of General *Ewell* about York in Pennsylvania.

Stuart moved off on the 24th, bumped into Hancock's corps, swung round him, capturing a Federal wagon

train near Rockville, which so greatly delayed his march that his invaluable services were lost to *Lee* until July 2.

Hearing that Confederate troops had crossed the Potomac, Hooker followed suit on the 26th and 27th, moving on Frederick City where, on the morning of the 28th, he was ordered⁴³ to hand over his command to General Meade, who decided to move on Harrisburg and deliver battle with the enemy wherever met.⁴⁴ Meanwhile *Lee*, hearing of Hooker's crossing, but for lack of cavalry not being able to ascertain the enemy's intentions, ordered a concentration of his army about Cashtown; *Ewell* in the van was instructed to move directly on Cashtown, or by the Gettysburg turnpike; as *Lee* says himself: "The advance of the enemy to the latter place was unknown,"⁴⁵ consequently, the weather having broken, the march of the columns was not hurried.

On the 30th Meade ordered two of his seven corps, namely, Reynold's and Howard's, to move on Gettysburg where, early the next day, July 1, the Federal cavalry came into contact with part of *Hill's* corps. This led to a battle between *Hill's* and *Ewell's* corps on the one side and Howard's and Reynold's supported by part of Slocum's on the other. The result of this engagement was that the Federal forces were driven through Gettysburg, and took up a strong position on Seminary Ridge immediately south of the town (see Map No. 7).

It had not been *Lee's* intention to fight a battle so far from his base; this he tells us in his report, in which he says: ". . . but, finding ourselves unexpectedly confronted by the Federal Army, it became a matter of difficulty to withdraw through the mountains with our large trains. At the same time the country was unfavourable for collecting supplies while in the

presence of the enemy's main body, as he was enabled to restrain our foraging parties by occupying the passes of the mountains with regular and local troops. A battle thus became, in a measure, unavoidable."⁴⁶ In short, his defective supply arrangements and the absence of his cavalry (to disengage himself) compelled him to fight, and to fight an offensive action in place of a defensive one; for, as he had to live on the country, it was impossible for him to stand still for any length of time.

By the morning of the 2nd Meade had four corps in line, his left resting on Round Top hill and his right on Cemetery hill and Culp's hill. The position was an exceedingly strong one, and one which could not be attacked frontally with an assurance of success. *Longstreet* suggested moving round Meade's left and so compelling him to attack; but *Lee* could not move and forage simultaneously, his defective supply system *compelled him* to attack. At 7 p.m., on the 1st, he had formed no plans outside attacking Culp's Hill;⁴⁷ then, according to *Fitzhugh Lee*, he decided to turn Meade's left with *Longstreet's* corps, demonstrate against his centre and right with *Hill's* and *Ewell's* corps, and convert this demonstration into a real attack directly *Longstreet's* attack succeeded.⁴⁸

This was a thoroughly bad plan, because for success it depended on the earliest possible attack and the most careful timing to effect co-operation; further, *Lee's* troops were by no means concentrated, and to make things worse he issued no written operation orders.⁴⁹ As was his custom, he relied on verbal instructions, and left all detail to his subordinates. General *Pendleton* says⁵⁰ *Lee* instructed *Longstreet* to attack at sunrise; Colonel *Taylor* says that he never heard of such an attack,⁵¹ and he is the more likely to be correct, for at 5 a.m. Colonel *Fremantle* tells

us that seated quite close to him were Generals *Lee*, *Hill*, *Longstreet* and *Hood* in consultation.⁵² *Lee* then visited Seminary Ridge, and according to Colonel *Marshall*, "at about 11 o'clock issued orders to General *Longstreet* to begin his attack upon the enemy's left as soon as possible."⁵³ *Longstreet* was not ready, three of his brigades were still on the line of march, further reconnaissances had to be made and a covered line of approach discovered, and it was not until 4 p.m. that the attack was launched. Though it drove in the advanced troops on Meade's left, it did not affect its object, namely, to take his left in reverse. The truth is that *Longstreet's* force was not strong enough for this operation. Meanwhile on *Lee's* left *Ewell* attacked the Federal right, but accomplished little outside a lodgment.

Thus the second day of the battle led to no decision, not only because *Lee's* army was too weak, but because he maintained no grip over the operations. Colonel Fremantle writes: "What I remarked especially was, that during the whole time the firing continued, he only sent one message, and only received one report. It is evidently his system to arrange the plan thoroughly with the three corps commanders, and then leave to them the duty of modifying and carrying it out to the best of their abilities."⁵⁴ But when things go wrong, how can subordinates modify a plan? They can only muddle it. This is what happened during this day's fighting; but such an "overweening confidence" in the superiority of his soldiers over his enemy possessed him, that he decided to continue the battle, and in spite of the fact that Meade had now assembled his entire army on the heights of Gettysburg.

The partial success of *Longstreet* on the 2nd, in spite of the muddle that had taken place, persuaded *Lee* that with proper concerted action and the support of

artillery, it was still possible to assault and break through Meade's front.⁵⁵ *Longstreet*, who was detailed to carry out this attack supported by *Ewell* on his left, was opposed to this operation, because his assaulting columns, 15,000 strong, would have to march "a mile under concentrating battery fire, and a thousand yards under long range musketry."⁵⁶

The assault was to be made against Meade's left centre, the column consisting of two brigades of *Pickett's* division in front and one in second line with *Wilcox's* brigade in rear of its right, and *Heth's* division in echelon on *Pickett's* left. The field was open, and hitherto *Lee's* army had fought in wooded and broken country "which," Colonel *Taylor* writes: "in some respects unfavourable for the manoeuvres of large armies, was of decided advantage to us; for, in moving upon the enemy through bodies of woods, or in a broken, rolling country, not only was the enemy at a loss how to estimate our strength, but our own men were not impressed with that sense of insecurity which must have resulted from a thorough knowledge of their own weakness."⁵⁷ According to *Taylor*, *Hood* and *McLaws* should have moved forward in support of the assault, "as they were ordered to do by General *Lee*." He states that Colonel *C. S. Venable*, one of *Lee's* staff officers, heard *Lee* give this order;⁵⁸ but *Longstreet* states that *Lee* decided that these divisions "could remain on the defensive line."⁵⁹ As *Lee* issued no written orders it is impossible to say who is right.

Between 10 and 11 a.m. the cannonade opened; practically the whole of the Confederate artillery, 138 guns, having been brought into position on the Emmitsburg road and Seminary Ridge to crush Meade's centre. General *Hunt*, Meade's chief of artillery, realizing what this bombardment meant, namely, the preparation of an assault, ordered the

Federal guns to cease fire and save their ammunition for the inevitable infantry attack.⁶⁰ At 1.40 p.m.⁶¹ General *Alexander*, *Lee's* chief of artillery, finding that his ammunition was running short, at 2.30 p.m.⁶² *Pickett* was ordered to advance.

"The infantry," says *Alexander*, "had no sooner debouched on the plain than all the [Federal] line, which had been nearly silent, broke out again with all its batteries."⁶³ In spite of this terrific fire *Pickett* continued his forward movement, and though a small party of men, under General *Armistead*, actually penetrated the Federal position, his assault rolled back shattered. The great attack had failed, as *Longstreet* had predicted; the battle of Gettysburg was lost. *Lee* had expected the impossible. In the three days of this tremendous fighting he lost 22,638 men to Meade's 17,684.⁶⁴

When *Pickett* failed Meade should have counter-attacked, and he should have made his preparations to do so directly the Confederate cannonade opened. "About this time," writes Colonel Fremantle, "it is difficult to exaggerate the critical state of affairs as they appeared" to the shattered Confederates. "If the enemy or their general had shown any enterprise, there is no saying what might have happened. General *Lee* and his officers were evidently fully impressed with a sense of the situation. . . ."⁶⁵ Meade, however, sat tight, though it was not until the night of the 4th that *Lee* began to withdraw, and even then Meade did nothing to molest him. Not until the 13th was *Lee* able to begin fording the Potomac, which had been in flood; yet Meade did nothing, thus it happened that the Army of Northern Virginia once again found itself on the banks of the Rapidan.

The campaign had been a grotesque and costly failure, and I agree with Captain Battine when he

says: "Gettysburg was the worst battle *Lee* ever fought, not excepting Malvern Hill."⁶⁶ It began as a political move and it ended in a political fiasco. On July 1 Jefferson Davis resolved to make an overture of peace, and he hoped that a great victory would compel Lincoln to consent to an immediate truce. On the 4th Vice-President Stephens asked to see Lincoln; Lincoln refused, for *Lee's* army lay shattered and Vicksburg had fallen. Had *Beauregard's* plan been accepted, there would have been no Gettysburg and Vicksburg might have still been holding out when these proposals were made.

Ever increasing desertions followed Gettysburg, and so numerous were they that success in the field was endangered.⁶⁷ Then, in November, followed a desultory campaign between Meade and *Lee* on the Rappahannock, known as the Mine Run Campaign, in which *Lee* did not attempt his former outflanking movements because the improved staff and cavalry of the Federal army did not warrant their risk. Then came winter with its physical and moral gloom.

Battles of Chickamauga and Chattanooga

Whilst Vicksburg was besieged in the west and Gettysburg was being fought in the east a third campaign was in progress in Tennessee. There, after his repulse of *Bragg* at Murfreesborough, Rosecrans halted for several months, for his line of communications was constantly raided and each raid meant time expended in repairs. Being short of cavalry and *Bragg* having been reinforced by *Pemberton's* cavalry under *Van Dorn*, Rosecrans asked Halleck for cavalry reinforcements, and these being refused, Rosecrans was in no great hurry to speed up his advance south, and this in spite

of the fact that Grant was anxious that he should do so in order to prevent *Bragg* detaching troops to reinforce *Pemberton*. At length, on June 23, Rosecrans moved forward, drove *Bragg's* detachments back and occupied Stevenson.

In the original plan of operations it was the intention that whilst Rosecrans moved on Chattanooga Burnside was to protect his left flank by moving on Knoxville; but as he was ordered to send reinforcements to Grant this move was postponed, and without his co-operation Rosecrans, considering it too hazardous to push farther south, discontinued his advance until after the fall of Vicksburg, when Burnside's troops were returned to him.

On August 16 the advance began again, Rosecrans from Winchester and Burnside from Lexington (see Map No. 2). On September 7 *Bragg*, having been out-generalled by Rosecrans, was compelled to evacuate Chattanooga, cross the Tennessee and move to Lafayette. Two days later Chattanooga was occupied by Federal forces, and Rosecrans believing his enemy to be in full retreat pressed on after him, when, on the 12th, with his army strung out on a frontage of nearly sixty miles he found *Bragg* concentrated to meet him. Drawing in his scattered detachments but unable to fall back on Chattanooga he was compelled to accept battle, and on September 19-20 was severely defeated at Chickamauga and was driven back into Chattanooga where he was besieged and his line of communications cut. Meanwhile Burnside occupied Knoxville, and though by holding this town he prevented *Bragg* receiving reinforcements by the Virginia and East Tennessee railroad, he was in imminent danger of being invested.

The news of Rosecrans's defeat threw the Union Government into a panic, and the result was that, on

October '9, Grant was urgently called north, the Departments of Tennessee, Cumberland and Ohio being fused into the Military Division of the Mississippi and placed under his command. From Nashville he telegraphed General Thomas to take command of the Army of the Cumberland, and after making hasty arrangements for supplies and reinforcements, on the 19th he set out for Chattanooga where he arrived on the evening of the 23rd.

The sight which greeted him was a depressing one; the army was surrounded, overlooked and starving, its only line of supply being a cart track leading over sixty to seventy miles of mountainous country. Ten thousand horses and mules had died, and "not enough left to draw a single piece of artillery or even the ambulances to convey the sick."⁶⁸

The situation could scarcely have been worse, consequently Grant was at his best. His first problem was to establish a line of supply, and this he did by re-opening the road to Bridgeport on the 27th, at the cost of 4 men killed and 17 wounded. The next was to hurry forward reinforcements: Hooker, then at Bridgeport, and Sherman at Corinth, were forthwith ordered on Chattanooga. Meanwhile Burnside getting into difficulties at Knoxville, *Bragg* seeing an opportunity of destroying him before Grant could concentrate his forces, on November 4 despatched *Longstreet* to Knoxville to round him up. This caused such alarm in Washington that Grant was plied with dispatch after dispatch to do something to relieve him.

The only thing Grant could do was to attack, but Thomas very rightly persuaded him to delay a forward movement.⁶⁹ Grant then decided on his plan, which was as follows (see Map No. 8): To effect a double envelopment with the forces of Sherman and Hooker pivoted on Thomas's army in the centre. Sherman to

attack *Bragg's* right, threaten his rear and cut him off from the Knoxville road, whilst Hooker advanced from Lookout Valley against the left of *Bragg's* main position on Missionary Ridge, whilst Thomas threatened it frontally.

On November 22, hearing that Burnside had been attacked, Grant ordered⁷⁰ Thomas to make a reconnaissance in force next day. This was unfortunate, for it awoke *Bragg* to the danger threatening his right flank, which he at once strengthened.⁷¹

Sherman, whose advance had been delayed on account of the rains, was in position by the night of the 23rd, consequently the attack was ordered for the 24th. Moving forward at 2 a.m. he effected a lodgment on the left bank of the Tennessee river near the mouth of the South Chickamauga river, threw a bridge 1,350 feet in length over the Tennessee, crossed, attacked, and was held up a little north of Tunnel Hill. Meanwhile Hooker, after a running fight, occupied the point of Lookout Mountain.

Reinforcing his right, *Bragg* was able to hold up Sherman on the 25th; but as this weakened his left, Hooker was able to push on towards Rossville, but was delayed several hours in crossing Chattanooga river. Not reporting this delay, and Grant becoming anxious as to Sherman's safety, at 3.30 p.m. he ordered Thomas to advance and carry the rifle pits at the foot of Missionary Ridge. This was done, but the men were so elated that they did not stop there, and to Grant's consternation they swarmed up the four hundred feet slope and carried the main position. What had happened was this: Hooker's attack having made itself felt on *Bragg's* left, the Confederate centre had become demoralized, and broke back before Thomas's double assault.

The battle was decisive, *Bragg* losing 25,211 men

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killed and wounded, 4,146 prisoners and 40 guns to Grant's 5,824 killed, wounded and missing. The pursuit was discontinued on the 27th in order to relieve Knoxville, to which place Sherman was despatched. Arriving there on December 6 he found that *Longstreet* had raised the siege on the 4th and was in full retreat up the Holston Valley.

The importance of this battle was, that it not only closed the enemy's sally-port, but it opened the back-door of the Confederacy.

CHAPTER VI

THE GENERALSHIP OF GRANT AND LEE, 1864-65

Plans for the 1864 Campaign

ONCE established at Chattanooga, the situation became clear; clear to Grant, if not to his Government, and, on December 7, 1863, he wrote as follows to Halleck:

" . . . I take the liberty of suggesting a plan of campaign that I think will go far towards breaking down the rebellion before spring. . . . I propose . . . to move by way of New Orleans and Pascagoula on Mobile. I would hope to secure that place or its investment by the last of January. Should the enemy make an obstinate resistance at Mobile, I would fortify outside and leave a garrison sufficient to hold the garrison of the town, and with the balance of the army make a campaign into the interior of Alabama and possibly Georgia. . . . It seems to me that the move would secure the entire States of Alabama and Mississippi and part of Georgia, or force *Lee* to abandon Virginia and North Carolina. Without his force the enemy have not got army enough to resist the army I can take. . . ."¹

This plan was not, however, adopted, and after a brief campaign in the Meridian area, in which Sherman did great damage to the railroads, Grant was called to Washington on March 3, and on the 9th was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general and placed in command of the entire military forces of the United States.

In all Grant had eight weeks to prepare in; that is from March 10 to May 4, when his great combined campaign began. Not only was he unknown in the

East, but was acquainted with few of the officers of the Army of the Potomac, only once before had he visited Washington, and Lincoln he had never as yet met. The situation which confronted him is described by Badeau as follows: "A score of discordant armies; half a score of contrary campaigns; confusion and uncertainty in the field, doubt and dejection, and sometimes despondency at home; battles whose object none could perceive; a war whose issue none could foretell—it was chaos itself before light had appeared, or order was evolved,"²—and only eight weeks to evolve it in!

Lack of grand strategy had not only prolonged the war, but had encouraged the peace party in the North, and the next presidential elections were to take place in the autumn. Lincoln's position was not secure, and Grant realized this; he also realized that Washington must be rendered safe against any sudden thrust, and that by making it safe strategically he would disarm *Lee*.

Considering the possibilities of a coastal move, such as McClellan had carried out in 1862, he soon discarded this idea in favour of an overland advance, for such a movement would cover Washington. To effect this operation he decided to move direct upon *Lee*, whilst from Chattanooga Sherman manoeuvred against *Lee's* rear; the object of the Army of the Potomac, the immediate command of which he left to General Meade, being to hold *Lee* by constant attack. On April 9 he wrote to Meade: "*Lee's* army will be your objective point. Wherever *Lee's* army goes you will go also."³ The Army of the Potomac, supported by the Ninth Corps under Burnside, was to constitute the fulcrum of his strategy; on it Sherman's lever at Chattanooga was to work.

Soon after assuming supreme command he sent

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Sherman a letter and a map (see Map No. 9), which were received by that general on April 2. Unfortunately the letter has been lost, but the map clearly explains its contents, for on it are drawn a series of blue lines showing the proposed operations. Sherman answered this letter on April 5 saying: "From that map I see all, and glad am I that there are minds now at Washington able to devise; and for my part, if we can keep our counsels I believe I have the men and ability to march square up to the position assigned to me and to hold it. . . ." ⁴ Again, on April 10, he wrote: "Your two letters of April 4th are now before me and afford me infinite satisfaction. That we are now all to act in a common plan on a common center, looks like enlightened war." ⁵

According to this map Sherman was to advance from Chattanooga on Atlanta, his first objective being the Confederate army under *Joseph E. Johnston*, who had replaced *Bragg*, and his second Atlanta. ⁶ From there the map shows that he was to move via Milledgeville on Savannah. To assist Sherman, General Banks, then engaged in a useless political campaign on the Red River, Louisiana, which Grant could not stop, was to hasten on his operations, occupy Shreveport, and then despatch a force of 25,000 men to Mobile. ⁷ Once this city was captured this force was to move on Montgomery, and threaten *Johnston* in rear, whilst Sherman attacked him in front. This part of Grant's plan, however, broke down, for, on April 8, Banks was decisively defeated.

Whilst Sherman was advancing, Meade's army was to be supported by two flanking armies—Sigel's operating in the Shenandoah Valley, and Butler's based on Fortress Monroe. Sigel was to move on Staunton and threaten the Virginia and Tennessee and the Virginia Central railroads (see Map No. 4),

whilst Butler was to move on Petersburg and Richmond. Realizing that the command of the sea was the backbone of his strategy, and well aware that efficient strategy is based upon adequate supply, Grant decided to move Meade's army as close to the coast as possible, for though on account of the nature of the country this was tactically a disadvantage, strategically it was essential, as the sea coast would enable him to change his base of supply at will; further, no troops would be required to protect this line of supply.

On April 29 he sent the following dispatch to Halleck, now Chief of Staff at Washington:

"The army will start with fifteen days' supplies; all the country affords will be gathered as we go along. This will no doubt enable us to go twenty-five days without further supplies, unless we should be forced to keep in the country between the Rapidan and the Chickahominy, in which case supplies might be required by way of the York or the Rappahannock Rivers. . . . When we get once established on the James River, there will be no further necessity of occupying the road south of Bull Run."⁸

This dispatch is interesting, for it is often asserted that in the forthcoming campaign Grant was out-generalled, and that *Lee* compelled him to abandon his overland campaign, base himself on the James and operate south of this river. Though Grant naturally hoped that he would be able to crush *Lee* north of Richmond, it must not be overlooked, as most historians have overlooked it, that this was not his central idea, which was *to hold Lee*, as it were in a vice, by constant attack, until Sherman could swing round from Chattanooga and not only attack *Lee's* source of supply—his rear—but telescope the Confederacy, now virtually reduced to Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia, and crush it out of existence. In this dispatch Grant definitely expects that he will

have to establish himself on the James river; already on April 9, when writing to Meade, he hinted⁹ that this might be necessary, and shortly before the Wilderness campaign opened he informed Meade and Butler that it was his intention "to put both their armies south of the James River in case of failure to destroy *Lee* without it."¹⁰ Further he informed Meade: "Should a siege of Richmond become necessary, siege guns, ammunition, and equipment can be got from the arsenals at Washington and Fort Monroe."¹¹

Having elaborated his strategic plan, Grant turned to tactics: What was to be his method of fighting? He knew full well *Lee's* liking for manoeuvre, he also knew that the Confederate cause was on the wane, and what *Lee* dreaded most of all was a heavy casualty list. He decided, therefore, that his tactics must be offensive; that *Lee's* army must be reduced in strength by constant attack; that it must be thrown on the defensive, and that once it was reduced to defend itself freedom of movement would be denied to it.

Whilst this plan was being thought out and prepared for, what was happening in the Confederate camp? In September, 1862, *Longstreet* had pointed out to *Lee* that the next campaign should be fought in Tennessee, and that a defensive attitude should be assumed in Virginia.¹² *Lee* regarded such a campaign with doubt,¹³ and all that came of this suggestion was that *Longstreet* was sent to reinforce *Bragg* at Chattanooga.

In December *Beauregard* once again sketched out a comprehensive plan of campaign which was forwarded to Richmond. He pointed out that the total available forces were 210,000, and that unless the Government ordered the army to concentrate against one decisive point, the war would end by it being beaten in detail. He suggested withdrawing 40,000 men from the East

and creating an army of 100,000 strong in the West to operate against Grant by moving against his communications from about Knoxville.¹⁴ Nothing came of this plan though *Lee* also saw the danger in the West. On December 3 he pointed out to Davis, "that the enemy may penetrate Georgia," and "I think that every effort should be made to concentrate as large a force as possible under the best commander to ensure the discomfiture of Grant's army."¹⁵ To which Davis answered: "Could you consistently go to Dalton?"¹⁶ to which *Lee* replied: "I can if desired, but of the expediency of the measure you can judge better than I. Unless it is intended that I should take permanent command, I can see no good that will result, even if in that event any could be accomplished."¹⁷ Then, on January 10, 1864, *Longstreet* suggested transferring the whole of his infantry to the East and operating against Washington.¹⁸ To which *Lee* answered: "I believe, however, that if Grant could be driven back and Mississippi and Tennessee recovered, it would do more to relieve the country and inspirit our people than the mere capture of Washington."¹⁹ Then *Longstreet* wrote on February 2: "It seems to me that we should concentrate and recover Tennessee and Kentucky,"²⁰ and on March 4 he made similar and more detailed proposals.²¹ To which *Lee* replied four days later: "I think the enemy's great effort will be in the West and we must concentrate our strength there to meet them."²²

These extracts are sufficient to show two things: The total incapacity of the Confederate Government to control the war, and the total incapacity of *Lee* to control the Government. "The expediency of the measure you can judge better than I can" is not the voice of a great general but of a submissive clerk.

The winter of 1864 was one of great anxiety to *Lee*.

The army was in rags, half-starved and lacking in supplies, in clothing, shoes and equipment. Desertions were frequent, for life in the bivouacs on the Rapidan was all but unbearable; yet as Chesney says,²³ at this period the Confederacy was not so short of men as of discipline, not because the men were indifferent soldiers, they were superb soldiers, but because the administration of the army was so utterly rotten that even the staunchest soldiers succumbed to it. Added to these anxieties, as we have seen, was the doubt in *Lee's* mind as to what Grant would do. At length this uncertainty ended, for on April 5, 1864, *Lee* wrote to Davis that it is apparent that Richmond is Grant's object,²⁴ and the same day he issued a general order—"The army will be immediately placed in condition to march."²⁵ His opinion was that "a great battle would take place on the Rapidan,"²⁶ and his thoughts were at once attracted towards their old centre—a distracting raid down the Valley.²⁷

His staunch ally was, however, no longer the Valley of Virginia, but the Wilderness; it covered his numerical weakness and his administrative deficiencies; his army had so long inhabited it that every cow-path, fastness and ravine was known to his men. *Lee's* whole strategy now depended upon holding this natural stronghold, of entrapping Grant in it, of preventing his army penetrating it, and so exhaust the patience and resources of the North. His idea was to bring his enemy to battle as soon as possible,²⁸ and his plan was an able one, namely, to let Grant cross the Rapidan and get thoroughly entangled in the forest, where numbers, cavalry and artillery were of little account, and there attack him in flank and force him to retire as he had forced away Hooker. For such an operation his distribution was, however, a faulty one (see Map No. 10); Army headquarters and *Hill's*

corps were at Orange Court House, *Ewell's* along the Mine Run and *Stuart's* cavalry covered the front and right flank; but *Longstreet's* corps, at Gordonsville, was too far in rear to be able rapidly to support the other two. The result of this was that when, on May 5, the battle opened, *Lee* was unable to strike in full force, and had he been in a position to do so it is possible that his plan might have succeeded.

From the Wilderness to Cold Harbor

Grant's army, that is the Army of the Potomac and Burnside's corps, numbered about 115,000 officers and men of all arms "equipped for duty." Sheridan's Cavalry Corps (13,287) covered the front from northwest of Culpeper Court House on the right to near Richardsville on the left (see Maps No. 4 and No. 10); Army headquarters and the Fifth Corps, under Warren (25,663), were at and around Culpeper Court House; the Second Corps, under Hancock (28,333), south of Brandy Station; the Sixth Corps, Sedgwick (24,213) north of this place, and the Ninth Corps, Burnside (22,762), stretched from a little north of Rappahannock Station to within a few miles of Manassas Junction. South of the Rapidan stood *Lee*, as already described.

On May 4 and 5 all the Federal armies moved forward, on a common plan and towards a common centre: Grant on *Lee*, Sherman on *Johnston*, Sigel up the Valley, and Butler towards Richmond. It was a wonderful object lesson in co-operative effort when compared to the individual and unconnected operations which had hitherto characterized Federal strategy.

Strategically Grant's immediate problem, namely, the movement of the Army of the Potomac, was not

GRANT AND LEE

difficult once the Rapidan was crossed, but tactically it was a plunge into a jungle in which numbers were of little account, and local knowledge of the highest value, where cavalry were virtually dismounted and artillery spiked, and where every extra wagon was an encumbrance. In the Wilderness of Virginia Hooker had met his fate, and Meade who, in 1863, had penetrated its fringes, had rapidly withdrawn from them and sought safety in more open ground. Here the

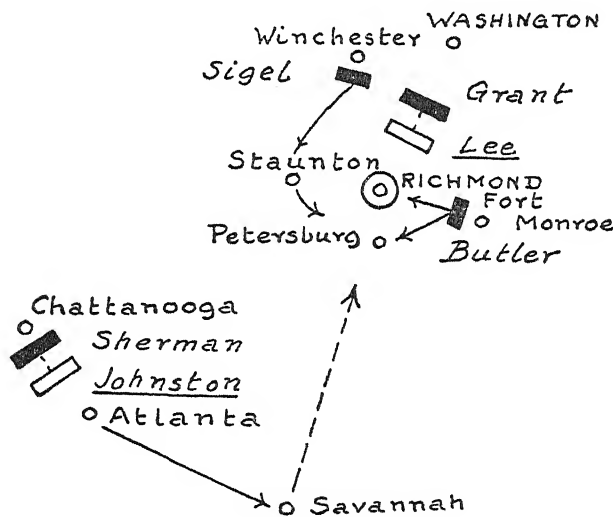


FIG. 13

clash took place on the 5th, and of the fighting Badeau says: it was "a wrestle as blind as midnight, a gloom that made manoeuvres impracticable, a jungle where regiments stumbled on each other and on the enemy by turns, firing sometimes into their own ranks, and guided often only by the crackling of the bushes or the cheers and cries that rose from the depths around."²⁹

Tactically, Grant was not prepared for this type of

fighting—Indian warfare. His formations were far too heavy, his lines of attack too cumbersome, and his tactics too rigid. He had hoped, yet scarcely expected, to traverse the Wilderness without a battle; he should, therefore, on the 4th have pushed on as far as he could; but he did not do so, apparently because he was afraid of uncovering his trains. Had he, in place of attacking *Lee*, or rather counter-attacking *Lee* when *Lee* attacked, entrenched his position, let *Lee* attack it, and under its protection had he continued his movement forward, throwing up entrenchments on his right flank as he advanced, it is possible that he might have got through the Wilderness at considerably less loss, and yet have inflicted an equal loss on the Army of Northern Virginia, the tactics and very deficiencies in the organization of which made it more adaptable for forest warfare.

On the 5th, as Swinton says: "The action . . . was not so much a battle as the fierce grapple of two mighty wrestlers suddenly meeting."³⁰ On the 6th it was the same, both sides were fought to a standstill, and under cover of night *Lee* withdrew his army behind its entrenchments.

Tactically this battle was indecisive; the losses were heavy, Grant's numbering 17,666, and *Lee's*, though unknown, cannot have been less than 7,750.³¹ Strategically it was the greatest Federal victory yet won in the East, for *Lee* was now thrown on the defensive—he was held. Thus, within forty-eight hours of crossing the Rapidan, did Grant gain his object—the fixing of *Lee*.

In this the first battle of the campaign, Grant's will to succeed, cost what it might, soon revealed to *Lee* that, in spite of the forest and the shelter it afforded, numbers in the end would count. Again and again throughout this campaign he writes: "Thanks to a

merciful Providence our casualties have been small."³² It was remarkable also in that, as Colonel Lyman says: "The great feature of this campaign is the extraordinary use made of earthworks. . . . When our line advances, there is the line of the enemy, nothing showing but the bayonets, and the battle-flags stuck on the top of the works. It is a rule that when the Rebels halt, the first day gives them a good rifle pit; the second a regular infantry parapet with artillery in position; and the third a parapet with an abattis in front and entrenched batteries behind. Sometimes they put this three days' work into the first twenty-four hours. Our men can, and do, do the same; but remember, our object is offense—to advance. You would be amazed to see how this country is intersected with field works, extending for miles and miles in different directions and marking the different strategic lines taken up by the two armies, as they warily move about each other."³³

In this type of war *Lee* excelled. A field engineer by upbringing, and possessed of a wonderful tactical eye for defensive positions, after May 7 he fought with entrenchments in a manner which elicits our highest admiration. At 5 a.m. on the 7th he appears to have been under the illusion that Grant was retiring "in the direction of Chancellorsville."³⁴ To the Secretary of War he telegraphed on the 8th: "The enemy has abandoned his position and is moving towards Fredericksburg";³⁵ and to *Ewell* he wrote, "We must try and attack his rear."³⁶ Yet, on the 7th, Colonel *Taylor*, his Assistant Adjutant-General, sent the following message to *Stuart*: "The enemy now and then advance and feel our lines, and the general thinks there is nothing to indicate an intention on his part to retire, but rather that appearances would indicate an intention to move towards Spottsylvania Court

GRANT AND LEE, 1864-65

House,"³⁷ which contention is supported by General Gordon.³⁸

As was so often the case, *Lee's* staff duties were muddled; nevertheless, on the morning of the 7th he ordered³⁹ *Anderson*, now in command of *Longstreet's* corps, for, like *Jackson*, this general had been wounded by his own men, to move to Spottsylvania on the morning of the 8th; but as *Anderson* could find no

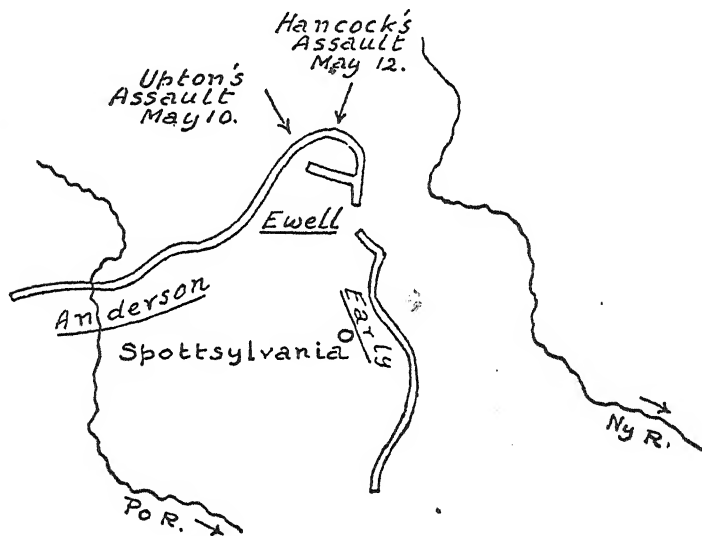


FIG. 14

place to bivouac, he did so that night, and as it happened short-headed Grant by a few hours.

In spite of his losses and the confusion which such a battle rendered inevitable, Grant was in no way dismayed. A lesser man would have halted and reorganized, but Grant determined to push on. To a staff officer he said: "To-night *Lee* will be retreating South,"⁴⁰ and within twenty-four hours of the battle being drawn, the Army of the Potomac was heading for Spottsylvania. There he found *Anderson* blocking

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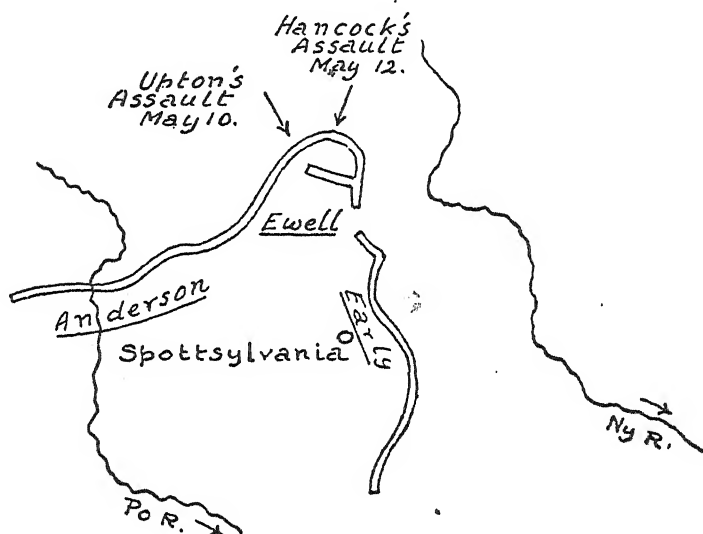


FIG. 14

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his way, and there he learned that Sherman's and Sigel's advances were progressing, but that Butler was in difficulties. In order to relieve the pressure on Butler's army⁴¹ he ordered Sheridan and the whole of the Cavalry Corps to "cut loose" and to proceed on a raid against the north of Richmond.

At Spottsylvania *Lee* ably entrenched himself between the rivers Po and Ny, his entrenchments taking the form of an inverted V. This enabled him to place the bulk of his men in line, and to use the garrison of one face of the V to reinforce the other as occasion demanded. The weak point was the apex, and this was not unnoticed by Grant, who, on the 10th, launched an attack under Colonel Upton against its western face and captured some 1,200 prisoners. This attack was so successful that he decided to employ the whole of Hancock's corps in an assault upon the apex of the salient. At 4.35 a.m. on the 12th Hancock moved forward through the mud and mist, marching on a compass bearing, and in massed formation struck the Confederate entrenchments and surged over them;⁴² but his assault formations were so dense that the mass of his men at once melted into an uncontrollable mob. "You could see," says General Barlow, "men of all commands intermingled and lying, in some places forty deep, on the other side of the captured works, and on the slope which ran down from them."⁴³ At 5.45 a.m. came the first Confederate counter-attack; then the struggle for the "Bloody Angle" began, in which *Lee* lost between 9,000 and 10,000 officers and men, and Grant 6,820.⁴⁴

Grant has been blamed for these persistent attacks, and mainly because it is not realized that had he attempted to manoeuvre *Lee* out of his position, which he might have done, he would have forced *Lee* back

towards Butler. This was the very thing he did not want to do, for by holding him as far away from Butler as he could, he facilitated his advance along the James River, which was causing as great a consternation⁴⁵ in Richmond as *Jackson's* in the Valley had to Washington two years before, which shows the wisdom of this distracting movement.

Beauregard, then in command of the Petersburg area, realizing that *Lee* must inevitably be forced out of the Spottsylvania position, on May 12 put up the following plan⁴⁶ to *Bragg*, then Chief of Staff to Davis: *Lee* to fall back behind the Chickahominy and send 10,000 men to *Beauregard*, who was also to be reinforced by 5,000 from Richmond, bringing his force up to 25,000. Butler to be attacked in flank and destroyed, after which, whilst *Lee* held Grant's front, *Beauregard* was to fall upon his left flank. Like all *Beauregard's* plans, this was an admirable one; but Jefferson Davis would not agree to it; nevertheless, on the 15th, *Beauregard* attacked Butler at Drury's Bluff and drove him back to Bermuda Hundred. On the 18th *Beauregard* outlined a somewhat similar plan in which he said: "Without such concentration nothing decisive can be effected, and the picture presented is one of ultimate starvation";⁴⁷ which was only too true. Nothing, however, would move *Lee*, and when, on the 19th, Davis informed him of *Beauregard's* suggestion, *Lee* refused to make a decision, leaving this to Davis.⁴⁸

Thus far Grant's central idea had been that wherever *Lee* went Meade should follow; for this he now substituted a bolder one, namely, wherever Meade went *Lee* should be compelled to follow. On the 20th Hancock's corps was moved south to Guinea's Station, and the next day *Lee* discovering this move began to withdraw from his entrenchments; but he

was too wary a general to get involved with Hancock; instead he placed himself between Richmond and his enemy by falling back on a position in the neighbourhood of Hanover Junction immediately south of the North Anna River.

Once again Grant's manoeuvre had succeeded strategically, but tactically it had failed. It had moved *Lee* out of his entrenchments, but it had not brought him to battle in the open; far from it, for the works *Lee* now occupied had been constructed during the previous winter and were formidable in the extreme, and there can be little doubt that from them *Lee* should have assumed an offensive. Grant's situation was an anxious one, and realizing the difficulty and cost of an assault, and no longer having to consider Butler, who was bottled up at Bermuda Hundred, he determined on another flanking movement.

On the afternoon of the 25th he withdrew his forces across the North Anna, and directed⁴⁹ Meade to move on Hanover Town. This movement, which was a complex one on account of the proximity of the two armies, was carried out successfully, and a new battle front was established on Totopotomoy Creek. *Lee* followed suit, both armies drifting southwards, *Lee* covering Richmond and Grant hoping against hope to compel *Lee* to come out of his trenches. By June 1 both armies confronted each other in the vicinity of Old and New Cold Harbor; *Lee*'s right flank resting on the Chickahominy and his left extending north of Gaines's Mill, the locality in which McClellan was repulsed in 1862.

On this ground was fought the battle of Cold Harbor, a battle which in the history of the Civil War has been given a prominence it does not deserve. it was not a great battle or a decisive one, *Lee*'s losses

were slight and Grant's not excessive, for they amounted to 5,617, of which 1,100 were killed and 4,517 wounded;⁵⁰ by most historians these losses have been grossly exaggerated. Its notoriety may be traced to political reason. The North was growing weary; intrigue was rife; the presidential election was approaching, and Lincoln's position was by no means secure. All hoped for speedy victory, and as battle followed battle Grant's stock fell in terms of public opinion.

Grant was not blind to this situation. He realized the urgency of an early success; but he also realized that if he now refrained from attacking *Lee*, politically this would be construed as the failure of the entire campaign. The alternative was a frontal assault, and rightly, so I think, he decided on one, but his method was faulty in the extreme.

First he postponed his attack twenty-four hours, timing the assault for 4.30 a.m. on June 3, which gave *Lee* ample time to strengthen his position. Secondly, he ordered an attack *all along the line* in place of massing his guns opposite a fraction of *Lee's* front, and then after a heavy bombardment assaulting this fraction. As it happened, each of his divisions was taken in enfilade⁵¹ as well as decimated by frontal fire, and all were so severely handled that the attack was decided in less than an hour.⁵² General McMahon says,⁵³ that the time taken in the actual advance was not more than eight minutes; Swinton says⁵⁴ ten.

Grant's military excuse for fighting this battle was that as *Lee* refused to assume the offensive he considered him "whipped,"⁵⁵ and though afterwards he regretted ever having fought it, he undoubtedly believed that the morale of *Lee's* army was spent, and remembering the successful assaults at Missionary Ridge and Spottsylvania, he considered that one

tremendous blow would overthrow his antagonist. Of Grant's offensive tactics Badeau says: "I have often heard him declare that there comes a time in every hard-fought battle when both armies are nearly or quite exhausted, and it seems impossible for either to do more; this he believed the turning-point; whichever after first renews the fight, is sure to win."⁵⁶ Unfortunately for Grant, though he expected the highest heroism from his own men, he failed to realize that his enemy was of the same stock.

The Petersburg Campaign

Grant was checked but not checkmated; to a lesser man Cold Harbor would have been a death blow, but to Grant it was to prove the stepping-stone of one of the most audacious and difficult operations of war ever attempted. Halleck suggested that Grant should invest Richmond from the north bank of the James; but as its most important lines of supply lay on its southern side, Grant saw that this suggestion was worthless. As *Lee's* front could no longer be attacked, he decided to attack *Lee's* rear—"to move the army to the south side of the James River by the enemy's right flank," in order to "cut off all his sources of supply except by the [James River] canal."⁵⁷

Meanwhile, as *Beauregard* had foreseen, *Lee* had been forced back to the defences of Richmond, and even now in place of concentrating, as *Beauregard* suggested, he dispersed his forces. Not only did he send *Breckinridge's* division back to the Valley, but, on June 11, *Early* was ordered to proceed to this same locality and threaten Washington. It was his old game, now a little worn by constant application. This time there was no panic; at Fort Stevens outside the

Northern Capital General Wright, in command of the reinforcing Sixth Corps which Grant had sent back from the James, met General McCook, who pointing out *Early's* pickets a few rods from the work said: "Well, Wright, there they are; I've nothing here but quartermaster's men and hospital bummers; the enemy can walk right in if he only tries; let's go down below and get some lager beer."⁵⁸ *Early* could have walked in, but had he done so he would never have walked out again; so wisely, he retired.

The detachment of *Early* seems to have had a curious psychological influence upon *Lee*. On June 7 *Beauregard* had telegraphed *Bragg*: "Should Grant have left *Lee's* front, he doubtless intends operations against Richmond along James River, probably on south side."⁵⁹ He pointed out the extreme danger Petersburg was in.⁶⁰ Two days later he writes: "The present movements of Grant's army have a significance which cannot have escaped your observation. He clearly seeks to move around *Lee's* forces, by an advance upon his left flank, in the direction of the James River, with a view to operate between that river and the Chickahominy, and in case of his meeting with no adequate resistance to plant himself on both sides of the former, throwing across it a pontoon bridge, as close to Chaffin's Bluff as circumstances may permit, and failing in this scheme, he may continue his rotary motion around Richmond, and attack by concentrating the whole of his army on the south side of the James River, using the fortified position at Bermuda Hundred Neck as a base for his operations."⁶¹ (See Map No. 11.)

This was an exact picture of what was about to take place, for, on June 7, Grant, in order to rid himself of *Lee's* cavalry, ordered Sheridan to move on Charlottesville. It is an interesting picture this:

Lee weakening his already over weak forces at a time when he wanted every man, and Grant forcing *Lee* to weaken himself still more by sending out Sheridan to strike at the Confederate communications. Thus we see that whilst *Lee* looked northwards Grant thought southwards. His plan was to withdraw his army, cross the Chickahominy swamps, bridge the James, a tidal river 700 yards wide, shift his base of supplies from White House to City Point, and advance on Petersburg. To accomplish this move, which, as Badeau says: "transcended in difficulty and danger any that he had attempted during the campaign," he first strongly entrenched his front, and under cover of these entrenchments began to withdraw his army at nightfall on the 12th. This astonishing manoeuvre was effected within close range of *Lee's* army, and in a hostile country swarming with spies. Not until the 18th, as we shall see, did *Lee* become fully aware of what was happening.

Grant's plan entailed the seizing of Petersburg before *Lee* could come to the support of *Beauregard*, who held the city with a small garrison. General Smith and the Eighteenth Corps were detailed for this operation.⁶² This corps was withdrawn from the Chickahominy on the 12th, and on the 14th Smith reported to General Butler, who strongly reinforced him. On the morning of the 15th he set out, and at about 10 a.m. came under range of the guns of Petersburg. From this hour until 5 p.m. he reconnoitred the position, and at length ordering his artillery up, discovered that the horses had been sent to water; this delayed the attack until 7 p.m. By 9 p.m., hearing that the first position was carried, he deemed "it wisêr to hold what we had than . . . to lose what we had gained . . ."; these are his own words.⁶³

GRANT AND LEE, 1864-65

Smith must have known that *Beauregard's* force was a weak one; actually it consisted of 2,200 artillery and infantry, and Smith had 18,000 troops. His delay and caution were inexcusable, he "feared to run any risk" and "preferred to sleep on his arms that night."⁶⁴

The importance of Petersburg to Richmond and the Confederate forces was so great, and its occupation so vital to the fulfilment of Grant's strategy that General



FIG. 15

Smith's lack of energy may well be considered one of the most serious errors of the entire campaign. Though a highly educated soldier, this failure proved him to be totally unfitted for command. Muddle now followed muddle; Hancock, who should have followed Smith's corps at short interval, lost hours of invaluable time in awaiting an issue of rations,⁶⁵ and when he caught up with Smith, this general made no proper use of his corps.⁶⁶

Meanwhile, on the 13th, *Lee* discovered that Grant had left his front⁶⁷ and simultaneously *Early* began his northern movement.⁶⁸ In place of recalling *Early*, the next day he wrote to Davis: "I think the enemy must be preparing to move south of the James," and further: "I apprehend that he may be sending troops up the James River with the view of getting possession of Petersburg before we can reinforce it."⁶⁹ He repeated this apprehension on the following day, and also wrote to Davis saying that "*Early* was in motion this morning at 3 o'clock and by daylight was clear of our camp. . . . *If you think it better to recall him*, please send a trusty messenger to overtake him to-night. I do not know that the necessity for his presence to-day is greater than it was yesterday. His troops would make us more secure here, but success in the Valley would relieve our difficulties that at present press heavily upon us."⁷⁰

The italics in the above quotation are mine; not only do these words, as usual, throw the onus of decision on Davis, but they suggest that *Lee* considered that *Early* should not be recalled, and further, that even should Grant move south of the James and seize Petersburg, *Early's* attack on Northern nerves would force his recall from the James as it forced McClellan's in 1862. No other assumption can explain his lethargy between the 15th and 18th.

Fortunately for *Lee*, *Beauregard* played his part with consummate skill. He was in fact so weak that he was compelled to call in the garrison of the works at Bermuda Hundred. This unbottled Butler, and enabled him to advance and place his army between Petersburg and Richmond, which must inevitably have resulted in the fall of the capital. Once again he blundered, and lost the opportunity of a life's time. Meade, meanwhile, persisted in attacking Petersburg

at its strongest point,⁷¹ and in consequence wrecked Grant's strategy.

On the 15th *Beauregard* reported his position at Petersburg to be critical,⁷² and *Lee* answered that he did "not know the position of Grant's army."⁷³ *Beauregard* was attacked on the 15th, 16th and 17th, and sent message after message asking for support; *Lee*, however, did nothing until the 17th, when he ordered *A. P. Hill* to move to Chaffin's Bluff.⁷⁴ Not until the 18th would he believe *Beauregard's* reports, when he telegraphed *Early*, "Grant is in front of Petersburg. Will be opposed there. Strike as quickly as you can, and if circumstances authorize, carry out the original plan, or move upon Petersburg without delay."⁷⁵

Between June 13 and 18 no impartial critic can doubt that *Lee's* generalship was of a low order. General *Alexander* writes: "Thus the last, and perhaps the best, chances of Confederate success were not lost in the repulse at Gettysburg, nor in any combat of arms. They were lost during three days of lying in camp, believing that Grant was hemmed in by the broad part of the James below City Point, and had nowhere to go but to come and attack us."⁷⁶ Grant's constant attacks had hypnotized *Lee* into believing that his adversary had no other cards to play. He sees that Grant may cross the James, then he doubts that he will do so, and stakes all on his old bluff—a Valley raid. When he arrived at Petersburg at 11.30 a.m. on the 18th, *Beauregard* urged him to order *Hill's* and *Anderson's* corps to attack Grant's left flank and rear. "*Lee* refused his assent, on the ground that his troops needed rest, and that the defensive having been thus far so advantageous to him against Grant's offensive north of the James, and to *Beauregard*, at Petersburg, he preferred continuing the same mode of

warfare.”⁷⁷ This meant the assumption of a passive defensive, and *Lee* knew it, for, on June 21, he wrote to Davis: “I hope your Excy will put no reliance in what I can do individually, for I feel that will be very little. The enemy has a strong position, and is able to deal us more injury than from any other point he has ever taken. Still we must try and defeat them. I fear he will not attack us but advance by regular approaches. He is so situated that I cannot attack him.”⁷⁸

From the date of this dispatch, that is from the date Grant began to lay siege to Petersburg, the end of the Confederacy, like a gathering storm cloud, loomed over the horizon of the war, daily growing greater and more leaden. Some reckoned on a Northern political collapse, a refusal to re-nominate Lincoln, and the consequent abandonment of the war; but *Lee* knew that as long as Grant held him at Richmond and Petersburg this was an event so unlikely as to be beyond practical politics. Grant’s tactics of attrition were telling, and during the siege of Petersburg they continued to tell for his shuttlecock operations of feinting here and striking there, says *Lee*, “fatigue and exhaust our men, greatly impairing their efficiency in battle.”⁷⁹ The only hope was to break this strangle-hold, to cut loose from Richmond and transfer the struggle to some other area. *Lee* looked furtively at *Early*. On June 29 he wrote to Davis: “I still think it is our policy to draw the attention of the enemy to his own territory. It may force Grant to attack me”;⁸⁰ and then, on July 11: “I fear I shall not be able to attack him to advantage, and if I cannot I think it would be well to reinforce General *Early*”;⁸¹ but where from?

Turning to Grant, we find no recrimination, no excuses, no blame. His plan had been wrecked by the incompetence of his subordinates. He once again

had failed, but he refused to accept failure, and instead modified his strategy without changing its central idea, which was to hold on to *Lee*. As he could not destroy *Lee* he would invest Petersburg, and then work round to the south of the city against *Lee's* lines of supply, the chief of which were the Weldon, the South Side and the Danville railroads. (See Map No. 11.) Though means vary, his idea remains constant, to hold fast to *Lee* so that Sherman's manoeuvre may continue.

Between June 18 and the end of October Grant waged incessant war on these railways, ever threatening Petersburg and so compelling the Confederate Government and *Lee* to concentrate on its protection. He realized that as long as Petersburg was in danger Richmond was threatened; not only would *Lee* be compelled to maintain a powerful force in its neighbourhood, but by doing so it would be most difficult for him to detach troops to oppose Sheridan now operating in the Valley, or to reinforce *Johnston*.

The Campaigns of Sheridan and Sherman

Whilst Grant was moving southwards through the Wilderness, attacking at Spottsylvania and on the Chickahominy, crossing the James and besieging Petersburg, it must be remembered that two other campaigns were in progress, namely, one in the Valley of Virginia and the other in Georgia, and that these two campaigns were as closely linked to his own as his was to them. These three were in fact essential parts of one grand campaign, and can only be correctly appreciated when related to each other.

In the Valley, on May 15, General Sigel had been badly defeated at Newmarket, and was replaced by

General Hunter who, on June 17, advanced to within five miles of Lynchburg. (See Map No. 4.). The next day meeting with *Early's* corps, sent north by *Lee* as already related, he retired into the Kanawha Valley, leaving the Shenandoah Valley open to *Early*, who forthwith advanced down it, and on July 11 threatened Washington. Foreseeing what was likely to happen, on the 5th Grant had already sent the Sixth Corps to Washington;⁸² in consequence, on the 14th *Early* recrossed the Potomac and retired towards Strasburg. In order to close the Valley Grant determined systematically to devastate it, and to carry out this work General Sheridan was given the command of the troops in that area on August 7.

At first Sheridan got into difficulties with the politicians at Washington, which necessitated Grant visiting him. Then he got into his stride, and decisively defeated *Early* at Opequon Creek on September 19. Following him up he again defeated him at Fisher's Hill on the 22nd, and again at Cedar Creek on October 19. These victories had a most encouraging influence on the political situation.

Meanwhile Sherman's lever was moving forward on Grant's fulcrum—the Army of the Potomac; it consisted of 100,000 men and 254 guns, and was opposed by *Johnston* at the head of 43,000 men⁸³ at Dalton. Imaginative and fertile in resources, Sherman saw clearly that in spite of his numerical superiority every mile he advanced would lengthen his communications and so reduce his strength. He determined, therefore, not to do what *Johnston* wished him to do, namely, attack him in strongly fortified positions; but instead, by constant manoeuvre, to keep a grip on him whilst Grant was hammering *Lee* in the East. On May 4 he advanced his united forces, the Army of the Cumberland, under Thomas, in the

centre, the Army of the Tennessee, under McPherson, on the right, and the Army of the Ohio, under Schofield, on the left; his tactical idea being: to advance on his enemy, gain contact with him, pin him down and then, by outflanking him, compel him to abandon his position and fall back. This he successfully did at Dalton, again on the Oostanaula



FIG. 16

river, at Etowah, Allatoona, New Hope Church and Marietta. At Kenesaw Mountain, on June 18, he attacked his enemy but with no great success;⁸⁴ nevertheless *Johnston*, on July 2, withdrew to the Chattahoochee River, where, on the 17th, the Confederate Government, not understanding his able tactics and disapproving of his constant retreats, replaced him by General *Hood*.

Hood, who was of an impetuous nature, attacked Sherman three times, and on each occasion was repulsed with heavy losses. Being compelled to fall back on Atlanta, Sherman followed him up; there *Hood's* position became untenable, and on September 1 "the gate city of the South" was in Sherman's hands.

Once Atlanta was occupied, according to Grant's strategical map, the next operation was to advance to the Atlantic coast; but this presupposed that *Hood's* army had first been annihilated, which was not the case, for, on September 20, this general withdrew to Palmetto Station, south-west of Atlanta and there entrenched himself. Further still, though Mobile Bay was now in Federal hands, Mobile itself had not been captured, and continued to hold out until March 11, 1865. On September 10 Grant wrote to Sherman suggesting that General Canby, who was operating against Mobile, should "act upon Savannah" whilst he (Sherman) moved on Augusta;⁸⁵ but this was most difficult to do, seeing that Sherman's base of supply was still at Louisville, 474 miles away, that he had nearly 1,000 miles of railway to protect, and that *Hood* now flanked an advance on Augusta, and was himself comparatively secure as long as Mobile held out. On the 20th Sherman replied that if Grant could secure Wilmington and the City of Savannah, he could keep *Hood* employed and put his own army "in fine order for a march on Augusta, Columbia and Charleston."⁸⁶ Meanwhile, as *Hood* threatened his line of supply, he sent Thomas back to Chattanooga.

Hood, seeing that he could no longer impede Sherman by direct opposition, decided in place to strike at his communications and so compel him to fall back in order to protect them. On the 29th he crossed the Chattahoochee and advanced on Marietta.

The effect of this move was that Sherman decided to leave a corps to hold Atlanta and set out in pursuit of him; but by October 11 he realized that it was a hopeless task, and so he suggested⁸⁷ to Grant that he should abandon this operation, and in place carry out the original plan of moving on Savannah or Charleston. Again, on the 20th, he wrote: "To pursue *Hood* is folly, for he can twist and turn like a fox, and wear out any army in pursuit."⁸⁸

At first Grant hesitated,⁸⁹ then, hearing from Sherman that Thomas could hold the line of the Tennessee, on November 2 he agreed to the advance.⁹⁰ On the 15th Sherman set out from Atlanta at the head of 60,000 men, and arrived at Savannah on December 21. Though on the way he was but weakly opposed, beyond all question his march had a decisive strategical and political influence on the war, for the destruction he wrought in Georgia, which was estimated at \$100,000,000, had a most demoralizing effect on the whole of the Confederacy, and particularly on *Lee's* army, thousands of his men deserting to their homes in order to succour their families.

Meanwhile *Hood* pushed on northwards, and Thomas failing to concentrate his army was compelled to fall back on Nashville. From there he sent out General Schofield to cover his concentration; this led to a battle at Franklin, in which, though Schofield was pushed back on Nashville, he crippled *Hood's* army by inflicting on it a loss of 6,300 casualties.⁹¹ Thomas, who now outnumbered *Hood* by nearly two to one, should have attacked him forthwith, in place he delayed to do so for fifteen days, causing the greatest perturbation to the Federal Government. When he did, on December 15, he easily defeated his antagonist.

Thus the defeat of *Hood* at Nashville and the

occupation of Savannah by Sherman ended the stupendous Federal campaign of 1864.

On May 5 Grant had opened the throttle of this great combined operation. He had hoped to end the war that summer, and though this hope was not realized, his strategy was so sound that in spite of many changes and modifications, his central idea remained unchanged. *Lee* was held as in a vice, and because he was thus held Sherman's grand manoeuvre prospered.

The end of the year brought the end of the war in sight. Lincoln had been re-elected President, thanks mainly to the enthusiasm aroused by the victories of Sherman and Sheridan; *Lee* was still held fast in Richmond, the Valley of Virginia was clear of Confederate troops, and beyond the silence of winter "there came," as Swinton says, "rolling across the plains of the Carolinas, beating nearer and nearer, the drums of Champion's Hill and Shiloh." Come what might, unless Sherman could be stopped, the Confederacy was doomed. Thus ended the memorable year of 1864.

Five Forks and Appomattox Court House

On January 11, 1865, *Lee* wrote to Seddon: "We have but two days' supplies";⁹² on the 19th: "There is great suffering in the Army for want of soap";⁹³ on the 27th he mentions the "alarming frequency of desertions";⁹⁴ on February 4 he acknowledged his "confirmation by the Senate as General-in-Chief of the Armies of the Confederate States";⁹⁵ and then, on the 22nd, he hinted to *Breckinridge*, the new Secretary of War, that he can do nothing until he abandons the James River.⁹⁶ The date of this announcement coincides with that of the fall of

Wilmington, and without Wilmington Richmond was throttled. *Lee* seems to have realized this, for again on this same day, February 22, he wrote to *Longstreet*: If forced to withdraw, "I propose to concentrate at or near Burkeville. . . . We might also seize the opportunity of striking at Grant, should he pursue us rapidly, or at Sherman, before they could unite."⁹⁷

On this same day, in spite of the fact that he was now Commander-in-Chief, he suggested to *Breckinridge* that General *Johnston* should be sent south to command against Sherman, adding "if he was ordered to report to me I would place him there on duty."⁹⁸ This wise move appears to have originated out of two suggestions⁹⁹ made to Davis by General *Beauregard*, one on February 3, and the other on February 21, that the only policy to adopt was to stop Sherman. On February 22 *Johnston* was detailed to do so, but it is *Lee* who should have gone South, for a General-in-Chief should always face the position of greatest danger and importance. With Sherman in North Carolina, Richmond had become a theatre of secondary value. *Lee* should have realized this directly Fort Fisher, the key to Wilmington, fell on January 15. Perhaps he did, but his subservience to Davis was so complete that he refused to move; he was paralyzed by his theory that duty demanded that he should suggest and must obey but should never decide.

General *Gordon* informs us, that during the first week in March he saw *Lee*, and placed before him three suggestions, which in order of precedence were:

- (1) To make the best possible terms with the enemy;
- (2) To abandon Richmond, join *Johnston*, and strike at Sherman;
- (3) To strike at Grant.

Lee's answers were typical of the man: "As regards the first he said: "that he scarcely felt authorized to suggest to the civil authorities the advisability of making terms." As regards the second, "he doubted whether the authorities in Richmond would consent to the movement," besides his men were in a starving condition, and he could not move half his artillery or trains. Whereupon *Gordon* urged him to assume his powers as Commander-in-Chief, and to point out to the Government the absolute necessity of securing favourable terms of peace while the army was still organized and resisting. Then *Gordon* says: "His long training as a soldier and his extreme delicacy were still in his way—a barrier against even apparent interference in any department not his own and against any step not in accord with the strictest military and official ethics. He said as much, but then added: 'I will go, and will send for you again on my return from Richmond' . . ." On his return "he said nothing could be done at Richmond. The Congress did not seem to appreciate the situation. Of President Davis he spoke in terms of strong eulogy: of the strength of his convictions, of his devotedness, of his remarkable faith in the possibility of still winning our independence, and of his unconquerable will power. The nearest approach to complaint or criticism were the words which I can never forget: 'You know that the President is very pertinacious in opinion and purpose' . . . 'What then is to be done, General?' He replied that there seemed to be but one thing that we could do—fight. To stand still was death. It could only be death if we fought and failed."¹⁰⁰

Grant's plan for 1865 was to draw the net closer and closer round his antagonist. His first problem was to occupy the remaining sea ports—Charleston,

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Mobile and Wilmington, of which the last was by far the most important. Its entrance was protected by Fort Fisher which, as I have already noted, fell on January 15. The capture of this fort was, says Vice-President Stephens, a blow equal to the loss of Vicksburg.¹⁰¹

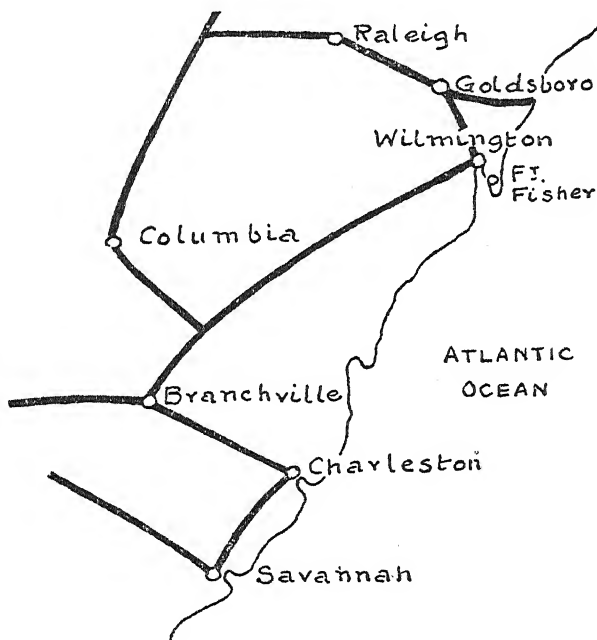


FIG. 17

Hood disposed of Fort Fisher in Federal hands, Grant fearing that *Lee* might attempt to break away and unite with *Johnston*, decided to watch him rather than attack him, holding his army in readiness to spring upon *Lee* should he abandon Richmond. Next he decided to close four columns in on *Lee*: Sherman to advance on Branchville, Columbia, and eventually

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on Raleigh;¹⁰² Schofield to be transferred from Tennessee to North Carolina, secure Wilmington and then occupy Goldsboro, in order to open a base of supplies for Sherman;¹⁰³ Sheridan to move on Lynchburg; Thomas to move on Selma, sending a strong force of cavalry under General Stoneman towards Columbia, and Canby to take and occupy Mobile.

Thomas's movement, on account of his extreme slowness, failed; Schofield, however, occupied Wilmington on February 22, and Sherman advancing north on February 1, after a march of 425 miles joined hands with Schofield at Goldsboro on March 23. Meanwhile Sheridan set out towards Staunton, annihilated the remnants of *Early's* army, occupied Charlottesville, and then turning south rejoined the Army of the Potomac on March 19.

Lee's situation was now a desperate one. On February 19 he warned¹⁰⁴ his Government that Richmond might have to be abandoned, and on March 23 hearing¹⁰⁵ from *Johnston* that Sherman had joined hands with Schofield, two days later, apparently to disengage himself, he assumed the offensive, attacked Fort Steadman and failed hopelessly on account of faulty staff arrangements.¹⁰⁶ The initiative was now Grant's absolutely, and not waiting for Sherman, who was unable to advance on the Roanoke River until April 10, Grant decided to strike, and on the 24th issued his orders.

His plan was to hold the trenches north of the James with one corps—the Twenty-fifth; mass two, the Ninth and the Sixth in the Petersburg area ready to break the enemy's front should *Lee* strip it; the remainder, in all 66,000 men, preceded by Sheridan and 14,000 cavalry, to move west and turn *Lee's* right flank.¹⁰⁷

Hearing that *Lee* was concentrating on his right, in spite of the rain which in many places had rendered the ground impassable for wheeled traffic, Grant, on the 30th, ordered Sheridan to seize the road junction at Five Forks. (See Map No. 11.) This he did on April 1, decisively beating General *Pickett*. The result of this battle was that the South Side railroad was now at Grant's mercy, consequently the fate of Petersburg was sealed.

Learning of this success, in order to prevent a concentration against Sheridan, and to enable him to advance on the South Side railroad, Grant ordered an assault along the whole of the Petersburg front. This took place at 4 a.m. on April 2, the Confederate works west of Petersburg¹⁰⁸ being penetrated and *Lee's* army cut in two. All west of *Lee's* centre was now being driven by Sheridan beyond the Appomattox, and all east of it was forced into Petersburg by Grant wheeling his left flank inwards. Early on the 3rd Petersburg was occupied, and Richmond was at last in Federal hands.

Correctly surmising that *Lee* would follow the Danville railroad in order to gain the Roanoke, Grant decided not to follow him and become involved with his rear guards, but instead to get ahead of him and intercept his line of retreat.¹⁰⁹ On the 3rd, before leaving Petersburg, Grant had written to Sheridan saying: "The first object of present movement will be to intercept *Lee's* army and the second to secure Burkesville";¹¹⁰ consequently Sheridan continued his movement westwards, intercepting *Lee's* retreat on Danville; whereupon *Lee* decided to march upon Farmville. He was now to all intents and purposes hemmed in; on his left was Sheridan and the Sixth Corps, on his right the Fifth Corps, and in rear of him the Second; nevertheless he pushed on,

deciding to cross to the left bank of the Appomattox at Farmville and gain Danville by the road leading through Appomattox Court House.

On April 2 *Lee* had turned the head of his army towards Amelia Court House, his one idea now being to join up with *Johnston*. Not only was this move weeks, if not months, too late, but as he advanced his half-starved army began to dissolve, men deserting by hundreds and thousands. Yet, on the 1st, at Richmond, or within easy call of this city, were stored up 4,000,000 rations of meat and 2,500,000 of bread, without counting considerable supplies of tea, coffee and sugar. *Lee* could have drawn on these immense supplies not only before the evacuation of Richmond but during it; this is made abundantly clear by Jefferson Davis; but he issued no orders concerning them, and when asked at what point on the railroad he would like supplies sent, he replied "that the military situation made it impossible to answer."¹¹¹ The final dictum of history must be that whatever excellence *Lee* possessed as a strategist or as a tactician, he was the worst Quartermaster-General in history, and that, consequently, his strategy had no foundations, with the result that his tactics never once resulted in an overwhelming and decisive victory.

As the Army of Northern Virginia straggled onwards to its doom, Grant ordered the Second and Sixth Corps to move north of the Appomattox and press the enemy's rear, while Sheridan, the Fifth and Ord's¹¹² Corps, were directed on to Appomattox Station,¹¹³ as information had been received that *Lee* intended to resupply his army at that place. On the evening of the 8th Sheridan reached Appomattox Station, from where he pushed *Lee's* advanced troops back towards the Court House. On the morning of the 9th *Lee* advanced to attack him, when Sheridan's

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cavalry "parting to the right and left," disclosed the Fifth and Ord's Corps in line behind them. Simultaneously the Second and Sixth Corps arrived in rear of *Lee's* men. The white flag was then raised,¹¹⁴ and a little later, at McLean's house, in "a naked little parlour containing a table and two or three chairs," *Robert E. Lee* at the head of 7,892 infantry with arms, 2,100 cavalry, 63 guns and not a single ration, surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant.

CHAPTER VII

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Grant and Lee

COMPARISONS are often waste of time, and more especially so when they are made out of place and out of date. Thus, to compare Alexander the Great with Napoleon would not be a profitable task, in spite of the fact that both were great generals, great conquerors and great autocrats; because the conditions in which they lived, thought and worked were so different. To compare Cromwell with George Washington would be still less profitable, though both were revolutionary leaders, and to compare Wellington with Edward III would border on the ridiculous, yet their tactical predilections were very similar.

Grant we can, however, compare with *Lee*, and *Lee* with Grant; for though in so many ways these two men were different, they were of the same nation, they fought at the same date and in the same war; yet, in spite of these common links, they nevertheless were representatives of two diverging epochs, *Lee* belonging to the old agricultural age and Grant to the new industrial. The one was the expression of spiritual energy, the other of physical; and it is because of this difference in the intellectual and moral spheres in which they were called upon to work, that a comparison between them is so interesting and instructive.

Outwardly it would be impossible to discover men

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so different as Grant and *Lee*, yet inwardly they were very similar in type, endowed as they were with the same high principle of duty. Further, both possessed an indomitable resolution, high moral and physical courage and remarkable self-control in the face of danger. Both may be called fatalists. Grant did not believe in chance, *Lee* with all his heart and soul believed in God; and it is here, I think, in their moral and spiritual outlooks upon men, the affairs of men, and upon the world generally, that we can discover the one great difference which toned their sense of duty. To the one the good in mankind must ultimately triumph over the evil; to the other all triumph was of God, through God and by God. Both discovered that calmness of spirit which was the soul of their respective generalships, the pivot upon which they worked. To *Lee*, a rigid pivot which was beyond all rational control; to Grant, a rational one under ethical direction. To the first virtue was reflected from without, to the second it was generated from within. The one may be compared to a mirror which must be kept spotlessly clean, the other to a dynamo which must be well cared for.

As is ever the case, the inner man, that personal factor which makes one man one thing and another man another thing, controlled all their actions, and was in consequence the mainspring of their differences, the workings of which were further set apart by their respective ages, for on the outbreak of the war *Lee* was 53 and Grant 39, and, as is normally the case, the older man was far less resilient to change and, consequently, far more fixed in his opinions. Both in a way started as amateurs, for though both had served in the Mexican War, the Civil War was something quite different. At Belmont, at Donelson and at Shiloh Grant's mistakes were profound, but he

did not repeat them; in his West Virginian Campaign *Lee's* mistakes were equally profound, yet he learned nothing from them. Grant at Vicksburg is a totally different general from Grant at Belmont; but *Lee* at Gettysburg is the same man as *Lee* at Cheat mountain: there is the same lack of order, of combination, of central control and of authority. Whilst Grant learned how to stamp his mind on his operations, turning intellectual conceptions into co-ordinated actions, *Lee* merely continued to stamp his spirit on the hearts of his men. His outlook is complex, it is divided between his sense of duty and his sense of generalship, Providence and himself, the Government and himself, and himself and his subordinate commanders. Grant's outlook is simpler and, consequently, more all-embracing. He sees the war as a whole far more completely so than *Lee* ever saw it. His conceptions are simpler and less rigid; he is pre-eminently the grand-strategist, whilst *Lee* is pre-eminently the field strategist. His orders are simple, direct and unmistakable, *Lee's* more often than not are vague and frequently verbal. In the Official Records of the war it is conspicuous that no sooner is battle engaged than *Lee's* written orders cease.

In the realm of popular opinion, and historical opinion also, *Lee* was an imaginative genius, endowed with that supreme gift of generalship, namely, of being able to creep into his adversary's shoes and read his adversary's mind. Yet I believe that Grant was right when he said: *Lee* was not a highly imaginative man. It is true he read McClellan like a book, and rightly gauged during the first two years of the war the nervousness of Washington. Yet when McClellan had gone, who in his opinion was the ablest Federal general who ever confronted him and "by all odds,"¹ this magic began to wane; had he read Burnside

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aright he would have counter-attacked him at Fredericksburg, and had he read Hooker aright, on May 1, 1863, his army would have been far more effectively distributed than it was to attack him. Then, in the last year of the war, Grant was largely an enigma to him, and his misreading of the spirit of the North is proved by the fact that he once again attempted his now rusty sword-thrust of a raid down the Valley of Virginia.

In my own opinion *Lee* never fathomed Grant. It is true that after the war he is reported to have said: "I have carefully searched the military records of both ancient and modern history, and have never found Grant's superior as a general."² On the face of it such research work is so at variance with *Lee's* normal behaviour, that I am convinced this statement is a fabrication. The reason he never understood Grant is best given by Colonel Bruce:

"It has been said more than once that General Grant had not the gift of imagination. It is true that he had not that kind of imagination that sees an enemy where none exists; that multiplies by five the numbers of those who happen to be in his front; that discovers obstacles impossible to overcome whenever there is a necessity to act; that sees the road open and the way clear to victory when the foe is far away and not threatening; that conjures up, on his near approach, a multitude of impossible movements being made on the flanks and on the rear; that sets the brain of a commander into a whirl of doubt and uncertainty which generally ends in a hasty retreat or ignominious defeat. . . ."

This type of emotional imagination *Lee* could grasp, but Grant was not of this type.

"It was not through knowledge gained from books but through the gift of an historic imagination in part that he was enabled to see the true character of the great conflict in which he was engaged, its relation to the past and its bearing on the future; that enabled him to take in at a glance the whole field of the war, to form a correct opinion of every suggested and possible strategic

campaign, their logical order and sequence, their relative value and the interdependence of the one upon another; and finally at Appomattox, the moment *Lee* let drop his flag, to see that the end had come and the whole Southland was once more a part of a common country and her conquered soldiers were again his countrymen."³

This type of imagination *Lee* could not understand, because he was not a highly imaginative man, and I think that far too much has been made of his powers of intuition. Of Grant, Badeau says: "He often said of those opposed to him: 'I know exactly what that general will do'; 'I am glad such an one is in my front'; 'I would rather fight this one than another.'"⁴ His insight of *Floyd*, *Pillow*, *Buckner*, *Pemberton* and *Bragg* is quite as remarkable as *Lee's* of *McClellan*, *Pope*, *Burnside* and *Hooker*; but the difference was this, that whilst Grant used his imagination as a plummet line *Lee* used his as a trowel; *Lee* built his plans out of his intuitions, and time after time he failed because his intuition was at fault. Contempt for his enemy was the fruit of his imagination and not of his reason; and this contempt led him into the follies of Antietam and Gettysburg. Grant used his imagination not to build his plans upon it, but to rectify them by it. All said and done, before the outbreak of the war, the army being common to North and South, there is nothing remarkable in the fact that *Lee* understood *McClellan*, and Grant *Pemberton*. But whilst, in the Antietam campaign, *Lee* trusted this understanding so implicitly that he did not hesitate to scatter his army, at Vicksburg, as we have seen, Grant through an elaborate series of bluffs so played upon his adversary's weaknesses, that he was eventually able to carry out a hazardous campaign in complete safety. When, having started for Gettysburg, *Lee* suddenly asked Davis to mobilize a new army under

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Beauregard to relieve the pressure on his own army by threatening Washington; Grant, before he advanced into the Wilderness, foresaw a possible move south of the river James and also the siege of Richmond. *Lee* lacked prevision, not only because he held his enemy in contempt, but because he had a horror of detail; Grant, from 1863 onwards, never failed to exercise it. He was a man of thought, *Lee* was a man of impulse; yet his impulses were always rigid—the relief of Virginia.

The Old and the New Tactics

Before I outline in greater detail the generalship of these two men, I must hark back to the question of tactics which I examined in Chapter I; for it is through a failure to appreciate the changes in the art of war which took place during the middle of the last century that most historians of the Civil War have gone astray. Unless these changes are fully realized, the stupendous task which confronted the North in its conquest of the South will be entirely overlooked and Grant's generalship obscured, as it has been in most histories.

This war opened with a clash between half-armed farmers and half-trained soldiers. From the first material resources preponderated in the North, and throughout the war were lacking in the South; consequently, had the rifle, the supreme weapon in this war, been more powerful in the attack than in the defence, there can be no question that the Confederacy would have been sooner crushed. This was, however, not so, for always and ever has the missile weapon excelled the shock weapon in the defence, and in this war it utterly outclassed it. Consequently, minor tactics were definitely against the Northern soldier,

because his major tactics demanded the offensive; for without the offensive the South could not be brought to heel. It was the problem which had faced the French in La Vendée and in the peninsula of Spain, which had faced Napoleon in Russia, and the British in South Africa during the Boer War of 1899-1902. Not only was the Northern soldier, through force of circumstances, compelled to fight in his enemy's country, but he was compelled to devastate it as well as conquer it, in order to protect himself against the bands of irregular troops which were met with here, there and everywhere. The importance of this problem and the difficulties it entailed can be best appreciated by the fact that all of *Lee's* victories were gained in his own country, and that no single excursion into his enemy's territories proved successful.

I have examined this question fairly fully in my book *The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant*, in which I wrote:

"In my opinion, few periods in military history have been so misunderstood as the one under review; and, consequently, few generals-in-chief have suffered greater injustice than Grant. The reason for this misunderstanding is obvious, directly it is appreciated that the Civil War was the first of its kind; by which I do not mean that it was the first of all such wars, but the first of all modern wars; and though strategically it can be compared to wars which preceded it, tactically it can only be judged correctly by those which followed it. In fact a writer who possessed no knowledge of the tactics of previous wars, and some knowledge of tactics since 1865, could not possibly have displayed so intense an ignorance of the nature of the tactics of this war as has been done by so many of the learned yet purblind historians who have obscured the very nature of the war through excess of strategical knowledge and paucity of tactical understanding.

"For instance, Ropes, and no man can doubt his knowledge or interest in the war, has but a faint idea of its tactical nature. To him there is no trace of Marlborough, Wellington or Napoleon in Grant's last campaign—its terrible, bloody battles, its encounters of every day . . . the noble trees cut down by musket

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bullets . . . the thousands of thousands of brave men slain and maimed, and, above all, the indecisive results, amaze, terrify, repel, dishearten us.' And again: 'The experience of the Army of the Potomac in the campaign was in fact a new experience for soldiers. Sacrifices were demanded every day of the rank and file of the army which had hitherto been required only occasionally, and then only from those selected for some special post of honour or danger.' These things he cannot understand: 'To lie in a new-dug rifle-pit a hundred yards from the enemy for several days under constant fire is much like the experience of the engineer troops in a siege. To rush from this rifle-pit upon the enemy's works is the act of a forlorn hope, whose gallant performance is the admiration of a storming column, itself selected for a special and dangerous service. But it is not every day that the sap is pushed forward or the breach assaulted.'⁵

"Why cannot he understand them; why does he talk of Marlborough and Wellington, of new experiences, of rifle-pits, prolonged battles, siege-works and indecisive results? Because he does not understand that the rifle bullet has completely revolutionized tactics. His knowledge enables him to place his finger on the pulse of war, yet he cannot count its heart throbs, nor can he diagnose its fever. He is blind to the reality of rifle warfare; yet, though he wrote the above extracts in 1884, he was no blinder than the majority of generals of thirty years later, or many of to-day. The rifle bullet utterly changed tactics, and unless this is understood all knowledge is a blank, worse—a danger.

"The 1864-1865 campaign in Virginia was the first of the modern campaigns; it initiated a tactical epoch, and did not even resemble the wars of ten years before its date. It was not a campaign of bayonets but of bullets. . . . On the battlefields of the Wilderness and of Spottsylvania the Confederate ordnance officers collected for recasting more than 120,000 pounds of lead,⁶ and even if this amount represents a twentieth part of the bullets fired, then, at two ounces apiece the number expended was 19,000,000. When did Marlborough, or Wellington, or Napoleon face such a hail of projectiles?

"It was the bullet which created the trench and the rifle-pit; which killed the bayonet; which rendered useless the sword; which chased away guns and horsemen; which, from May 5, 1864, to April 9, 1865, held the contending forces in 'constant close contact, with rare intervals of brief comparative repose,'⁷ and which prevented the rapid decisions of the battles of preceding centuries. In 1861-1865 the rifle bullet was the lord of the battlefield as was the machine gun bullet in 1914-1918."⁸

This must be remembered, for otherwise it is futile to attempt to assess the generalship of Grant or Lee. Neither of them understood the tactics of the bullet, or its influences upon former tactical conceptions, morale and tactical organization. Both were like children playing with a new and complicated toy, and seeing that, in 1914-1918, Marshal Foch⁹ understood the bullet no better, it is a remarkable fact that Grant and Lee understood it as well as they did. This lack in the appreciation of the power of the rifle bullet has constituted the supreme tragedy of modern warfare, a drama of insanity in which millions have perished for a dream—the bayonet clinch, the flash of steel, the stab and the yell of victory.¹⁰

Generalship and Grand Strategy

The correlation of all the forces of war and the resources of peace in accordance with the political object of the war is the main duty in grand strategy, a duty which in a democratic country must be divided between the head of the Government and the General-in-Chief. Without this correlation there can be no stable fulcrum whereon to move the lever of operations. The General-in-Chief must not only be acquainted with the national policy, but what is still more important he must be in a position to suggest modifications which are bound to arise during the war. His plans are based on this policy, and as they succeed, or fail, so must policy be modified.

When the Civil War was declared, grand strategy was conspicuous through its absence. There was no co-ordination of policy and plan in the North or in the South; all that existed was potential force on the one side and active idealism on the other, the one

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directed towards conquest and the other towards resistance. The impulse of the North soon, however, began to centralize into a vague ill-constructed grand strategical base; because the ideal of union, the necessity of conquest and command of the sea compelled co-ordination. In the South, from the beginning to the end of the war, no such manifestation took place; for State rights were antagonistic to unity; fractionizing ideas, they led to a dispersion of force, the adoption of an all-round defence, and reliance upon European intervention. Whilst the North was compelled through force of circumstances to develop its resources, the South, relying on Europe for its munitions of war, failed to do so; with the result, that more and more did Southern policy develop into a political game of chance, and this may clearly be seen from Jefferson Davis's communications to Congress, which are devoted more largely to the subject of foreign recognition than to the war itself.

As I have stated in the first chapter of this book, there were three sub-theatres of war, the economic, the political and the strategical. The importance of the first was at once recognized, but the North did not possess a sufficiency in naval power to carry out a complete blockade of the Southern ports; had it been able to do so, resistance would have rapidly collapsed, in fact without European assistance it would have been scarcely possible for the Confederacy to have maintained an organized army in the field. The importance of the second assumed an exaggerated form, overshadowing the first and the third, for the war rapidly developed into a contest between the two capital cities. This undoubtedly took place because both Lincoln and Davis were all but totally ignorant of strategy. The result of this misdirection of force was that the blockade was not pushed to the full, and

that for nearly three years a series of disastrous battles was waged in the political theatre with little or no reference to the strategical theatre. Under Halleck's guidance, Lincoln was completely at sea; whilst Jefferson Davis was guided solely by his own military conceit, *Lee* exerting practically no influence whatsoever on his strategy. Davis, as I have already shown,¹¹ did not even understand what modern war entailed; he had no conception of the changes which industrial civilization had created in war and the methods of waging it. His military outlook was eighteenth century and not nineteenth century; it was in fact completely out of focus with reality.

Lee, as I have shown, was no grand strategist, and, consequently, a most indifferent General-in-Chief, or Chief of Staff, or adviser to his Government. His sole grand strategical work of importance was when he asked Colonel *Marshall* to prepare the draft of a bill "for raising an army by the direct agency of the Confederate Government," in other words, conscription; which measure "completely reversed the previous military legislation of the South." *Lee* rightly considered that European intervention was more likely if the South were strong. "He thought," writes *Marshall*, "that every other consideration should be regarded as subordinate to the great end of the public safety, and that since the whole duty of the nation would be war until independence should be secured, the whole nation should for the time be converted into an army, the producers to feed and the soldiers to fight."¹² Conscription was adopted, but with so many restrictions as to be largely vitiated in value, and though *Lee* realized this, he never once demanded an amendment to the Act.

That *Lee* could not see the grand strategical aspect would appear to be untrue, but that he could not

bring himself to insist upon its importance, I think, I have proved beyond a doubt. *Marshall* tells us that his object was to draw the war out to indefinite length. "The means to accomplish this end were to frustrate the enemy's designs; to break up campaigns undertaken with vast expense and with confident assurance of success; to impress upon the minds of the Northern people the conviction that they must prepare for a protracted struggle, great sacrifice of life and treasure, with the possibility that all might at last be of no avail; and to accomplish this at the smallest cost to the Confederacy."¹³ If this is so, then *Lee's* campaigns into Maryland show his lack in realizing how this Fabian strategy should be accomplished; why did he undertake them?

This question I have already answered: He was obsessed by Virginia and the moral aspect of war, the importance of the Federal capital casting a spell upon him. His one and only grand strategical principle was to terrify Washington. This would have been a perfectly sound object had his army been well administered and provided with a siege train, but without these two essentials it was really futile, and grew more and more so as the war was prolonged.

According to *Marshall*, *Lee* favoured Virginia because of the importance of Washington¹⁴; according to E. Townsend, because Virginia was his native State¹⁵; Grant, according to Sherman,¹⁶ held a similar view. Pollard hints at the same thing when he writes: "The fact was that, although many of General *Lee's* views were sound, yet, outside of the Army of Northern Virginia, and with reference to the general affairs of the Confederacy, his influence was negative and accomplished absolutely nothing." Again: "His most notable defect was that he never had or conveyed any inspiration in the war." Also

quoting from a Richmond paper, after the battle of the Wilderness: "When will he [Lee] speak? Has he nothing to say? What does he think of our affairs? Should he speak, how the country would hang upon every word that fell from him!"¹⁷

That Lee, though loyal to Virginia, was at heart disloyal to the Confederacy, is absurd. But that Lee was so obsessed by Virginia that he considered it the most important area of the Confederacy to me is undoubted. To him the Confederacy was but the base of Virginia, not only because he was a Virginian, but because the only form of attack he really understood was the moral offensive, and Virginia enabled him to carry this out. Had the capital of the Union been situated in Kentucky, the Virginian within him would not have prevented him carrying out a war of nerves in that State.

At the beginning of the war he said to General *Imboden*:

"Our people are brave and enthusiastic and are united in defense of a just cause. I believe we can succeed in establishing our independence, if the people can be made to comprehend at the outset that they must endure a longer war and far greater privations than our forefathers in the Revolution of 1776. We will not succeed until the financial power of the North is broken. . . . The conflict will be mainly in Virginia. She will be the Flanders of America before this war is over and her people must be prepared for this. If they resolve at once to dedicate their lives and all they possess to the cause of constitutional government and Southern independence and to suffer without yielding as no other people have been called upon to suffer in modern times, we shall, with the blessing of God, succeed in the end; but when it will be no man can foretell. I wish I could talk to every man, woman and child in the South now and impress them with these views."¹⁸

The tragedy is not Lee's disloyalty, but his total inability to realize that the only way he could talk to the people of the Confederacy was through their

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Government. This he could not do, because it would have been an infringement of the divine right of the Southern President to do as he pleased, and he believed in this right as fervently as a fanatical cavalier believed in the divine right of Charles I to rule, or misrule, England. "Of one thing I am certain," wrote Jones, the diarist, in January, 1865, "that the people are capable of achieving independence, if they only had capable men in all departments of the government."¹⁹ *Lee* realized this as clearly as did Jones, but his sense of duty to God was such that he could not violate his trust in His divine power. It was not because *Lee* placed Virginia before the Confederacy that he failed to be a grand strategist, a true General-in-Chief, but because he placed his sense of duty to God before all things.

Nevertheless, *Lee* did not want to serve outside Virginia; consciously, or unconsciously, he seems to have realized that he lacked the personality of a General-in-Chief, or else entirely failed to realize what such a Commander should do. In May, 1863, we find Jefferson Davis writing: "I note your request to be relieved of the command of the troops between the James River and the Cape Fear. This is one of the few instances in which I have found my thoughts running in the opposite direction from your own. It has several times occurred to me that it would be better for you to control all the operations of the Atlantic slope, and I must ask you to reconsider the matter."²⁰ Davis was undoubtedly right, but *Lee* could not tolerate the complexities of so extensive a command; his thoughts were always concentrated on Virginia, consequently he never fully realized the importance of Tennessee, or the strategic power which resided in the size of the Confederacy. Not until Sherman was hammering at the back door of Rich-

mond did he begin to see the importance of the Western areas, and then, as we have seen, during the first three months of 1865 he could not decide whether to strike south until it was too late to do so.

Taking no interest in politics, and holding the North in utter contempt, in place of assisting Southern policy he unbalanced it. After the battle of Manassas, in 1862, though it was strategically sound to move into Maryland, grand strategically it was fatal because policy was seeking peace with the North, and such a move could but rouse the North to increased effort. After Chancellorsville, the move into this same area was fatal, strategically because Grant's grip on Vicksburg demanded that every possible man should be sent to *Johnston's* assistance, and grand strategically because, once again as policy was seeking peace, the invasion of Maryland and beyond was the very worst means of gaining it.

Turning to Grant we find a totally different picture. Though he did not become General-in-Chief until March, 1864, the entire series of his Western campaign shows a deep-rooted appreciation of grand strategy. Unlike *Lee* he did not start out on his career as a close adviser to his Government, but as an orderly room clerk with none too good a reputation, because after the Mexican War drink had broken him. Having already dealt fairly fully with his grand strategical evolution, all I will here do is to recapitulate its salient points.

When at Cairo, in 1861, he at once saw the strategical importance of Paducah; after the capture of Donelson he saw the importance of the Mississippi, which led to his Vicksburg campaign, in which he gained control of this river. Immediately after the fall of Vicksburg he suggested²¹ an expedition to capture Mobile, and why? So that from there operations

might be directed *against the rear of Bragg's army at Chattanooga*. He saw quite clearly that, whilst Chattanooga was the back door to Virginia, Mobile was the side door to Georgia, and that once in Federal hands a Confederate force at Chattanooga was threatened in rear and a Federal force advancing from this town south would have its right flank and then its rear protected. I have already quoted the plan he suggested to Halleck on December 7, 1863, here I will quote from his *Memoirs*, he says: "I had great hopes of having a campaign made against Mobile from the Gulf. I expected after Atlanta fell to occupy that place permanently, and cut off *Lee's* army from the West by way of the road running through Augusta to Atlanta and thence south-west. I was preparing to hold Atlanta with a small garrison, and it was my expectation to push through to Mobile if that city was in our possession, if not, to Savannah; and in this manner to get possession of the only east and west railroad that would then be left to the enemy."²² His whole idea was to operate against *Lee's* communications, and once he had cut them make use of them in order to operate against *Lee's* rear. This is shown quite clearly on the strategic map received by Sherman on April 2, and though the letter explaining it is lost, from Sherman's reply and from Grant's proposals to Halleck of December 7, it is clear that *Lee's* rear was his objective.

Thus we see that whilst Grant's outlook was general, embracing the whole theatre of war, his leading idea was single, namely, the destruction of the enemy's main army. In comparison *Lee's* outlook was local, he concentrated on a small corner of the entire theatre, his leading idea being to terrify the Northern Government by making the politicians so nervous as to the safety of Washington, which at no time in the

war he was capable of besieging, that they would leave Richmond alone. Though he took no interest whatever in politics, his object was a political one because his outlook was non-strategic. True, he understood the strategy of Virginia, that is how to make use of its communications, but the strategy of the entire theatre of war was all but a closed book to him. In spite of all his ability, his heroism and the heroic efforts of his army, because he would think and work in a corner, taking no notice of the whole, taking no interest in forming policy or in the economic side of the war, he was ultimately cornered and his cause lost.

Generalship and Grand Tactics

Whilst grand strategy is the correlation of the operations of war and the policy of the Government supported by the resources of the country, grand tactics may be defined as the organization and distribution of the fighting forces themselves in order to accomplish the grand strategical plan, or idea. The grand strategical object is the destruction of the enemy's policy, and whilst politically the decisive point is the will of the hostile nation, grand tactically it is the will of the enemy's commander.²³ According to Clausewitz, "There are three principal objects in carrying on war:

"(a) To conquer and destroy the enemy's armed forces;

"(b) To get possession of the material elements of aggression, and of the other sources of existence of the hostile army;

"(c) To gain public opinion."²⁴

The first is gained by destroying the enemy's plan, the second by undermining his economic strength,

and the third by winning victories which depress his national morale and by occupying his capital, which not only disorganizes his government but is a visible sign to all that its cause has failed.

From this it will be seen that grand tactics is concerned more with disorganization and demoralization than with actual destruction, which is the object of minor tactics. Whilst grand strategy embraces the resources of the entire nation, and grand tactics the plan, or plans, of all the fighting forces, field strategy and minor tactics bring these to fruition through manoeuvre and actual fighting. The terms "major tactics," which is sometimes made use of, is nothing more than the grand tactics of a single battle: the combination of arms, and not the immediate co-operation between weapons.

In Chapter I I pointed out that the causes of the war demanded that the grand strategy of the North should be offensive, and that of the South defensive. The one side had to press; the other—to resist. At the opening of the war both sides were totally unprepared to do so, and as is so often the case when preparation is lacking, both fell into the common error of attacking before they were morally and economically ready to attack.

Of Clausewitz's "three principal objects," the first and the third were aimed at, whilst at the outset of the war it was the second which was the all-important one. Before moving on Washington, as the South half-heartedly wanted to do after the first battle of Bull Run, and before moving on Richmond, as the North attempted to do the following year, the South should have made a far greater effort in the fortification of such of its sea-ports connected to the interior by railway, and the North should have made a far greater effort not merely in blockading them, but in

occupying them by concentrating its comparatively slender naval power against each one *in turn*, and against Wilmington first.

During 1861 *Lee* was directly concerned with their defence, and after he was summoned to Richmond in March, 1862, though he did not lose sight of their value, it is curious that he did not insist upon retaining them under his immediate command, for far more so than Richmond did they constitute his main base of operations.

With Grant it was otherwise, for though, until the spring of 1864, he was in no way directly concerned with the grand strategy, or grand tactics, of the war, from the occupation of Fort Donelson onwards his grand tactics were based on cutting off segment after segment of the Confederacy, and so restricting its resources, more so than in defeating his enemy's armies. He saw clearly the economic value of gaining the Mississippi, and once gained he realized the value of occupying Mobile. Yet, though Mobile still held his gaze after he had become General-in-Chief, it is extraordinary that he did not insist upon the occupation of Wilmington before the Wilderness campaign opened, or, if time were too short for this, as soon as possible after it had opened, for this seaport was *Lee's* supply base—it was the “rail-head” of the Confederacy.

Though Grant, as General-in-Chief, does not seem to have realized the intimate connection between sea-power and land-power, he did realize that the grand tactical problem was primarily one of reducing the size of the theatre of war, whilst *Lee* failed to see that the grand tactical problem of the South was diametrically the opposite, and that, consequently, his object should have been to draw out the war to an indefinite length. This was not to be gained by

fighting aggressive battles *within* his enemy's country, but in place, to draw the enemy into his own country where a guerilla war could be waged against him, and then to manoeuvre him into a false position and compel him to assume the offensive at a disadvantage. For such grand tactics he required above all space to manoeuvre in, and though it was no fault of his that Richmond was so close to the enemy's frontier and the sea-coast, he failed to see that space could be gained in Tennessee.

From the major tactical point of view, both these generals excelled in the rear attack, which is the true decisive attack, and in this respect it is difficult who to admire most, whether Grant at Vicksburg and Appomattox, or *Lee's* move of *Jackson* during the Second Manassas campaign and at Chancellorsville. To the military student one point is of supreme interest, namely, that whilst approximately seven out of eight frontal attacks failed, seven out of eight outflanking, or rear, attacks succeeded. At Belmont a rear attack compelled Grant to fall back; at Donelson a flank thrust gained him this fortress; at Iuka and Corinth it was a rear attack which compelled the withdrawal of his enemy; at Vicksburg, the rear manoeuvre and the rear attack gained him this fortress; at Chattanooga it was Hooker's rear attack which clinched the battle; in 1864, it was Sherman's rear manoeuvre which brought the Confederacy to collapse, and in 1865 the war was brought to an end by an outflanking pursuit which ultimately blocked *Lee's* rear. With *Lee* it was the same: Whilst practically every one of his frontal attacks failed, his outflanking and rear attacks seldom were other than astonishingly successful. It was the rear attack which forced McClellan back from Richmond, and Pope back from the Rappahannock and over the Potomac,

and an outflanking attack which ruined Hooker at Chancellorsville.

This does not mean that frontal attacks should be avoided, but that they should be mainly looked upon as holding attacks and not as decisive operations; as solid unshakable foundations, that is tactical bases of operation upon which to pivot outflanking movements. In fact the two are complementary, and whilst *Lee* seldom possessed a sufficiency of troops to combine them, and consequently was compelled to accept great risks, Grant never fully appreciated their interdependence, and this may clearly be seen in his overland campaign of 1864. It is true that time and again he succeeded in holding *Lee* and in turning his right flank; yet his idea was not so much to hold as to hit, manoeuvring being forced upon him after the hitting had failed. Whether *Lee* more fully appreciated this combination of "hinge and swing door" it is difficult to say; Gettysburg would seem to disprove it. One thing is, however, certain, namely, that whilst Grant fully recognised the importance of sieges, which are in fact nothing more than methodical holding operations, *Lee* never did. It is true that in resources the North was immeasurably superior to the South, but it is unbelievable that had *Lee* determined to equip his army with an efficient siege train he would have been unable to do so. In idea his attacks on the morale of Washington were sound enough, but not one of them could fully have succeeded without a siege train. Even had he won Antietam, or Gettysburg, he would have been no better off than Hannibal was after Cannae, or Gustavus after Breitenfeld. Hannibal could not besiege Rome, Gustavus could not besiege Vienna, nor could *Lee* after similar victories have taken and held Washington.

As regards the actual distribution of forces in battle,

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neither Grant nor *Lee* showed exceptional ability, and this was probably due to the novelty of the weapons they used, namely, the rifled gun and the rifled musket. In this respect Chattanooga was undoubtedly Grant's masterpiece; for though he had intended to win this battle with his left, his distribution was so sound that, when Sherman was halted, Hooker succeeded in swinging round *Bragg's* left, which enabled Thomas to break his centre. Whilst *Lee's* offensive distributions were frequently faulty, seldom well organised and generally badly staffed, his defensive distributions, especially when fighting Grant in 1864, were admirable. Bearing in mind the range of the weapons of the day, his defensive order at Spottsylvania and on the North Anna was masterly; for it enabled him to put the whole of his numerically inferior army in line and yet maintain a reserve by refusing its wings, each wing of his inverted V formation being in fact a potential reserve for the other. As a defensive general *Lee* excelled, and had he realized this, and had he realized also the importance of organized guerillas in defensive warfare, and had he refused to be drawn away from the defensive policy which in the circumstances was the only sound policy the Confederacy could adopt, his grand tactics would have been of a vastly higher order.

Generalship and Field Strategy

Field strategy is grand tactics, or major tactics, set in motion, and as this motion is maintained by supply, supply is not only the foundation of strategy but its constant end, for to maintain supply and to threaten, or cut off, supply are in themselves the foundations of victory and defeat. Because of this, field strategy

may be said to be woven on communications, not only roads, rivers and railways for troop movement but above all for supply movements; for without supplies an army is no more than an engine without fuel. For a time it may be kept working on rubbish, but only for a time.

The protection of communications and the threatening of them are the chief means of developing strategy, the object of which is not necessarily battle, but rather the disorganization of the enemy's plan, either by battle or by manoeuvre. Generally speaking, the weaker side is compelled to develop an offensive strategy and a defensive tactics, and the stronger side the reverse. In both cases, however, supply remains the foundation of strategy.

In this respect the first great difference between the strategy of Grant and *Lee* was, that whilst the former, after his victory at Donelson, never failed to base his strategy upon supply, more often than not the latter based his upon the search after supplies (notably during the Antietam and Gettysburg campaigns) and, consequently, suffered chronically from a shortage of supplies and a dispersion of forces. Adequate administration stabilized the strategy of the first, and inadequate administration unbalanced the strategy of the second of these generals.

From supply, as the base of strategical action, I will turn to movement; for field strategy, as I have said earlier in this book, is largely concerned with protected movement, which does not mean tactical protection, but security gained through correct distribution, such as the influence of *Jackson's* detachment in the Valley during McClellan's Peninsula campaign, and of Butler's army on Richmond during Grant's Wilderness campaign. In both these operations the detachment had a distracting influence on the main

enemy forces, and though *Jackson's* succeeded and Butler's failed through his own incompetence, these and many other cases show that both Grant and *Lee* fully understood the strategical importance of distraction. And why? Because both realized, as I have shown, that *the true decisive point is the rear of the enemy's army.*

Protected movement and distraction seldom lead to decisive results unless the object is maintained; for, even if it be discovered that the object of a campaign is not the best one, any change in it will upset the plan. In the maintenance of the object there can be no doubt whatever that Grant eclipsed *Lee*, not only because his army was stronger, but because it was far better organized and supplied, and because by nature these two men were very different. Whilst Grant detested changing the central idea of a campaign, and frequently showed a pertinacity which bordered upon obstinacy, *Lee* was far more mercurial. By instinct a cautious soldier, as may be seen at Fredericksburg and after the battle of the Wilderness, when successful success frequently upset his equilibrium, leading him to substitute an offensive for a defensive tactics, and so violate the grand strategical object which was to weary the North out and gain European recognition. Not only were the Antietam and Gettysburg campaigns unsound grand strategically, but equally so from the point of view of field strategy, because they led to two wasteful battles. Except for the battle of Shiloh, which was not sought by Grant, though on account of his own lack of foresight it was thrust upon him, no single one of his battles was strategically wasteful, though at times his tactics were clumsy.

We see this again when we examine surprise, which is an important factor in strategy. Whilst Grant

educated his enemy into a sense of security, as he did in his Vicksburg, in his Chattanooga and in his Overland Campaigns, *Lee* took advantage of his enemy's lack of security, as at Manassas Junction and Chancellorsville. The one was a strategical diplomatist, the other a strategical opportunist. Whilst Grant prepared his surprisals, such as turning Vicksburg from Grand Gulf and crossing the James River in June 1864, by months and weeks of careful preparation, *Lee* acted on the spur of the moment, and never once brought any one of his electrical manoeuvres to complete fruition, because he acted so impulsively as to be unprepared to take full advantage of them. The Seven Days' Campaign ended in the disaster of Malvern Hill, the Second Manassas campaign in that of Antietam, and the Chancellorsville campaign led to Gettysburg.

In the conception of a plan of campaign *Lee* was probably no whit inferior to Grant, but in execution there was a marked difference. For instance, compare the Seven Days' Campaign and the Vicksburg Campaign. In both, the conceptions are masterly, but the one was carried out in complete confusion whilst the other was pre-eminently methodical. Though both were of different calibre, it should not be overlooked that Grant was working without a base, was strange to the country and had to supply his army by foraging; whilst *Lee* struck from a fortified area, was operating in his own country and could supply himself from Richmond. The fact is that whilst Grant's strategy was progressive, *Lee's* was spasmodic. Grant's strategy at Vicksburg and after Cold Harbor was as brilliant as any strategical moves ever accomplished by *Lee*, and both culminated in decisive successes—the fall of the fortress and the ending of the war. *Lee's* strokes flashed like lightning,

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and resulted in much political thunder which has caused them even to-day to resound in the pages of history; but their effects however startling lacked purpose or permanence.

In audacity, which is the mainspring of strategy as it is of tactics, *Lee* has few equals. He once said to *D. H. Hill*: "If you can accomplish the object, any risk would be justifiable,"²⁵ and on another occasion: "There is always hazard in military movements, but we must decide between the possible loss of inaction and the risk of action,"²⁶ which is only too true. When he withdrew from Richmond and concentrated against Pope, when he moved *Jackson* on Manassas Junction, and when he divided his army at Chancellorsville and struck at Hooker's right, he took risks which were justified by his weakness only; but when he accepted battle at Manassas, at Antietam, and sought battle at Gettysburg, he took risks which were unnecessary, because whilst weakness demands strategical audacity, it equally demands tactical caution. Whilst Grant's determination, which is a form of audacity, was best when situations were tactically at their worst, *Lee's* audacity was worst when situations strategically were at their best, and though the reasons for these characteristics must be sought for in the personality of these two men, the fact remains that Grant's pugnacity fitted the general strategical situation—the conquest of the South, whilst *Lee's* audacity more than once accelerated rather than retarded this object.

Generalship and Minor Tactics

It is sometimes considered, and more so to-day than in former times, that tactics and more particu-

larly the tactical use of weapons in contra-distinction to that of arms, is no part of a General-in-Chief's mental equipment. Such an assumption is untenable, and especially so during the warfare of the last eighty years in which one new weapon has succeeded another so rapidly that the tactical wood can barely be seen for its trees. If a General-in-Chief does not understand the limitations and powers of each weapon, it is totally impossible for him to combine them economically, that is to set them together in such an order that each will assist the other.

As the outbreak of the Civil War coincided with the change over from smooth-bore weapons to rifled ones, all generals of this period, and more especially those of professional armies, worked under quite exceptionally difficult circumstances; for the tactical knowledge they had absorbed before the war did not fit the majority of the weapons which were used during it. In this respect there is no difference between Grant and *Lee*; neither understood the full powers of the rifle or the rifled gun; neither introduced a single tactical innovation of importance, and though the rifle tactics of the South were superior to those of the North, whilst the artillery tactics of the North were superior to those of the South, these differences were due to circumstances outside generalship.

It is difficult to see how this could have been otherwise, for though the conflict had been boiling up for over a generation, its eruption came as a surprise to both sides, and so utterly unprepared were both, and so essential was it to raise and organize vast numbers of men that tactics went by the board, or rather the old tactics were at once foisted onto the new weapons.

Here we are confronted by a common and almost

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universal error in the history of war, an error which has cost millions of lives and which has prolonged wars and rendered them unnecessarily brutal and destructive, for the longer they are waged the more animal do they become. This error is, that in war there is so little time wherein to elaborate tactics, that though strategy and administration may be of a high order, tactics are normally of a low. Yet of all the problems of war that of tactics is the simplest, consisting as it does of almost a mathematical equation between the elements of protection, mobility and offensive power on the one side, and supply, ground and human nature on the other. If the powers of the percussion-capped rifle and those of the flintlock musket had been carefully examined, and the characteristics of these two weapons carefully compared, certain tactical differences would have been discovered, which when applied to the normal operations of war—attacking, defending, pursuing, retiring, etc., would have produced a series of clear sketches of what the fighting would be like. This was, however, not done, with the result that not only were the powers of the new weapons wasted, but time and again human life was thrown away.

Tactics are the cutting edge of strategy, the edge which chisels out the plan into an action; consequently the sharper this edge is the clearer cut will be the result.

Not understanding the powers of the rifle, the tactics of this war were not discovered through reflection, but through trial and error. Thus, over a year of bitter fighting was necessary to open the eyes of both sides to the fact that the trench was a by-product of the rifle bullet, and like so many by-products, as valuable as the product itself. It is astonishing to find that *Lee*, an engineer officer, made no use of entrench-

ments at the battle of Antietam, and only less so Grant, who failed to construct them on the field of Shiloh. Later on we find every position entrenched, even if it is to be held only for a few hours, until Grant and *Lee* become past-masters in the art of manoeuvring entrenchments; yet though both grasped their protective properties, neither fully grasped their influence on the attack; this brings me to the much discussed problem of assaults.

In the day of sword, axe and lance the attack and the assault coincided, all fighting being hand-to-hand. In the day of the flintlock musket they were separated by so short a distance—30 to 100 paces—that the bullet was subordinated to the bayonet. Next we come to the day of the muzzle-loading rifle with an effective range of from 300 to 500 paces; obviously the whole tactical situation has changed, for the effective zone of fire has been extended over five-fold. Consequently the attack has become five times as dangerous, and a successful assault five times as unlikely. Add entrenchments to this picture, that is entrench one side, the defenders; then, whilst the attacker must expose the whole of his body, the defender exposes but a quarter of his, consequently the assault becomes more difficult still, so difficult as to become unprofitable.

What is the solution to this difficulty? It is to replace assaulting by holding, and to add manoeuvring to advancing. The attackers should advance close enough to the defenders to make it extremely dangerous for them to quit their trenches, whilst, under their fire, an outflanking manoeuvre is set in motion, which must now be carried out by infantry because cavalry are no longer sufficiently powerful to meet the rifle.

The defender may, and will whenever possible,

take up a position such as the summit of a ridge from which he can slip away, and behind which his reserves are immune from rifle and low angle artillery fire. Consequently, the attacker should be strongly supported by howitzers, not only because these can search the rear slope of the enemy's position and decimate his reserves, as well as make it difficult for him to retire from it, but because overhead fire can be maintained during the advance. Whilst the cannon using round-shot and ricochet fire was complementary to the musket, the howitzer using high-angle shell fire is complementary to the rifle. Had this been grasped, the assault would have gained considerably in strength. It was not—neither Grant nor *Lee* appreciated the influence of the rifle upon the gun, with the result that throughout the war few efforts were made to overcome the tactical difficulties of the assault. The common solution was to pile up numbers; the result was the high casualties in most of the battles fought.

Popularly, and what is far more reprehensible historically, *Lee* is supposed to have been an arch tactician whilst Grant was a tactical tiro; yet if we examine the attack tactics of these two generals, there is little to choose between them: *Lee's* assaults at Malvern Hill and Gettysburg are as hopeless as Grant's at Vicksburg and Cold Harbor, and far more costly. At Malvern Hill *Lee's* excuse was that his enemy was demoralized, which was Grant's excuse at Vicksburg. At Gettysburg and Cold Harbor ample time was given the defending side to entrench in, and in both cases artillery preparation heralded the assault, and most markedly so in the first of these battles. The results, however, were negligible, because low angle fire normally prohibits covering fire being maintained during the advance. When it

was effective, notably in Upton's assault on the Salient at Spottsylvania, on May 10, 1864, the assault was successful. Other successful assaults, such as Smith's at Donelson, Thomas's at Missionary Ridge, and Hancock's, on May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, were due to special circumstances. In the first—the Confederates were exceptionally weak and surprised; in the second, Hooker's outflanking movement was felt before the assault took place, and in the third Hancock's assault, delivered in twilight, came as a surprise. On the whole, very few direct assaults proved successful; in fact, as I have already stated, less than one in eight. In my own opinion the only justification for those, which had they succeeded might have led to the shortening of the war—such as *Lee's* assault at Gettysburg and Grant's at Cold Harbor—was that two men died in the hospitals to every one killed in the field;²⁷ consequently, during the war sickness was twice as destructive of life as bullets and shells.

To turn from assaults to losses, there is nothing whatever to justify the common opinion that Grant wantonly sacrificed the lives of his men. It is true that during the last year of the war his losses were heavy, but it must be remembered that his efforts were continuous in order to prevent the Richmond Government from reinforcing *Johnston*. The following percentages²⁸ of losses are instructive, they speak for themselves:

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GRANT, 1862-63

Battle	Date	Federal Losses per 100	Confederate Losses per 100
Fort Donelson	Feb. 12-16, 1862	9.6	9.5
Shiloh	April 6-7, 1862	16.2	24.1
Corinth	Oct. 3-4, 1862	10.4	11.2
Champion's Hill	May 16, 1863	7.6	10.9
Vicksburg	May 22, 1863	6.7	—
Chattanooga	Nov. 23-25, 1863	9.7	5.5

LEE, 1862-63

Battle	Date	Federal Losses per 100	Confederate Losses per 100
Mechanicsville	June 26, 1862	1.6	9.1
Gaines's Mill	June 27, 1862	11.7	15.3
Peach Orchard and Mal- vern Hill	June 29-July 1, 1862	6.0	9.9
Seven Days' Battle.. ..	June 25-July 1, 1862	10.7	20.7
Manassas and Chantilly ..	Aug. 27-Sept. 2, 1862	13.2	18.7
South Mountain	Sept. 14, 1862	6.8	10.5
Antietam	Sept. 16-17, 1862	15.5	22.6
Fredericksburg	Dec. 13, 1862	10.3	6.4
Chancellorsville	May 1-4, 1863	11.4	18.7
Gettysburg	July 1-3, 1863	20.0	30.1

From these two tables we learn the following: in Grant's six battles, the average percentage of men hit, that is killed and wounded, was 10.03 per cent., and in Lee's ten the average was 16.20 per cent.

I will now turn to the battles fought between Grant and Lee in 1864-65:

GRANT AND LEE

GRANT—LEE, 1864-65

Battle	Date	Grant	Lee
Wilderness and Spottsylvania ..	May 5-12, 1864	29.6	—
Cold Harbor	June 1-3, 1864	11.1	—
The Mine	July 30, 1864	13.8	—
Deep Bottom	Aug. 14-19, 1864	7.8	—
Weldon R.R.	Aug. 18-21, 1864	6.4	8.1
Boydton Plank Road ..	Oct. 27-28, 1864	2.8	—
Hatcher's Run	Feb. 5-7, 1865	3.9	—
Appomattox Campaign ..	March 29-April 5, 1865	8.0	—

As no accurate figures exist for *Lee's* losses they cannot be given, which in itself shows the indifferent staff work in his army, but as regards Grant's, his average loss in these eight battles was 10.42 per cent., which compares closely with his average during 1862-63, and is still considerably lower than *Lee's* during the same period. Of forty-six battles, great and small, tabulated by Livermore in *Numbers and Losses*, in which casualties for both sides are given, the Federal losses work out at 11.07 per cent., and the Confederate at 12.25 per cent.; both of which figures are higher than Grant's total average of 10.225 per cent., and decidedly below *Lee's* average of 16.20 per cent., for the years 1862-63, in spite of the fact that they include his losses. That Grant's casualties were abnormally high is thus proved a myth, and one of the most persistent in the history of this war. It may, however, be said that as the Federals were generally numerically superior to the Confederates these percentages are misleading. As to this I do not agree, because the Federals were normally the attackers, and it is a well known fact that the attacker loses much more heavily than the defender, and out

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of all proportion when the defender is entrenched. This can be seen quite clearly in the above tables.

I have already mentioned that lack in the appreciation of the powers of the rifle threw out of focus the true use of artillery, the object of which was either to assist or resist the infantry attack far more so than the assault, as the assault was becoming increasingly less profitable. With cavalry it was the same; in the assault they had no place, and on account of the increased range of the rifle their employment in the attack became more and more difficult. At the opening of the war the higher efficiency of the Confederate cavalry, especially in reconnoitring, was one of the main factors in the Southern successes. Yet neither Grant nor *Lee* seems to have realized that, on account of the rifle, reconnaissance was now their main rôle. In the Wilderness campaign, as we have seen, with some justification Grant detached nearly the whole of his cavalry under Sheridan to strike at *Lee's* communications. Again at the very end, when about to move on Five Forks, his first idea was for Sheridan to "cut loose and push for the Danville Road,"²⁹ attack *Lee's* communications and then join up with Sherman. Had he done so, it is not unlikely that *Lee* with part of his army would have escaped.

Lee's error in the use of cavalry was more accentuated. Before the opening of the Seven Days' Battle his instructions to *Stuart* were admirable; but when, on June 28, he sent this general with the whole of his cavalry to break up the York River railroad he unintentionally blinded himself, and he committed the same error, as we have seen, during the Gettysburg campaign.

The reason for these constant detachments of large forces of cavalry was the inability of cavalry to take

part in battles pivoted upon assaults; this led to a doubt as how to use this arm. For so long in the past had cavalry been employed offensively that generals overlooked the fact that in a rifle war they had lost most of their offensive power, and realizing that they could no longer order them to strike the enemy in position, they ordered them to strike at his communications. To strike at communications is a sound operation of war, but for it to become fully effective it is first necessary to *pin down* the enemy who is making use of these communications, and before this can be done the enemy's position must be uncovered. Therefore, the first duty of cavalry is to assist the other arms in finding the enemy, that is reconnaissance, and when found, the second is to strike his communications *at a point sufficiently near to his front* as to cause him immediate and not "distant" anxiety; for such operations should aim at disorganizing as well as demoralizing the enemy. If close, they distract his attention, for they induce the enemy to weaken his front in order to protect his rear. And though always perturbing, the more distant they are the less distracting are they likely to be, and the less can they be supported by the other arms. The rear attack is an essential operation of war, but most of the cavalry operations in this war were not true rear attacks, in place—rear raids.

On this subject General Wilson's views are well worth quoting, for he was one of Sheridan's ablest subordinates, he says:

"To make a proper use of cavalry, you must get it into such a position that it can assail the flank or rear of an enemy, or operate upon his communications with effect. If I were called upon to command a force of 60,000 men, with authority to organize it as I pleased, I would have at least 20,000 on horseback. By using the mounted force to assail the flank and rear of

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the enemy, I should expect to conduct a more successful campaign than could be done by any other possible means in these days. The scattering of cavalry promiscuously along the front of an army is no longer necessary. Of course you must use cavalry to find out where the enemy is, and to gain early information of his movements, but a few squadrons can do it as well as a whole division. . . . With good cavalry, acting in conjunction with good infantry, you can accomplish almost anything in modern warfare. It is simply marvellous what can be done with men who are properly mounted. You can get them onto the flank and rear of the enemy every time."³⁰

Throughout this war combined tactics were at a discount, because the full powers of the rifle were not fully appreciated; consequently, the inter-relationship of the three arms, infantry, artillery and cavalry, was not understood. Each weapon influences the use of all other weapons, and no improved weapon can be introduced without changing not only its old tactics but the tactics of all the other arms. This is a lesson little appreciated by both Grant and Lee.

Generalship

"War," writes Clausewitz, "is the province of chance";³¹ it would have been more accurate, I think, had he written of "probabilities", for war is but an extended form of peace, and even in an anarchical society peace is more than a haphazard way of living. As in peace time probabilities are controlled for better or worse by statesmanship, so in war time are they controlled by generalship, which is nothing more than statesmanship under increased difficulties. As in peace time the abutments of statesmanship are authority and liberty, so likewise in war time are they of generalship; for an army, like a nation, must know how to obey and yet be able to

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adapt itself to its environment, therefore obedience must not cramp its initiative. As in civil wars the cause of the conflict is the desire to overthrow, or modify, authority, the generalship of the rebellious side is generally the more difficult though frequently the more brilliant. It is not bound by authority, yet unless it can establish authority, its cause is generally doomed.

In this American civil war, Grant stood for authority and *Lee* for liberty, neither were autocrats, but the servants of democratic governments. And of the two *Lee's* problem was the more difficult, for in order to win the war it was essential that he should exert his authority if only to establish a workable policy, and this he never did. Grant, on the other hand, had to gain that freedom of control which would enable him to mould the policy of his Government into strategical form; this, thanks to the good will of Lincoln, he was able to do. In both cases the deciding factor was personality. *Lee* could not impose his will upon Davis, and though Grant never attempted to impose his on Lincoln, his quiet unostentatious self-reliance and common sense imposed it for him. In *Lee's* place it is unlikely that he would have done much better than *Lee*; for neither he nor *Lee* was a true revolutionary general. Yet I much doubt whether in Grant's place *Lee* would have done half as well as Grant, for his outlook on war was narrow and restricted, and he possessed neither the character nor the personality of a General-in-Chief.

Of generalship in the field Napoleon once said:

"The first quality of a General-in-Chief is to have a cool head which receives exact impressions of things, which never gets heated, which never allows itself to be dazzled, or intoxicated, by good or bad news. The successive or simultaneous sensations which he receives in the course of a day must be classified, and

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must occupy the correct places they merit to fill, because common sense and reason are the results of the comparison of a number of sensations each equally well considered. There are certain men who, on account of their moral and physical constitution, paint mental pictures out of everything: however exalted be their reason, their will, their courage, and whatever good qualities they may possess, nature has not fitted them to command armies, nor to direct great operations of war."³²

There can be no doubt whatsoever that both Grant and *Lee* did possess this first quality of generalship—self-command; but the remainder of Napoleon's description is far more applicable to the former than to the latter, because *Lee*, relying on intuition more than on reflection, was frequently misled by his assumptions, and particularly so as regards the morale of his enemy and the patriotism of the North.

"In war," writes Clausewitz, "it is only by means of a great directing spirit that we can expect the full power latent in the troops to be developed."³³ Intellectually Grant possessed such a spirit, in *Lee* this spirit was moral; the one relied upon strategy, the other upon sublimity; the one was the brain of his army, the other its soul. The one calculated and directed, the other impressed and compelled. Robert Jackson, one of the profoundest of military writers, once said: "Fear and love are coverings, behind them must lurk the spirit of genius which cannot be fathomed, for whether a commander be kind or severe, he cannot be great and prominent in the eye of the army unless he be admired for something unknown. It is thus that troops can only be properly animated by the superior and impenetrable genius of a commander, whose character stands before the army as a mirror, fixing the regards while it is bright and impenetrable, losing its virtue when the surface is soiled and softened so as to receive an impression. That a commander be a mirror, capable of animating

an army, he must be impenetrable, but he cannot be impenetrable without possessing original genius. An original genius does not know his own powers. It thus commands attention, and it gives a covering of protection, in reality or idea, which proves a security against the impressions of fear."³⁴

That Grant and *Lee* did possess such genius in totally different forms is beyond question, and that neither was aware of it, and hence its mysterious driving force, I think is also beyond doubt. One thing is, however, certain, few generals in history and none so submissive as *Lee*, have been able to animate an army as his self-sacrificing idealism animated the Army of Northern Virginia. To find a comparison we must go back to the days of the saints.

Of the general, Clausewitz says: "Ordinary men who follow the suggestion of others become . . . generally undecided on the spot; they think that they have found circumstances different from what they had expected, and this view gains strength by their again yielding to the suggestions of others. But even the man who has made his own plans, when he comes to see things with his own eyes, will often think he has done wrong . . . his first conviction will in the end prove true, when the foreground scenery, which fate has pushed on to the stage of war, with its accompaniments of terrific objects is drawn aside and the horizon extended. This is one of the great chasms which separate *conception* from execution."³⁵

Clausewitz is undoubtedly right, for probably the commonest error in generalship is indecision, that is lack of faith in one's plan. Here Grant and *Lee* stand out as examples of extraordinary men. Grant's resolution knew no limit; *Lee's* faith in God knew no bounds. Both were men of first convictions, that is to say, once they had made up their minds there was no

havering; consequently there was no chasm between conception and execution. The one followed naturally in the footsteps of the other, however faulty either might prove itself to be. Different though these two men were, Grant when he stepped ashore at Shiloh and Lee when he rallied his men after the fatal assault at Gettysburg, were men of a similar calibre, men who refused to succumb to "terrific objects"; men not only of cool heads but of firm hearts. To both may be applied the spirit of the following words of this great writer on war:

"As soon as difficulties arise—and that must always happen when great results are at stake—then things no longer move on of themselves like a well-oiled machine; the machine itself then begins to offer resistance, and to overcome this the commander must have a great force of will. . . . As the forces in one individual after another become prostrated, and can no longer be excited and supported by an effort of his own will, the whole inertia of the war gradually rests its weight on the will of the commander: by the spark in his breast, by the light of his spirit, the spark of purpose, the light of hope, must be kindled afresh in others: in so far only as he is equal to this he stands above the masses and continues to be their master; whenever that influence ceases, and his own spirit is no longer strong enough to revive the spirit of all others, the masses, drawing him down with them, sink into the lower region of animal nature, which shrinks from danger and knows not shame."³⁶

Courage, moral and physical, self-reliance, resolution and self-command. . . . "Courage above all things is the first quality of a warrior,"³⁷ whether a simple soldier in the ranks or a General-in-Chief; for courage is of both and it unites both. "A man of courage," a man who fears not to die, a man who is possessed of something superior to mere living, this is the type of man who has always ennobled war. To the masses personal daring is like the lightning to the storm. "Ulysses don't scare worth a d—n!" . . . "General Lee to the rear, General Lee to the rear!"

. . . such was the lightning which fired the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia. Only in recent years, and I think quite unnecessarily so, have Generals-in-Chief, forgetting the virtue of courage, hidden themselves away in back areas to plot and to plan, and by not risking their lives, however precious they may be, have foresworn the valour of dying and so broken that magic link which connects the heart of the general to the hearts of his men.

Without personal leadership there can be no full manifestation of personality. Napoleon realized this when he said: "The personality of the general is indispensable, he is the head, he is the all of an army. The Gauls were not conquered by the Roman legions, but by Cæsar. It was not before the Carthaginian soldiers that Rome was made to tremble, but before Hannibal. It was not the Macedonian phalanx which penetrated to India, but Alexander. It was not the French Army which reached the Weser and the Inn, it was Turenne. Prussia was not defended for seven years against the three most formidable European Powers by the Prussian soldiers, but by Frederick the Great."³⁸ In a similar strain Robert Jackson writes: "Of the conquerors and eminent military characters who have at different times astonished the world, Alexander the Great and Charles the Twelfth of Sweden are two of the most singular; the latter of whom was the most heroic and the most extraordinary man of whom history has left any record. An army which had Alexander or Charles in its eye was different from itself in its simple nature, it imbibed a share of their spirit, became insensible of danger, and heroic in the extreme."³⁹

Whether he be a subordinate general or the General-

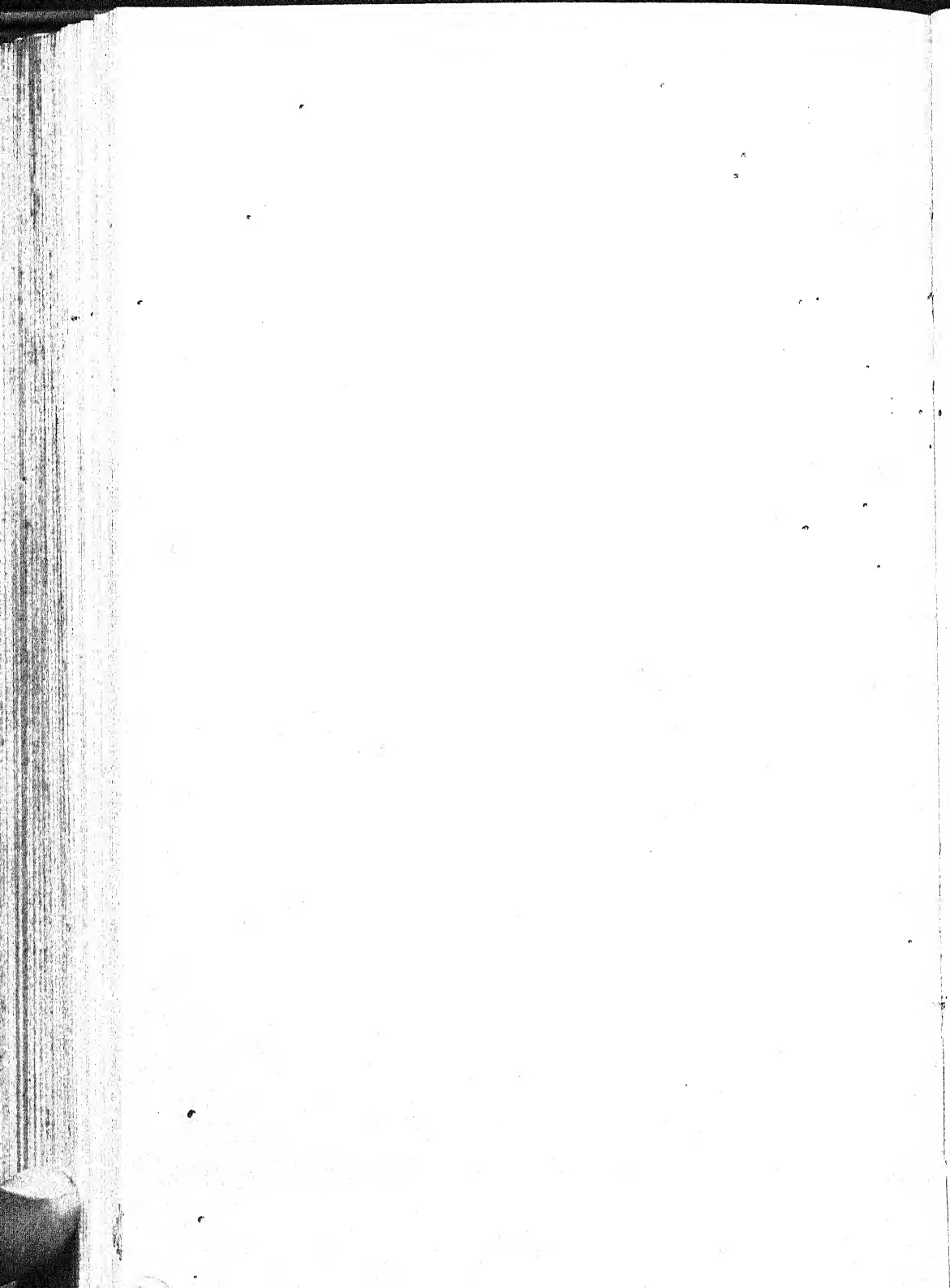
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in-Chief, without the personal contact of the commander with his men such enthusiasm cannot be fired and such heroism created; for as Thomas Carlyle says, heroism is "the divine relation . . . which in all times unites a Great Man to other men."

This heroism, whether in peace or war, is the sheet-anchor of a people. Grant and *Lee* possessed it, as Washington possessed it, not only upon the summits of battle but in the vales of peaceful life. Hence, it seems to me, that I can find no better words wherewith to conclude this study of generalship than those of General *Gordon* when he wrote:⁴⁰

"The strong and salutary characteristics of both *Lee* and Grant should live in history as an inspiration to coming generations. Posterity will find nobler and more wholesome incentives in their high attributes as men than in their brilliant careers as warriors."

FINIS



APPENDIX

BATTLES, NUMBERS AND LOSSES

Battles marked with an asterisk refer to Colonel Livermore's *Numbers and Losses in the Civil War in America, 1861-65*. Losses, etc., in other battles are taken from various sources and in some cases are estimated. Few things are more difficult in this war than to arrive at correct figures, and more especially so in the Confederate Army. Certain discrepancies will be noticed between strengths given in this table and in the text; these are due to differences in reckoning: in some cases "present for duty" is taken and in other cases "effectives" only. In actual fact it is impossible to disentangle these figures.

BATTLES, NUMBERS AND LOSSES

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Battle	Date	Federal Casualties				Confederate Casualties			
		Strength	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Strength	Killed	Wounded	Missing
1st Bull Run or Manassas*	July 21, 1861	28,452	481	1,011	1,216	32,232	387	1,582	12
Belmont ..	Nov. 7, 1861	3,114	79	289	117	2,500	105	419	117
Fort Donelson*	Feb. 12-16, 1862	27,000	500	2,108	224	21,000	2,000		14,623
Shiloh* ..	April 6-7, 1862	62,682	1,754	8,408	2,885	40,335	1,723	8,012	959
Seven Pines or Fair Oaks*	May 31-June 1, 1862	44,944	790	3,594	647	41,816	980	4,749	405
Cross Keys ..	June 8, 1862	—	125	500	—	—	287		—
Port Republic ..	June 9, 1862	—	67	361	574	—	657		—
Mechanicsville*	June 26, 1862	15,631	49	207	105	16,356	1,484		—
Gaines's Mill*	June 27, 1862	34,214	894	3,107	2,836	57,018	8,751		—
Seven Days*	June 25-July 1, 1862	91,169	1,734	8,062	6,053	95,421	3,478	16,261	875
Cedar Mountain*	Aug. 9, 1862	8,030	314	1,445	594	16,868	231	1,107	—
2nd Bull Run or Manassas, and Chantilly*	Aug. 27-Sept. 2, 1862	75,696	1,724	8,372	5,958	48,527	1,481	7,627	89
South Mountain ..	Sept. 14, 1862	28,480	325	1,493	85	17,852	325	1,560	800
Harper's Ferry ..	Sept. 15, 1862	—	80	120	11,583	—	500		—
Antietam or Sharpsburg*	Sept. 16-17, 1862	75,316	2,108	9,549	753	51,844	2,700	9,024	2,000
Iuka ..	Sept. 19, 1862	—	144	598	40	—	782		—
Corinth* ..	Oct. 3-4, 1862	21,147	355	1,841	324	22,000	473	1,997	1,763
Fredericksburg*	Dec. 12, 1862	106,007	1,284	9,600	1,769	72,497	595	4,061	653
Chickasaw Bluff*	Dec. 27-29, 1862	30,720	208	1,005	563	19,792	63	134	10
Murfreesboro or Stone River*	Dec. 31, 1862	41,400	1,677	7,543	3,686	34,732	1,294	7,945	2,500
Chancellorsville*	May 1-4, 1863	97,362	1,575	9,534	5,676	57,352	1,665	9,081	2,018
Port Gibson ..	May 1, 1863	—	130	718	5	—	1,650		—
Champion's Hill*	May 16, 1863	29,373	410	1,844	187	20,000	381	1,800	1,670
Vicksburg Assault*	May 22, 1863	45,556	502	2,550	147	22,301	—	—	—
Vicksburg Campaign	May-July, 1863	—	1,243	7,095	535	—	10,000		37,000
Gettysburg*	July 1-3, 1863	88,289	3,155	14,529	5,365	75,000	3,903	18,735	5,425

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Chickamauga*	Sept. 19-20, 1863	58,222	1,657	9,756	4,757	26,320	2,312	2,312	4,146
Chattanooga*	Nov. 23-25, 1863	56,359	753	4,722	349	46,165	961	2,160	4,146
Mine Run*	Nov. 27-Dec. 1, 1863	69,643	173	1,099	381	44,426	110	570	65
Pleasant Hill*	April 8-9, 1864	12,647	150	844	375	14,300	1,000	500	500
Wilderness*	May 5-7, 1864	101,895	2,246	12,037	3,383	61,025	7,750?	—	—
Spottsylvania Assault*	May 10, 1864	37,822	753	3,347	—	—	—	—	—
Spottsylvania Assault*	May 12, 1864	65,785	6,020	—	800	—	5,500?	4,000	4,000
Drury's Bluff*	May 12-16, 1864	15,800	390	2,380	1,390	18,025	355	1,941	210
Atlanta Campaign*	May, 1864	110,123	10,528	—	1,240	66,089	9,187	—	—
North Anna	May 23-27, 1864	—	223	1,460	290	—	2,000?	—	—
Cold Harbor	June 1-12, 1864	—	1,995	10,570	2,546	—	1,700?	—	—
Cold Harbor	June 3, 1864	60,000	1,100	4,517	1,400?	—	—	—	—
Petersburg Assaults*	June 15-18, 1864	63,797	8,150	—	—	41,499	—	—	—
Kenesaw Mountain*	June 21, 1864	16,225	1,999	—	52	17,733	270	—	172
Peach Tree Creek*	July 20, 1864	20,139	1,600?	—	—	18,832	2,500?	—	—
Atlanta*	July 22, 1864	30,477	430	1,559	1,783	36,934	7,000?	1,000	1,000
Atlanta*	July 28, 1864	13,226	559	—	73	18,450	4,100?	200	200
Petersburg Mine*	July 30, 1864	20,708	2,864	—	929	11,466	—	—	—
Weldon R.R.*	Aug. 18-21, 1864	20,289	198	1,105	3,152	14,787	1,200?	419	419
Opequon Creek or Winchester	Sept. 19, 1864	37,711	697	3,983	338	16,377	276	1,827	1,818
New Market Heights Va.	Sept. 28-30, 1864	—	400	2,029	—	—	—	—	—
Chaffins Farm*	Sept. 29-30, 1864	19,639	398	2,299	645	10,836	—	—	—
Cedar Creek*	Oct. 19, 1864	30,829	644	3,430	1,591	18,410	320	1,540	1,050
Boynton Plank Road*	Oct. 27-28, 1864	42,823	166	1,028	564	20,324	—	—	—
Franklin*	Nov. 30, 1864	27,939	189	1,033	1,104	26,897	1,750	3,800	702
Nashville*	Dec. 15-16, 1864	49,773	387	2,562	112	23,207	—	—	4,462
Fort Fisher	Jan. 13-15, 1865	—	184	749	22	—	2,483	—	—
Fort Steadman	March 24, 1865	—	2,080	—	—	—	4,000?	—	—
Dinwiddie Court House*	March 29-31, 1865	45,247	2,198	—	583	20,030	1,050?	—	—
Petersburg Assault*	April 2, 1865	63,299	625	3,189	326	18,576	—	—	—
Appomattox Campaign*	March 29-April 5, 1865	112,892	1,316	7,750	1,714	54,000	—	—	—
Surrender of General Lee	April 9, 1865	—	—	—	—	22,349	—	—	—

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- a*—Denotes a Staff Officer to Grant or *Lee*
b—A person well acquainted with either Grant or *Lee*
c—A contemporary American witness, and
d—A contemporary foreign witness.

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- 28 *History of the Civil War in America*, Comte de Paris,^d vol. i, p. 613.
- 29 *Leading American Soldiers*, R. M. Johnston, p. 130.
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Borcke,^d vol. i, p. 14.
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- 32 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a
p. 13.
- 33 *Memoirs of the Confederate War of Independence*, Heros von
Borcke,^d vol. ii, p. 7.
- 34 *A Belle of the Fifties*, Mrs. Clay,^c pp. 186, 194-195.
- 35 *Four Years Under Marse Robert*, Robert Stiles,^b p. 37.
- 36 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. i, p. 160.
- 37 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a
p. 12.
- 38 *ibid.*, pp. 24-25.
- 39 *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, Jefferson Davis,^b
vol. i, p. 87.
- 40 *ibid.*, p. 149.
- 41 *ibid.*, p. 170.
- 42 *A Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States*, Alexander
H. Stephens,^b pp. 31, 34 and 35. See also Rawle on the
Constitution, p. 85.
- 43 *The Life and Campaigns of General Lee*, Edward Lee Childe,^b p. 62.
- 44 *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*, Colonel G. F. R.
Henderson, C.B., vol. i, p. 173. "A defensive war is apt to
betray us into too frequent detachments. Those generals
who have had but little experience attempt to protect every
point, while those who are better acquainted with their
profession, having only the capital object in view, guard
against a decisive blow, and acquiesce in smaller mis-
fortunes to avoid greater." Frederick the Great's *Instructions
to his Generals*.
- 45 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Col. Charles Marshall,^a
pp. 34-35. This Conscription Act completely reversed the
previous military legislation of the South. Election of
officers continued until just before the opening of the 1865

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- campaign, and was one of the root causes of ill-discipline. Owners of fifteen slaves were exempted from the Conscription law.
- 46 *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*, Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, C.B., vol. i, p. 234.
 - 47 *Reminiscences of the Civil War*, General John B. Gordon,^b p. 315.
 - 48 Another reason apparently was the "scourge of flies and bad food" at the Exchange Hotel, Montgomery, Jefferson Davis's headquarters.—*Jefferson Davis, Political Soldier*, Elisabeth Cutting, p. 154.
 - 49 *Instructions to his Generals*, Frederick the Great.
 - 50 *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*, Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, C.B., vol. i, pp. 109-110.
 - 51 *MacMillan's Magazine*, March, 1887, p. 328.
 - 52 Introduction to Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson*, p. x.
 - 53 *Leading American Soldiers*, R. M. Johnston, pp. 93-94. This battle was fought on January 8, 1815, sixteen days after peace was signed at Ghent between the United States and Great Britain. News travelled slowly then.
 - 54 *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*, Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, C.B., vol. ii, p. 341.
 - 55 *ibid.*, vol. i, p. 170.
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 - 57 *The Soldier in Battle, or Life in the Ranks of the Army of the Potomac*, Frank Wilkeson,^c p. 99.
 - 58 *Meade's Headquarters, 1863-1865*, Colonel Theodore Lyman,^b p. 101.
 - 59 *Southern Generals: Who They Are and What They Have Done*, W. Parker Snow,^c p. 104.
 - 60 *General Lee, His Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-1865*, Walter H. Taylor,^a pp. 33-34.
 - 61 *Life in the Confederate Army*, William Watson,^c p. 217.
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 - 65 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iv, p. 212.
 - 66 *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Eleventh Edition, vol. xvii, p. 239.
 - 67 *The Times*, Special Correspondent, January 1, 1863.
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 - 69 *Campaigns and Battles of the Army of Northern Virginia*, George Wise,^b p. 160.

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- 22 *Essays on American Government*, A. B. Hart, p. 283.
- 23 *A Diary from Dixie*, Mrs. Chesnut,^b vol. i, p. 108.
- 24 *General Lee of the Confederate Army*, Fitzhugh Lee,^b p. 382.
- 25 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a edited by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, pp. 10, 19.
- 26 *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, Jefferson Davis,^b vol. ii, pp. 158-159.
- 27 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xliii, p. 31.
- 28 *History of the Civil War in America*, Comte de Paris,^d vol. i, p. 613.
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- 33 *Memoirs of the Confederate War of Independence*, Heros von Borcke,^d vol. ii, p. 7.
- 34 *A Belle of the Fifties*, Mrs. Clay,^c pp. 186, 194-195.
- 35 *Four Years Under Marse Robert*, Robert Stiles,^b p. 37.
- 36 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. i, p. 160.
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- 38 *ibid.*, pp. 24-25.
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- 42 *A Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States*, Alexander H. Stephens,^b pp. 31, 34 and 35. See also *Rawle on the Constitution*, p. 85.
- 43 *The Life and Campaigns of General Lee*, Edward Lee Childe,^b p. 62.
- 44 *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*, Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, C.B., vol. i, p. 173. "A defensive war is apt to betray us into too frequent detachments. Those generals who have had but little experience attempt to protect every point, while those who are better acquainted with their profession, having only the capital object in view, guard against a decisive blow, and acquiesce in smaller misfortunes to avoid greater." Frederick the Great's *Instructions to his Generals*.
- 45 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Col. Charles Marshall,^a pp. 34-35. This Conscription Act completely reversed the previous military legislation of the South. Election of officers continued until just before the opening of the 1865

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- campaign, and was one of the root causes of ill-discipline. Owners of fifteen slaves were exempted from the Conscription law.
- 46 *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*, Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, C.B., vol. i, p. 234.
 - 47 *Reminiscences of the Civil War*, General John B. Gordon,^b p. 315.
 - 48 Another reason apparently was the "scourge of flies and bad food" at the Exchange Hotel, Montgomery, Jefferson Davis's headquarters.—*Jefferson Davis, Political Soldier*, Elisabeth Cutting, p. 154.
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 - 50 *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*, Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, C.B., vol. i, pp. 109-110.
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 - 53 *Leading American Soldiers*, R. M. Johnston, pp. 93-94. This battle was fought on January 8, 1815, sixteen days after peace was signed at Ghent between the United States and Great Britain. News travelled slowly then.
 - 54 *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*, Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, C.B., vol. ii, p. 341.
 - 55 *ibid.*, vol. i, p. 170.
 - 56 *Meade's Headquarters, 1863-1865*, Colonel Theodore Lyman,^b p. 224.
 - 57 *The Soldier in Battle, or Life in the Ranks of the Army of the Potomac*, Frank Wilkeson,^c p. 99.
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 - 59 *Southern Generals: Who They Are and What They Have Done*, W. Parker Snow,^c p. 104.
 - 60 *General Lee, His Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-1865*, Walter H. Taylor,^a pp. 33-34.
 - 61 *Life in the Confederate Army*, William Watson,^c p. 217.
 - 62 *Reminiscences of the Civil War*, General John B. Gordon,^b pp. 5-6.
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- 74 *Southern Generals: Who They Are and What They Have Done*, W. Parker Snow,^c p. 105.
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- 78 *The Soldier in Battle, or Life in the Ranks of the Army of the Potomac*, Frank Wilkeson,^d p. 11.
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- 80 *Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol. xiii, p. 261.
- 81 *Meade's Headquarters, 1863-1865*, Colonel Theodore Lyman,^b p. 100.
- 82 *Three Months in the Southern States, April-June, 1863*, Lieutenant Colonel Fremantle,^d pp. 121-123.
- 83 *Life in the Confederate Army*, William Watson,^c p. 184.
- 84 *The Campaign of Chancellorsville*, Major John Bigelow, p. 175; *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*, William Swinton,^c p. 272; *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xl, pp. 554-555.
- 85 *General Lee, His Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-1865*, Walter H. Taylor,^a pp. 176-177.
- 86 *Life in the Confederate Army*, William Watson,^c p. 388.
- 87 *ibid.*, pp. 230, 294.
- 88 *Four Years Under Marse Robert*, Robert Stiles,^b p. 200.

CHAPTER II

- 1 *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant*, Albert D. Richardson,^b p. 122.
- 2 *Meet General Grant*, W. E. Woodward, p. 125.
- 3 *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant*, Albert D. Richardson,^b p. 176. After Grant had become famous Yates prided himself on his selection and said: "God gave him to the country, and I signed his first commission."—*General Grant*, James Grant Wilson,^c p. 85.
- 4 *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant*, Albert D. Richardson,^b p. 186.

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- 5 *General Grant*, James Grant Wilson,^c p. 212.
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pp. 96-97.
- 7 *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant*, Albert D. Richardson,^b
p. 492.
- 8 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iv, p. 744.
- 9 *Campaigning with Grant*, General Horace Porter,^a LL.D., p. 515.
- 10 *Personal Memoirs*, Ulysses S. Grant, vol. ii, p. 489.
- 11 *Meet General Grant*, W. E. Woodward, p. 117.
- 12 *Personal Memoirs*, Ulysses S. Grant.
- 13 *Campaigning with Grant*, General Horace Porter,^a LL.D., p. 81.
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- 16 *Meet General Grant*, W. E. Woodward, pp. 288-289.
- 17 *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant*, Albert D. Richardson,^b
p. 155.
- 18 *ibid.*, p. 132.
- 19 *Campaigning with Grant*, General Horace Porter,^a LL.D., p. 25.
- 20 *Ulysses S. Grant*, William Conant Church,^b pp. 227-228.
- 21 *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant*, Albert Richardson,^b p. 176.
- 22 *Ulysses S. Grant*, William Conant Church,^b p. 64.
- 23 *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant*, Albert Richardson,^b
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- 24 *ibid.*, p. 177.
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- 27 *ibid.*, p. 244.
- 28 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. i, p. 422.
- 29 *Personal Memoirs*, Ulysses S. Grant, vol. i, pp. 307-308.
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p. 359.
- 31 *Campaigning with Grant*, General Horace Porter,^a p. 31.
- 32 *ibid.*, p. 4.
- 33 *ibid.*, p. 241.
- 34 *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant*, Albert Richardson,^b p. 186.
- 35 *Campaigning with Grant*, General Horace Porter,^a p. 250.
- 36 *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant*, Albert Richardson,^b p. 293.
- 37 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iii, p. 678.
- 38 *Campaigning with Grant*, General Horace Porter,^a p. 74.

During this battle Shakespeare's words in his *Henry the Fifth*
may aptly be applied to him:

"The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,

* * * * *

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Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;

* * * * *

That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks,
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one
Thawing cold fear. . . ."

- 39 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. 1, p. 219.
- 40 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iii, p. 678.
- 41 *Campaigning with Grant*, General Horace Porter,^a p. 59.
- 42 *ibid.*, pp. 63-70.
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- 44 *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant*, Albert Richardson,^b p. 480.
- 45 *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant*, Albert D. Richardson,
p. 396.
- 46 *ibid.*, p. 396.
- 47 *Leading American Soldiers*, R. M. Johnston, p. 137.
- 48 *The Mississippi*, F. V. Greene,^c p. 108.
- 49 *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant*, Albert Richardson,^b p. 393.
- 50 *Military Miscellany*, J. B. Fry,^b pp. 295, 296, 301.
- 51 *Ulysses S. Grant*, William Conant Church,^b pp. 188-189.
- 52 *Meade's Headquarters, 1863-1865*, Colonel Theodore Lyman,^b
p. 80. Of his personal appearance Horace Porter^b says:
"Slim figure, slight stoop, five feet eight inches high, and
weight about 135 lbs. His manner gentle and modest, and
his eyes—dark grey. A good listener, but his face gave
little indication of his thoughts. Often laughed heartily
at witty remarks. Square jawed, hair and beard a chestnut
brown and closely and neatly trimmed. Brow high, broad
and rather square; voice 'exceedingly musical,' his gait in
walking unmilitary, no ear for music, never could keep
step."—*Campaigning with Grant*, p. 14.
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p. 81.
- 54 *ibid.*, p. 83.
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- 56 *Personal Memoirs*, Ulysses S. Grant, vol. i, p. 116.
- 57 *ibid.*, vol. i, p. 279.
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- 61 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxxviii, p. 285.

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- 67 *Military Miscellanies*, J. B. Fry,^b p. 297.
- 68 *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*, A. Badeau,^a vol. i, p. 616.
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- 70 *Grant's Campaigns of 1864 and 1865*, C. F. Atkinson, p. 287.
- 71 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iv, p. 738.
- 72 *ibid.*, vol. iv, p. 248.
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- 74 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. lxviii, p. 627.
- 75 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iv, p. 709.
- 76 *Lincoln and Men of War Times*, McClure, p. 179.

CHAPTER III

- 1 *Life and Letters of R. E. Lee, Soldier and Man*, J. W. Jones,^b p. 118.
- 2 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a pp. 88-89.
- 3 *Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy, 1807-1870*, Henry Alexander White,^b p. 50.
- 4 *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, Captain Robert E. Lee,^b p. 168.
- 5 *General Lee of the Confederate Army*, Fitzhugh Lee,^b p. 64.
- 6 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 417.
- 7 *Anecdotes of the Civil War*, E. Townsend, p. 29.
- 8 *Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol. xi, p. 360.
- 9 *Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States*, Henry Lee, and a Biography of the Author by Robert E. Lee, p. 25.
- 10 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xcvi, p. 1230.
- 11 *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*, Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, vol. ii, pp. 262-263.
- 12 *The Life and Campaigns of General Lee*, Edward Lee Childe,^b p. 22.
- 13 *General Lee, Man and Soldier*, Thomas Nelson Page, p. 38.
- 14 *General Lee, His Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-1865*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 180. "His design was to free the State of Virginia for a time at least, from the presence of the enemy."
- 15 *The Life and Campaigns of General Lee*, Edward Lee Childe,^b p. 331.

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- 16 *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, Captain Robert E. Lee,^b p. 133.
- 17 *Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol. xxvii, p. 317; and *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xci, pp. 920, 922.
- 18 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 301.
- 19 *ibid.*, pp. 309-310.
- 20 *ibid.*, p. 302.
- 21 *Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States*, Henry Lee, and a Biography of the Author by Robert E. Lee, p. 75. In the Biography, p. 45, Lee writes: "Although his correspondence at this time [1792], as well as the course of his life, proves his devotion to the Federal Government, yet he recognized a distinction between his 'native country' and that which he had laboured to associate with it in the strictest bonds of union." This is rather stretching the point, for on January 29, 1792, Henry Lee wrote to Madison: "No consideration on earth would induce me to act a part, however gratifying to me, which could be construed into disregard or forgetfulness of this Commonwealth. . . ."
- 22 *Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy*, Henry Alexander White,^b p. 124.
- 23 *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, Captain Robert E. Lee,^b p. 89.
- 24 *A Diary from Dixie*, Mrs. Chesnut,^b p. 94.
- 25 *Lippincott's Magazine*, vol. lxxix, p. 55.
- 26 *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, Captain Robert E. Lee,^b pp. 304-305.
- 27 *General Lee of the Confederate Army*, Fitzhugh Lee,^b p. 23.
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- 29 *General Lee of the Confederate Army*, Fitzhugh Lee,^b p. 37.
- 30 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a pp. 57-58.
- 31 *John Brown's Body*, Stephen Vincent Benét, p. 189.
- 32 *ibid.*, p. 374.
- 33 *General Lee, His Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-1865*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 32.
- 34 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 435.
- 35 *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, Captain Robert E. Lee,^b p. 138.
- 36 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 341.
- 37 *Reminiscences of the Civil War*, General John B. Gordon,^b p. 279.
- 38 *Three Months in the Southern States, April-June, 1863*, Lieut-Colonel Fremantle,^d p. 274.
- 39 *General Lee of the Confederate Army*, Fitzhugh Lee,^b p. 209.

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- 40 *ibid.*, p. 152.
- 41 *ibid.*, p. 42.
- 42 *ibid.*, p. 91.
- 43 *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, Captain Robert E. Lee,^b p. 271.
- 44 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a pp. 259-260.
- 45 *Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, J. W. Jones,^b p. 50.
- 46 *General Lee of the Confederate Army*, Fitzhugh Lee,^b p. 418.
- 47 *The Science of War*, Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, p. 314.
- 48 *Around the World with General Grant*, J. R. Young,^b vol. ii, p. 459.
- 49 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 643.
- 50 *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, Captain Robert E. Lee,^b p. 45.
- 51 *ibid.*, pp. 105-106.
- 52 *Life and Letters of R. E. Lee, Soldier and Man*, J. W. Jones,^b p. 438.
- 53 *General Lee of the Confederate Army*, Fitzhugh Lee,^b p. 68.
- 54 *ibid.*, p. 365.
- 55 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a pp. 489-490.
- 56 *Lee, the American*, Gamaliel Bradford, pp. 244, 246.
- 57 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 465.
- 58 *Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol. xi, p. 360.
- 59 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 223.
- 60 *ibid.*, p. 486.
- 61 *The Life and Campaigns of General Lee*, Edward Lee Childe,^b p. 58. Also, *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, Captain Robert E. Lee,^b p. 53.
- 62 *Life and Letters of R. E. Lee, Soldier and Man*, J. W. Jones,^b p. 84.
- 63 *Der Bürgerkrieg in dem nordamerikanischen Staaten*, J. Scheibert,^d p. 39.
- 64 *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, Captain Robert E. Lee,^b p. 103. White says: "Nominally as military adviser to President Davis, Lee remained in official connection with the Confederate Cabinet."—*Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy*, Henry Alexander White,^b p. 108. Long says: "His advice in relation to the movements of other armies was constantly asked by the Government."—*Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 392. On January 17, 1865, the legislature of Virginia appealed to Davis to make Lee Commander-in-Chief of all the Confederate armies. On the 18th Davis offered the command to Lee. The intention of the legislature was that the entire military control should pass out of Davis's hands. Lee, however, accepted the office only "as the subordinate of the Presi-

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- dent," and refused to act as a true Commander-in-Chief.—
Lee's Confidential Dispatches to Davis, p. 322.
- 65 *Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes and Letters of General E. Lee*, J. W. Jones,^b p. 274.
 - 66 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 370.
 - 67 *ibid.*, p. 454.
 - 68 *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, Captain Robert E. Lee,^b p. 287.
 - 69 *Davis Memorial Volume*, p. 41.
 - 70 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. ii, pp. 447-448.
 - 71 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 478.
 - 72 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xl, p. 726.
 - 73 *ibid.*, vol. xxviii, p. 600.
 - 74 *ibid.*, vol. xxxi, p. 1029.
 - 75 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 587.
 - 76 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a p. 275.
 - 77 *ibid.*, p. 275.
 - 78 *Lee, the American*, Gamaliel Bradford, p. 75.
 - 79 *Reminiscences of War and Peace*, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor,^c p. 358; and *Reminiscences of the Civil War*, General John B. Gordon,^b p. 390.
 - 80 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. cxxix, p. 1012.
 - 81 *Richmond Examiner*, February 16, 1865.
 - 82 *The Lost Cause*, E. A. Pollard,^c p. 655.
 - 83 *John Brown's Body*, Stephen Vincent Benét, p. 188.
 - 84 *The Life and Campaigns of General Lee*, Edward Lee Childs,^b pp. 164-165.
 - 85 *ibid.*, p. 190.
 - 86 *Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol. xxviii, p. 295.
 - 87 *General Lee, His Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-1865*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 185.
 - 88 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 295. Also *General Lee, His Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-1865*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 215.
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 - 90 *Life and Letters of R. E. Lee, Soldier and Man*, J. W. Jones,^b p. 36.
 - 91 *Lee, the American*, Gamaliel Bradford, p. 107.
 - 92 *Three Months in the Southern States, April-June, 1863*, Lieutenant Colonel Fremantle,^d p. 255.
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 - 94 *Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol. ii, p. 65.
 - 95 *Four Years with General Lee*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 146.
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- 99 *Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy*, Henry Alexander White,^b p. 333.
- 100 *Destruction and Reconstruction*, Richard Taylor,^b p. 70.
- 101 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 540.
- 102 *ibid.*, p. 537.
- 103 *Three Months in the Southern States, April-June, 1863*, Lieut-Colonel Fremantle,^d p. 113.
- 104 *ibid.*, p. 160.
- 105 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 619.
- 106 *Four Years with General Lee*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 148.
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- 109 *Lee's Confidential Dispatches*, p. 322.
- 110 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. cxxi, p. 536.
- 111 *ibid.*, vol. xlviii, p. 405.
- 112 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 247.
- 113 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xcvi, p. 1210.
- 114 *ibid.*, vol. xl, p. 687.
- 115 *ibid.*, vol. xl, p. 1065.
- 116 *General Lee, His Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-1865*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 25.
- 117 *ibid.*, p. 56.
- 118 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 223.
- 119 *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*, Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, vol. i, p. 306.
- 120 *ibid.*, p. 411. See also vol. ii, p. 3.
- 121 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. lxxi, p. 173.
- 122 *General Lee of the Confederate Army*, Fitzhugh Lee,^b p. 420.
- 123 *Four Years with General Lee*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 85.
- 124 *Campaigns in Virginia and Maryland*, Captain C. C. Chesney,^d vol. i, p. 198.
- 125 *The Campaign of Fredericksburg*, Lieut-Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, p. 113.
- 126 *Four Years with General Lee*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 99.
- 127 *General Lee, His Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-1865*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 74.
- 128 *Three Months in the Southern States, April-June, 1863*, Lieut-Colonel Fremantle,^d pp. 171 and 246. See also, *Campaigns in Virginia and Maryland*, Captain C. C. Chesney,^d vol. i, p. 50.
- 129 *The Battle of Chancellorsville*, Augustus Choate Hamlin, p. 50.
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- 131 *Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson*, Mary Anne Jackson, p. 43.
- 132 *ibid.*, p. 310.
- 133 *Life and Campaigns of Lieut.-Gen. Thomas J. Jackson*, Prof. R. L. Dabney,^b vol. ii, p. 130.
- 134 *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, Captain Robert E. Lee,^b p. 95.
- 135 *ibid.*, p. 153.
- 136 *ibid.*, pp. 223-224.
- 137 *ibid.*, p. 224.
- 138 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 456.
- 139 *ibid.*, p. 253.
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- 141 *ibid.*, p. 452.

CHAPTER IV

- 1 *Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy*, Henry Alexander White,^b p. 101.
- 2 *ibid.*, p. 103; and *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. ii, pp. 775-776.
- 3 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. ii, p. 784; also pp. 777, 778, 788.
- 4 *ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 814.
- 5 *ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 505.
- 6 *Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy*, Henry Alexander White,^b p. 114.
- 7 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. v, p. 1, footnote, and p. 757.
- 8 *ibid.*, vol. v, p. 773.
- 9 *ibid.*, vol. v, p. 774.
- 10 *ibid.*, vol. v, pp. 784-786, 792-794, 800, 804-805, 810, 868-869, 879.
- 11 *ibid.*, vol. v, p. 149.
- 12 *ibid.*, vol. v, p. 1099.
- 13 *ibid.*, vol. iv, p. 196.
- 14 *Meet General Grant*, W. E. Woodward, p. 212.
- 15 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. vii, p. 529 and p. 533.
- 16 *ibid.*, vol. vii, p. 534.
- 17 *ibid.*, vol. viii, p. 509.
- 18 *ibid.*, vol. vii, p. 121.
- 19 *The Story of the Civil War*, J. C. Ropes, Pt. II, p. 18.
- 20 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. vii, pp. 179-180.
- 21 *ibid.*, pp. 944 and 159. Badeau in *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*, vol. i, p. 50, says: "65 guns and nearly 15,000 men."
- 22 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. vii, p. 169.
- 23 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. i, p. 547.

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- 25 *ibid.*, vol. vii, p. 26.
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- 28 *Personal Memoirs*, U. S. Grant, vol. i, p. 326; *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*, A. Badeau,^a vol. i, p. 60-65; *Papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts*, vol. vii, p. 37, and p. 108; and *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. vii, pp. 679, 680, 682, 683.
- 29 *Personal Memoirs*, U. S. Grant, vol. i, p. 327; *Papers of the Historical Society of Massachusetts*, vol. vii, p. 108.
- 30 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xi, p. 51.
- 31 *ibid.*, vol. xi, p. 91.
- 32 *Personal Memoirs*, U. S. Grant, vol. i, p. 333.
- 33 *ibid.*, vol. i, p. 357. Lee made the same mistake at Antietam.
- 34 *The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant*, J. F. C. Fuller, Appendix I, pp. 423-429.
- 35 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xi, pp. 93-94.
- 36 *ibid.*, vol. x, p. 112; and *Papers of the Historical Society of Massachusetts*, vol. vii, p. 141.
- 37 *The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant*, J. F. C. Fuller, pp. 108-110.
- 38 *Personal Memoirs*, U. S. Grant, vol. i, pp. 354-355.
- 39 *The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War*, J. Fiske,^c p. 99.
- 40 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xi, pp. 146, 148 and 151.
- 41 *Narrative of Military Operations*, Joseph E. Johnston,^b pp. 113-116.
- 42 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xviii, p. 844.
- 43 *ibid.*, vol. xviii, p. 859.
- 44 *ibid.*, vol. xiv, p. 568.
- 45 *ibid.*, vol. xviii, p. 893.
- 46 *ibid.*, vol. xiv, p. 557.
- 47 *ibid.*, vol. xiv, p. 590.
- 48 *The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart*, H. B. McClellan,^b p. 53.
- 49 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xviii, p. 810.
- 50 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a p. 82.
- 51 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xiv, p. 602, and vol. xviii, p. 913.
- 52 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a p. 85, and *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xiii, p. 490.
- 53 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a p. 89.

- 54 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xiii, p. 490.
- 55 *ibid.*, vol. xiv, p. 620.
- 56 *ibid.*, vol. xiv, p. 620.
- 57 *General Lee, Man and Soldier*, Thomas Nelson Page, p. 304. Ropes, in *The Story of the Civil War*, Part II, p. 172, says that Jackson was "delayed by the fallen trees with which the Federal troops had obstructed the roads, and by the great fatigue of his men."
- 58 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. ii, pp. 352, 328-331, and *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xiii, p. 623.
- 59 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xiv, p. 617. Magruder, in his report, says: "Had McClellan massed his whole force in column and advanced it against any point of our line of battle . . . though the head of his column would have suffered greatly, its momentum would have insured him success, and the occupation of our works about Richmond, and consequently of the city, might have been his reward." — *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xiii, p. 686.
- 60 *ibid.*, vol. xii, p. 269.
- 61 *ibid.*, vol. xii, p. 60.
- 62 *ibid.*, vol. xiii, p. 492.
- 63 *ibid.*, vol. xiii, p. 686.
- 64 *ibid.*, vol. xiii, p. 494.
- 65 *From Manassas to Appomattox*, James Longstreet,^b p. 130.
- 66 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xiii, p. 497.
- 67 *ibid.*, vol. xiii, p. 494.
- 68 *Life and Campaigns of Lieut.-Gen. Thomas J. Jackson*, Prof. R. T. Dabney,^b p. 467.
- 69 *The Life and Campaigns of Major General J. E. B. Stuart*, H. B. McClellan,^b p. 80. Henderson's account of Jackson's delay (*Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*, vol. ii, pp. 56-58) is so misleading as to be almost fictitious. For other accounts see Longstreet^b in *From Manassas to Appomattox*, p. 150; articles in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. ii, pp. 402-403, 389 and 381, by Longstreet,^b D. H. Hill^b and Franklin^b respectively; *Papers of the Southern Historical Society*, vol. xxv, p. 211; *The Army of Northern Virginia in 1862*, William Allan,^c p. 121; *Destruction and Reconstruction*, Richard Taylor,^b p. 113; and very full and important accounts in *Military Memoirs of a Confederate*, E. P. Alexander,^b pp. 146-153, and in *The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart*, H. B. McClellan,^b pp. 80-81. General Hampton, who was in command of two of Jackson's Brigades, says: As the Federal artillery commanded the

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bridge, Jackson discontinued building it. There were several other places where the stream could be crossed, Hampton selected one and was authorized by Jackson to build a bridge, then Hampton writes: "As soon as the bridge was constructed I made another reconnaissance of the enemy, whom I found in the same position and totally unsuspecting of our presence, though I approached their line to within 100 or 150 yards. Returning I reported to General Jackson, stated to him the admirable position we should secure for an attack, and urged that an attack should be made. He sat in silence for some time, then rose and walked off in silence. We remained in position all night and in the morning the enemy had withdrawn. We encountered him next at Malvern Hill, and I believe that battle would never have been fought had we struck them on the flank and in rear in White Oak Swamp."—See *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a pp. 110-112.

- 70 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xiii, p. 628; see also *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. ii, p. 391.
- 71 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. ii, p. 391.
- 72 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xiii, p. 495.
- 73 *The Army of Northern Virginia in 1862*, William Allan,^c p. 135.
- 74 *Numbers and Losses in the Civil War in America, 1861-65*, Thomas L. Livermore,^c p. 86. McClellan lost 1,734 killed, 8,062 wounded and 6,053 missing, and Lee—3,478 killed, 16,261 wounded and 875 missing.
- 75 *Destruction and Reconstruction*, Richard Taylor,^b pp. 107-108; see also Lee's report—*The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xiii, pp. 811-812.
- 76 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xviii, pp. 435-436.
- 77 *ibid.*, vol. xvi, p. 21.
- 78 *ibid.*, vol. xiv, p. 371.
- 79 *ibid.*, vol. xviii, pp. 458, 467.
- 80 *ibid.*, vol. xii, p. 81.
- 81 *ibid.*, vol. xii, p. 51.
- 82 *ibid.*, vol. xiv, pp. 674-675 and vol. xviii, pp. 928-932.
- 83 *ibid.*, vol. xvi, pp. 29, 58, 726.
- 84 *ibid.*, vol. xviii, pp. 591, 603.
- 85 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marsall,^a p. 130.
- 86 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xvi, p. 643.
- 87 *ibid.*, vol. xviii, pp. 653, 665.
- 88 *ibid.*, vol. xvi, pp. 70-72; and vol. xviii, p. 704.

- 89 *Numbers and Losses in the Civil War in America, 1861-1865*, Thomas L. Livermore,^c p. 89.
- 90 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xvi, pp. 714, 566, 647.
- 91 In a conversation with Mr. Cassius Lee, Lee replied, when asked "why he did not come to Washington after second Manassas"—"Because my men had nothing to eat," and pointing to Fort Wade, in the rear of our house, he said, 'I could not tell my men to take that fort when they had had nothing to eat for three days. I went to Maryland to feed my army.'"—*Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, Captain Robert E. Lee,^b p. 416.
- 92 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a p. 146; and *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxviii, pp. 590-591.
- 93 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxviii, pp. 590-591.
- 94 *ibid.*, vol. xxviii, p. 592.
- 95 *ibid.*, vol. xxviii, pp. 593-594.
- 96 *ibid.*, vol. xxvii, p. 145; and vol. xxviii, pp. 604-605.
- 97 *ibid.*, vol. xxviii, p. 597.
- 98 *ibid.*, vol. xxviii, p. 600.
- 99 *ibid.*, vol. xxviii, pp. 604-605.
- 100 *ibid.*, vol. xxviii, p. 603.
- 101 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. ii, p. 673.
- 102 Marshall^a (*An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, p. 160) says Lee knew nothing about the lost order having been found. Allan^c (*The Army of Northern Virginia in 1862*, p. 345), Alexander^b (*Military Memoirs of a Confederate*, p. 230) say he did.
- 103 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. cviii, p. 618, and *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. ii, p. 627.
- 104 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxviii, pp. 608-609.
- 105 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a p. 162. Heros von Borcke^d gives an equally doubtful excuse: he says that Lee fought Sharpsburg to save the booty taken at Harper's Ferry (*Memoirs of the Confederate War of Independence*, vol. i, p. 240)—but why fight on the northern bank of the Potomac?
- 106 *Numbers and Losses in the Civil War in America, 1861-65*, Thomas L. Livermore,^c p. 92.
- 107 *Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy*, Henry Alexander White,^b pp. 224-225.
- 108 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxviii, pp. 626-627.
- 109 Heros von Borcke^d writes: "This passage of the Potomac by night was one of those magnificent spectacles which are seen only in war. The whole landscape was lighted up with a lurid glare from the burning houses of Williamsport,

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which had been ignited by the enemy's shells. High over the heads of the crossing column and the dark waters of the river, the blazing bombs passed each other in parabolas of flame through the air, and the spectral trees showed their every limb and leaf against the red sky."—*Memoirs of the Confederate War of Independence*, vol. i, p. 255.

- 110 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxvii, p. 71.
- 111 *ibid.*, vol. xxvii, pp. 152, 156.
- 112 *ibid.*, vol. xxviii, p. 711.
- 113 *ibid.*, vol. xxxi, p. 1041.
- 114 *ibid.*, vol. xxviii, pp. 549, 1021.
- 115 *ibid.*, vol. xxxi, pp. 1033, 1035.
- 116 *Report of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War*, vol. i, p. 683.
- 117 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxxi, pp. 1121, 1057.
- 118 *Memoirs of the Confederate War of Independence*, Heros von Borcke,^d vol. ii, p. 114.
- 119 *ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 116.
- 120 *ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 117.
- 121 *Numbers and Losses in the Civil War of America, 1861-65*, Thomas L. Livermore,^c p. 96.
- 122 *Campaigns in Virginia and Maryland*, Captain C. C. Chesney,^d p. 185.
- 123 *Four Years with General Lee*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 81.
- 124 *Four Years under Marse Robert*, Robert Stiles,^b p. 137.
- 125 *Campaigns in Virginia and Maryland*, Captain C. C. Chesney,^d p. 198.
- 126 *Memoirs of the Confederate War of Independence*, Heros von Borcke,^d vol. ii, p. 129.
- 127 *ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 131.
- 128 *Three Months in the Southern States, April-June, 1863*, Lieut-Colonel Fremantle,^d p. 132. Also, see Heros von Borcke,^d vol. ii, p. 139.
- 129 *Memoirs of the Confederate War of Independence*, Heros von Borcke,^d vol. ii, p. 147.
- 130 *Personal Memoirs*, U. S. Grant, vol. i, p. 420.
- 131 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxv, p. 296.
- 132 *ibid.*, vol. xxiv, p. 467.
- 133 *The Mississippi*, F. V. Greene,^c p. 58.
- 134 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxiv, p. 468.
- 135 *ibid.*, vol. xxiv, p. 470.
- 136 *ibid.*, vol. xxiv, p. 470.
- 137 *ibid.*, vol. xxiv, p. 472.
- 138 *ibid.*, vol. xxv, p. 757.
- 139 *ibid.*, vol. xxv, p. 781.

140 *ibid.*, vol. xxiv, p. 477.

141 *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*, A. Badeau,^a vol. i, p. 140;
and *Personal Memoirs*, U. S. Grant, vol. i, pp. 434-435.

CHAPTER V

- 1 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxxvi, p. 44.
- 2 *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*, A. Badeau,^a vol. i, p. 180.
- 3 *Personal Memoirs*, U. S. Grant, vol. i, pp. 480-481.
- 4 *The Story of the Civil War*, William Roscoe Livermore,^c Pt. III,
Bk. II, p. 271.
- 5 *Personal Memoirs*, U. S. Grant, vol. i, pp. 491-492.
- 6 *ibid.*, vol. i, pp. 518-520.
- 7 *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*, A. Badeau,^a vol. i, p. 281.
- 8 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxxvi, p. 54.
- 9 *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*, A. Badeau,^a vol. i, p. 399;
The War of the Rebellion, vol. xxxvii, p. 167 gives—9,362.
- 10 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxxvi, p. 58.
- 11 *The Mississippi*, F. V. Greene,^c pp. 170-171.
- 12 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxxviii, pp. 529-530.
- 13 *The Battle of Chancellorsville*, Augustus Choate Hamlin, p. 5.
- 14 *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*, James
Ford Rhodes, vol. xiv, p. 337.
- 15 *Report of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War*, vol. i,
pp. 111-112.
- 16 *General Lee of the Confederate Army*, Fitzhugh Lee,^b p. 238.
- 17 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxxix, p. 1057.
- 18 *ibid.*, vol. xxxix, p. 171.
- 19 *ibid.*, vol. xxxix, p. 796.
- 20 *ibid.*, vol. xxxix, p. 797. See also: *Lee's Confidential Dispatches*
to Davis, p. 86.
- 21 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a pp. 254-255.
- 22 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxxix, pp. 940, 966, 975.
- 23 *ibid.*, vol. xxxix, p. 386.
- 24 *Report of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War*, vol. i,
p. 126.
- 25 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xxxix, p. 941.
- 26 *The Battle of Chancellorsville*, Augustus Choate Hamlin, p. 50.
- 27 *The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart*, H. B.
McClellan,^b p. 235.
- 28 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xl, p. 769.
- 29 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iii, p. 164.

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- 31 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xl, p. 713.
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- 33 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xlv, p. 868.
- 34 *ibid.*, vol. xlv, pp. 880-882.
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- 36 *A Constitutional View of the late War Between the States*, Alexander H. Stephens,^b vol. ii, p. 563.
- 37 *ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 567.
- 38 *General Lee, His Campaigns in Virginia*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 180.
- 39 *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee*, A. L. Long,^a p. 269.
- 40 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xlv, p. 925.
- 41 *ibid.*, vol. xlv, p. 931.
- 42 *ibid.*, vol. xlv, p. 923; also see *Longstreet's order to Stuart*, vol. xlv, p. 915, and *Lee's report*, vol. xlv, pp. 313-325. Further important information is given in *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a pp. 200-224 and *The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart*, H. B. McClellan,^b pp. 316-336.
- 43 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xliii, p. 61.
- 44 *Report of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War*, vol. i, pp. 329-330.
- 45 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xlv, p. 317; and *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a p. 220.
- 46 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xlv, p. 308.
- 47 *From Manassas to Appomattox*, James Longstreet,^b p. 361.
- 48 *General Lee of the Confederate Army*, Fitzhugh Lee,^b pp. 276-277.
- 49 *Four Years with General Lee*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 109.
- 50 *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, Jefferson Davis,^b vol. ii, p. 441.
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- 52 *Three Months in the Southern States, April-June, 1863*, Lieut-Colonel Fremantle,^d p. 262.
- 53 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a p. 233.
- 54 *Three Months in the Southern States, April-June, 1863*, Lieut-Colonel Fremantle,^d p. 264.
- 55 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xlv, p. 230.
- 56 *From Manassas to Appomattox*, James Longstreet,^b pp. 385-387.
- 57 *Four Years with General Lee*, Walter H. Taylor,^a p. 106.
- 58 *ibid.*, p. 107.
- 59 *From Manassas to Appomattox*, James Longstreet,^b p. 386.

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- 60 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iii, p. 372.
- 61 *Military Memoirs of a Confederate*, E. P. Alexander,^b p. 423.
- 62 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xlv, p. 385.
- 63 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iii, p. 365.
- 64 *Numbers and Losses in the Civil War in America, 1861-65*, Thomas L. Livermore,^c pp. 102-103.
- 65 *Three Months in the Southern States, April-June, 1863*, Lieut. Colonel Fremantle,^a p. 276.
- 66 *The Crisis of the Confederacy*, Capt. Cecil Battine, p. 177.
- 67 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xlix, p. 649.
- 68 *Personal Memoirs*, U. S. Grant, vol. ii, p. 25; *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. lvi, p. 216; and *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iii, p. 719.
- 69 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. lv, p. 29; and *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iii, p. 716.
- 70 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. lv, p. 32.
- 71 *ibid.*, vol. lv, pp. 718, 745 and 746.

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- 1 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. lvi, pp. 349-350.
- 2 *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*, A. Badeau,^a vol. ii, p. 9.
- 3 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. lx, p. 827.
- 4 *ibid.*, vol. lix, p. 262.
- 5 *ibid.*, vol. lix, p. 312.
- 6 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iv, p. 99.
- 7 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. lxvii, p. 15.
- 8 *ibid.*, vol. lx, pp. 1017-1018.
- 9 *ibid.*, vol. lx, p. 827.
- 10 *ibid.*, vol. lxvii, pp. 15-16; and vol. lx, pp. 828, 885, 904.
- 11 *ibid.*, vol. lx, pp. 880, 881, 889; and vol. cvii, p. 1158.
- 12 *ibid.*, vol. xlix, pp. 693, 699.
- 13 *ibid.*, vol. xlix, pp. 701, 702.
- 14 *The Military Operations of General Beauregard*, Colonel Alfred Roman,^c p. 177.
- 15 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. lvi, p. 779.
- 16 *ibid.*, vol. lvi, p. 785.
- 17 *ibid.*, vol. lvi, p. 792.
- 18 *ibid.*, vol. lviii, p. 541.
- 19 *ibid.*, vol. lviii, p. 566.
- 20 *ibid.*, vol. lviii, p. 809.
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- 93 *ibid.*, vol. xcvi, p. 1099.
- 94 *ibid.*, vol. xcvi, p. 1143.
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- 97 *ibid.*, vol. xcvi, p. 1250.
- 98 *The Military Operations of General Beauregard*, Colonel Alfred Roman,^c vol. ii, p. 359.
- 99 *ibid.*, pp. 341, 355.
- 100 *Reminiscences of the Civil War*, General John B. Gordon,^b pp. 385-394. See also: *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, Jefferson Davis,^b vol. ii, pp. 648-649.
- 101 *Papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts*, vol. xiii, p. 406.
- 102 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xcii, pp. 797, 820.
- 103 *ibid.*, vol. xcix, p. 190.
- 104 *ibid.*, vol. xcvi, p. 1044.
- 105 *ibid.*, vol. xcix, pp. 1453-1454; and vol. c, p. 682.
- 106 *Reminiscences of the Civil War*, General John B. Gordon,^b pp. 397-408.
- 107 On the 28th Sheridan's instructions were, after passing through Dinwiddie, to "cut loose and push for the Danville road," then he was to destroy the South Side railroad between Petersburg and Burksville, after which he was to return or join Sherman. (See: *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xcvi, p. 234.) On the night of the 29th, Grant modified this order saying: "I now feel like ending the matter. . . . I do not want you, therefore, to cut loose at once and go after the enemy's roads at present. In the morning push around the enemy if you can and get onto his right rear." (See: *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xcvi, p. 266.) According to Grant (see: *Personal Memoirs*, vol. ii, p. 437), Sheridan was disappointed with the first of these instructions, consequently, Grant said to him: "General, this portion of your instructions I have put in merely as a blind. . . . I told him that . . . I intended to close the war right here, with this movement, and that he should go no farther."
- 108 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xcvi, pp. 603, 1017.
- 109 *Personal Memoirs*, U. S. Grant, vol. ii, p. 456.
- 110 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xcvi, p. 528.

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- 111 *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, Jefferson Davis,^b vol. ii, pp. 669-675.
- 112 Ord's Corps was formed out of the divisions of Butler's Army of the James. Butler had been relieved by Ord in December, 1864.
- 113 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xcvi, pp. 621, 633.
- 114 *ibid.*, vol. xcv, pp. 1109-1110.

CHAPTER VII

- 1 *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, Captain Robert E. Lee,^b p. 416.
- 2 *General Grant*, J. G. Wilson, p. 367.
- 3 *Papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts*, vol. vii, pp. 7-8.
- 4 *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*, A. Badeau,^a vol. iii, p. 141.
- 5 *Papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts*, vol. iv, pp. 365, 405.
- 6 *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iv, p. 244.
- 7 *The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65*, A. A. Humphreys,^b p. 118.
- 8 *The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant*, J. F. C. Fuller, pp. 359-361.
- 9 This is made very clear in *Foch, the Man of Orleans*, B. H. Liddell Hart, 1931.
- 10 Since 1917, that is for nearly half a generation, I have preached almost daily that the answer to half an ounce of lead is half an inch of steel; that is to say, the crucial tactical problem in modern warfare is the introduction of bullet-proof armour. This would seem so obvious a fact as to require no accentuation. All I can say is that my failure has been complete but not altogether wasted; for my efforts have led me to appreciate why for a hundred years the chivalry of France, in spite of dreadful losses, continued to charge the English archers.
- 11 *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, Jefferson Davis,^b vol. ii, pp. 158-159.
- 12 *An Aide-de-Camp of Lee*, Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall,^a pp. 30-32.
- 13 *ibid.*, p. 74.
- 14 *ibid.*, p. 75.
- 15 *Anecdotes of the Civil War*, E. Townsend,^c p. 29.
- 16 *Memoirs of W. T. Sherman*, W. T. Sherman,^b vol. iii, p. 224.
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- 21 *ibid.*, vol. xxxviii, pp. 529-530.
- 22 *Personal Memoirs*, Ulysses S. Grant, vol. ii, pp. 100-101.
- 23 For a more detailed analysis of grand tactics see *The Foundations of the Science of War*, Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, Chapter VI.
- 24 *On War*, Clausewitz, vol. iii, pp. 209-210.
- 25 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xiv, p. 590.
- 26 *ibid.*, vol. xlv, p. 868.
- 27 *Statistical Records of the Armies of the United States*, F. Phisterer,^c p. 70.
- 28 Extracted from *Numbers and Losses in the Civil War in America, 1861-65*, Thomas L. Livermore,^c Table A.
- 29 *The War of the Rebellion*, vol. xcvi, p. 234. According to Grant (see: *Personal Memoirs*, vol. ii, p. 437) this order was meant as a blind. (See: footnote 107 to Chapter VI.)
- 30 *Papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts*, vol. xiii, pp. 87-88.
- 31 *On War*, Clausewitz, vol. i, p. 49.
- 32 *Correspondance de Napoléon 1er*, vol. xxxii, pp. 182-183.
- 33 *On War*, Clausewitz, vol. i, p. 74.
- 34 *A Systematic View of the Formation, Discipline and Economy of Armies* (1804), Robert Jackson, p. 12.
- 35 *On War*, Clausewitz, vol. i, p. 77.
- 36 *ibid.*, vol. i, pp. 54, 55, 57.
- 37 *ibid.*, vol. i, p. 47.
- 38 *Mémoires écrits à Sainte-Hélène*, Montholon, vol. ii, p. 90.
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- 40 *Reminiscences of the Civil War*, General John B. Gordon,^b p. 463.

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